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THE
ÆNEID/ OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

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FOURTH EDITION

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TO
HENRY J. S. SMITH, M.A., F.R.S.
SAVILIAN PROFESSOR OF GEOMETRY IN
THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
&c. &c.
IN RECORD OF
INTELLECTUAL SYMPATHIES AND COMMON TASTES
WHICH
DIFFERENCE OF PURSUITS
HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO IMPAIR.

PREFACE.

THE PUBLICATION of a new translation of Virgil's *Æneid* is a thing which may not unreasonably be thought to require a few prefatory words of excuse. It is true that the ground has not been pre-occupied of late years by any version which has attained any great degree of popularity. Previous to the present century, the extant translations of the *Æneid* outnumbered those of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the proportion of nearly three to one: now, while the press is sending forth version after version of one or both of the Homeric poems, scarcely any one thinks it worth his while to attempt a translation of the Roman epic. But it may be fairly doubted whether Dryden did not close the question a hundred and seventy years ago for any one not, like himself, a poet of commanding original power. In the century which succeeded him many literary men thought that they could improve upon him in various ways, but the verdict of posterity has shown that they judged wrongly. Pitt is the only one of these whose version can be said to be at present in existence. a dubious privilege which it owes to the fact of its having been included in the successive collections of English poetry of which Johnson's was the first. Dryden's style in poetry is sufficiently

Homer's narrative. My chief reason for adopting the metre which Scott has made popular was that it seemed to give me my best chance of imparting to my work that rapidity of movement which is indispensably necessary to a long narrative poem. An ode of Horace is something to dwell on, to scrutinise minutely: a poem like the *Æneid* is something to read rapidly and continuously. A metro which gives the translator the hope of making his work interesting as a story is so far successful: a metro which does not give this hope fails. *Marmion* has been read by multitudes who would find the perusal of the *Paradise Lost* too severe an undertaking: and there can be little doubt that Scott would have done unwisely had he tried to produce a Miltonic poem. It is true of course that if Homer's heroes are, as my friend Mr. Arnold so strongly contends, not *mos-troopers*, Virgil's have still less of the Border character, but it is better to run the risk of importing a few unseasonable associations, than to sacrifice the living character of the narrative by making it stiff and cumbrous. Apart from associations, I believe that the metre of *Marmion* and the *Lord of the Isles* is one that possesses high capabilities, even for a translation of Virgil. It is not without dignity; it has lyrical tones which lend themselves well to occasions of pathos. Its variety enables it, by a change of measure, to mark those transitions of feeling which no poet exhibits more frequently than the author of the *Æneid*. No doubt it is the part of a great artist to do as Virgil has done, and draw out all varieties of expression from one and the same instrument: but to most of those who engage in the work of translation it cannot but be an advantage to employ a measure which is really several measures in one. I will

only venture to say that in more than one passage, where I have myself been habitually most affected by the cadence of the Latin, I have seemed to myself, rightly or wrongly, to have been able to produce something of a corresponding effect by in one way or another varying the measure. While wishing under all the circumstances to guard carefully against anything like a servile imitation of Scott, I have yet regarded him as my master rather than Byron. Unlike as the spirit of Border warfare may be to the spirit of the *Æneid*, the spirit of Oriental passion is still more unlike. Even the ballad-like peculiarities of Scott have some similarity to the epic common-place which Virgil felt himself obliged by the laws of his work to borrow from Homer. It must be remembered too that Scott's poems, in respect of style, differ not a little from each other. The style of the *Lay* is comparatively rude and unpolished: the style of the *Lord of the Isles* is comparatively cultivated and elaborate. I need not say that it is the latter type that I have made my model rather than the former. I have sedulously eschewed what Mr. Arnold calls the ballad slang, even where it offered itself without the seeking: such expressions as 'out and spoke,' 'well I wot,' 'all on Parnassus' slope,' I have left where I found them. I have not indeed denied myself an occasional archaism, any more than Virgil himself has done, as I cannot see that 'mote' for 'might' and 'eyne' for 'eyes' are more objectionable than 'faxo' for 'fecero' and 'aulai' for 'aulæ.' But I have excluded all such primitive peculiarities as seemed inconsistent with high finish, expletives like 'did say' and 'did sue,' and inversions like 'soon as the wildered child saw he.' In the versification I have avoided, with scarce a single

exception, that tripping anapæstic movement which deprives the Lay of dignity, and makes Harold the Dauntless read like a burlesque: where I have introduced a redundant syllable into a line, it has generally been in the case of polysyllables, by the use of which I hoped to give the line of eight syllables something of the stateliness of the heroic. Once and once only have I ventured on a double rhyme. These details are sufficiently trifling; and I mention them merely to show that in appropriating a measure of considerable laxity to a heroic subject, I have been more anxious to curtail than to extend the freedom I have gained.

It would be vain to deny that during the progress of the translation I have often been made sensible of the profound difference between poetry like Scott's, which, with all its antiquarianism, is still modern, and poetry like Virgil's, which, with all its modern affinities, is still ancient. An ancient narrative is minute where a modern one is brief: it is brief where a modern one is diffuse. Virgil is full of details, but always rapid: the reader is carried past a number of objects in succession, without being allowed, except on very rare occasions, to pause at any. Scott too is rapid after his fashion, but it is the rapidity of one who loves motion for its own sake, and to whom time is of no particular value: after a gallop of a few miles he is glad to pull up and descant on anything that he may be passing on the roadside. Even the constant occurrence of '*sic ait*,' '*talia voce refert*,' and the like, after every speech in the *Æneid*, which of course it would be unjustifiable not to represent in a translation, is enough to remind the translator that the taste of the readers for whom Virgil wrote is different from the taste of those whom he must himself endeavour

to please. No doubt this disparity between the ancient and the modern manner would have made itself felt had I chosen a metre less connected by association with the present century. Even Dryden, though his manner is for less distinctively modern than that of Scott, surprises us from time to time with something which we feel he would not have said had he not been translating even Pope, though he has taken almost unlimited licence to omit or recast anything which did not suit his notions of good taste in narrative, makes us occasionally sensible that the story he is telling is not his own. But I have sometimes thought that the style which I had adopted imposed on me difficulties peculiar to itself, from which a more judicious choice might have preserved me. Virgil was a more careful composer than Scott or Byron, not only in the selection of his words, but in the structure of his sentences. He was a great rhetorician, and a master of that terse pointed style of which the Latinity of the silver age is a development and an exaggeration. Sentences occur repeatedly in his writings which require to be rendered as briefly and compactly as those of Horace. Whether the octosyllabic metre is congenial to that mode of writing I will not presume to say but it has not yet been applied to it, except, it may be, by writers like Gay, whose style is confessedly too low for heroic poetry. Consequently I have frequently had to write in a manner which I was conscious was not the manner of my model, attempting to impart to the shorter couplet some of that dignified sententiousness which belongs more properly to the longer. If I have failed in this, I can only excuse myself by pleading the necessity of choosing among difficulties, which appears to be the inevitable condition of the translator's work.

Perhaps I may be judged to have some advantage over my rhyming predecessors in respect of closeness to the original. It would be discreditable to me if the minute study which it has been my duty and my pleasure to give to every line, I might almost say every word, of my author in the prosecution of my commentary, did not reflect itself to some degree in the translation. It is even possible that a casual reader may overlook many instances of close rendering; that he may suppose various forms of expression to be gratuitous which have been really adopted in order to bring out more fully the force, as I conceive it, of the Latin. The characteristic art of Virgil's language, I must own, is a thing which I have made no attempt to represent. Whether that peculiar habit which I have mentioned elsewhere as common to him and to Sophocles, the habit of hinting at two or three modes of expression while actually employing one, is capable of being transferred into English, I do not know: certainly none of his translators has effected the transference. It is obvious that the experiment is one to perform which would require the utmost nicety: everything would depend on the exact poetical equivalence of the various turns of phrase, either severally or as presented in combination: and a shade more or less in each case might produce not beauty but deformity. Such felicities, in fact, though well worthy of critical investigation, are hardly to be discovered by critical search: while the translator was seeking them, any spirit that there might be in his verses would be apt to evaporate. It is only one to whom they would suggest themselves naturally, in conformity I mean with his natural genius, who would be able to employ them in translation without injury to the

character of his work - and he must be another Virgil or another Sophocles. A translator not so constituted will be better employed in endeavouring to bring about resemblance to his author by applying a principle of compensation, by strengthening his version in any way best suited to his powers, so long as it be not repugnant to the genius of the original, and trusting that the effect of the whole will be seen to have been cared for, though the claims of the parts may appear to have been neglected. Even the simpler peculiarities of Virgil's style, such as his fondness for saying the same thing twice over in the same line, I have not always been at pains to copy. What is graceful in the Latin will not always be graceful in a translation: and to be graceful is one of the first duties of a translator of the *Æneid*. It has often happened that by ignoring a repetition I have been able to include the entire sense of a hexameter in a single English line of eight syllables; and in such cases I have been glad to make the sacrifice. Not the least of the evils of the measure I have chosen is a tendency to diffuseness. and in translating one of the least diffuse of poets such a tendency requires a strong remedy. Accordingly, the duty of conciseness has always been present to my mind, and the result is that my translation, with its lines of eight and occasionally six syllables, does not, I hope, exceed by much more than one half the number of lines in the original, where fifteen syllables on the average go to the hexameter.

A similarity will occasionally be found between my own and other versions. In the few cases where this arises from intentional appropriation, or where I had reason to think that I had unconsciously recollected the words of others, I have made the requisite acknowledg-

ment in the notes. Possibly in other instances also there may have been unconscious recollection, as a comparison of the three rhyming translators, Dryden, Pitt, and Symmons, used to be a favourite occupation of my schoolboy days. My coincidences, I believe, are oftener with Pitt's version than with either of the others; a fact which I incline to attribute to the more conventional character of his verses, which are seldom so individual that they might not easily occur to two writers independently. My knowledge of the different blank verse translations is very slight and occasional. I have not thought it necessary to say anything in the notes of the renderings that I have adopted, as what I have to urge in their favour will be found elsewhere. In one or two instances I have ruled a disputed question in one way as a commentator, in another way as a translator, but only of course where a case could fairly be made out for either view.

PREFACE

TO

THE SECOND EDITION

THE KINDNESS which has called for a second edition of my work so soon has prevented me from improving it as much as I might have done had I been able to contemplate it from a greater distance. I have however, as I hope, strengthened a few weak lines, and corrected a few of the errors of taste or judgment into which I had previously fallen. The remarks of my various critics I have read with attention, and I trust with profit. If I have not always been able to accept them in detail, I have found much to encourage me in their general effect. The points against which they have been directed have mostly been such as I had already felt to be assailable, while I have been gratified to find the hope which I entertained, that my translation might, nevertheless, give pleasure to English readers as well as to students of the original, thus far confirmed. Self-criticism is a proverbially difficult task: and anything which tends to convince an author that he may in some degree trust his own judgment cannot but be welcome and reassuring. That judgment, I feel, may require to be widened and deepened indefinitely; but it is in learning to trust it in its measure that the hope of future improvement lies.

PREFACE

TO

THE THIRD EDITION.

THE TIME that has passed since a new impression of this work was last called for has given me the opportunity of making something like a revision of the whole. I have introduced a number of changes, which I trust I am not wrong in considering as improvements, some in order to bring out the sense of the original more correctly or more fully, some in the hope of bettering the translation as a poem. Perhaps the only alterations which I need mention particularly are some introduced into the version of the catalogue at the end of the Seventh Book, a part of the poem which I did not happen to have studied as a commentator before I translated it, so that I was led inadvertently into several small errors of detail.

There is, I feel, a danger of altering too much as well as of altering too little, especially if a writer takes up his work at a considerable distance from the time when it was first produced. Gifford recast his translation of 'Juvenal' three years after its original publication, with eminent success: fourteen years later he published a third edition, in which the abrupt vigour of the earlier work is too often enfeebled and diluted. I should have little difficulty in persuading myself that my translation might be rewritten with advantage; but, independently

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of the consideration that a wholesale change would be scarcely just to those to whose kind partiality I owe the opportunity of revision, I am by no means confident that the success of the result would justify the time and labour which I should have to expend. Even as it is, I am sometimes afraid that in trying to accommodate my version to new perceptions of the force of the original, I have substituted a less natural for a more natural mode of expression : and I have more than once allowed a reading to remain which, though possible, I do not myself now believe to be true, because I feared that such changes as I could introduce would interfere with the flow of passages which with all their defects had the advantage of being composed *con amore*. On the whole the number of lines in which alteration has been made, I believe, does not exceed a hundred and fifty, a very small percentage, I need not say, on the entire work ; and, in many of these, the change is comparatively inconsiderable.

THE ÆNEID.

BOOK I

ARMS and the man I sing, who first,
By fate of Ilhan realm amerced,
To fair Italia onward bore,
And landed on Lavinium's shore —
Long tossing earth and ocean o'er,
By violence of heaven, to sate
Fell Juno's unforgetting hate :
Much laboured too in battle-field,
Striving his city's walls to build,
And give his Gods a home :
Thence come the hardy Latin brood,
The ancient sires of Alba's blood,
And lofty-rampired Rome

Say, Muse, for godhead how disdain'd,
Or wherefore wroth, Heaven's queen constrained
That soul of piety so long
To turn the wheel, to cope with wrong
Can heavenly natures nourish hate
So fierce, so blindly passionate ?

There stood a city on the sea,
Manned by a Tyrian colony,
Named Carthage, fronting far to south
Italia's coast and Tiber's mouth,
Rich in all wealth, all means of rule,
And hardened in war's sternest school.

Men say the place was Juno's pride
More than all lands on earth beside;
E'en Samos' self not half so dear.
Here were her arms, her chariot here
Here, goddess-like, to fix one day
The seat of universal sway,
Might Fate be wrung to yield assent,
E'en then her schemes, her cares were bent
Yet had she heard that sons of Troy
Were born her Carthage to destroy,
From those majestic loins should spring
A nation like a warrior king,
Ordained for Inbya's overthrow
The web of Fate was woven so
This was her fear and fear renewed
The memory of that earlier feud,
The war at Troy she erst had waged
In darling Argos' cause engaged
Nor yet had faded from her view
The insults whence those angers grew,
Deep in remembrance lives engrained
The judgment which her charms disdained,
The offspring of adulterous seed,
The rape of minion Ganymede
With such resentments brimming o'er
She tossed and tossed from shore to shore
The Trojan bands, poor relics these
Of Achillean victories,
Away from Latium many a year,
Fate-driven, they wandered far and near;
So vast the labour to create
The fabric of the Roman state!

Scarce out of sight of Sicily
Troy's crews were spreading sail to sea,
Pleased o'er the foam to run,

When Juno, feeding evermore
 The vulture at her bosom's core,
 Thus to herself begun
 'What? I give way? has Juno willed,
 And must her will be unfulfilled?
 Too weak from Latium's coast to fling
 Back to the sea this Trojan king?
 Restrained by Fate? Could Pallas fire
 The Argive fleet to wreak her ire,
 And drown the crews, for one offence,
 Mad Ajax' curst incontinence?
 She from the clouds Jove's lightning cast,
 Dispersed the ships, the billows massed,
 Caught the scathed wretch, whose breast exhaled
 Fierce flames, and on a rock impaled.
 I who through heaven its mistress move,
 The sister and the wife of Jove,
 With one poor tribe of earth contend
 Long years revolving without end
 Will any Juno's power adore
 Henceforth, or crown her altars more?'

Such fiery tumult in her mind,
 She seeks the birthplace of the wind,
 Æolia, realm for ever rife
 With turbid elemental life:
 Here Æolus in a cavern vast
 With bolt and barrier fetters fast
 Rebellious storm and howling blast.
 They with the rock's reverberant roar
 Chase blustering round their prison-door
 He, throned on high, the sceptre sways,
 Controls their moods, their wrath allays,
 Break but that sceptre, sea and land
 And heaven's etherial deep

Before them they would whirl like sand,
And through the void air sweep.
But the great Sire, with prescient fear,
Had whelmed them deep in dungeon drear,
And o'er the struggling captives thrown
Huge masses of primeval stone,
Ruled by a monarch who might know
To curb them or to let them go.
Whom now as suppliant at his knees
Juno bespoke in words like these
' O Æolus! since the Sire of all
Has made the wind obey thy call
To raise or lay the foam,
A race I hate now ploughs the sea,
Transporting Troy to Italy
And home-gods reft of home.
Lash thou thy winds, their ships submerge.
Or toss them weltering o'er the surge
Twice seven bright nymphs attend on me,
The fairest of them Deiope
Her will I give thee for thine own,
The partner of thy heart and throne,
With thee to pass unending days
And goodly children round thee raise'
The God replies: ' O Queen, 't is thine
To weigh thy will, to do it mine.
Thou gavest me this poor kingdom, thou
Hast smoothed for me the Thunderer's brow,
Givest me to share the Olympian board,
And o'er the tempests mak'st me lord'

He said, and with his spear struck wide
The portals in the mountain side
At once, like soldiers in a band,
Forth rush the winds, and scour the land:

Then lighting heavily on the main,
East, South, and West with storms in train,
Heave from its depth the watery floor,
And roll great billows to the shore.
Then come the clamour and the shriek
The sailors shout, the main-ropes creak
All in a moment sun and skies
Are blotted from the Trojans' eyes -
Black night is brooding o'er the deep,
Sharp thunder peals, live lightnings leap
The stoutest warrior holds his breath,
And looks as on the face of death
At once Æneas thrilled with dread,
Forth from his breast, with hands outspread,
 These groaning words he drew.
' O happy, thrice and yet again,
Who died at Troy like valiant men,
 E'en in their parents' view !
O Diomed, first of Greeks in fray,
Why pressed I not the plain that day,
 Yielding my life to you,
Where stretched beneath a Phrygian sky
Fierce Hector, tall Sarpedon he.
Where Simois tumbles 'neath his wave
Shields, helmets, and bodies of the brave ? '

Now, howling from the north, the gale,
While thus he moans him, strikes his sail
The swelling surges climb the sky ;
The shattered oars in splinters fly ;
The prow turns round, and to the tide
Lays broad and bare the vessel's side ;
On comes a billow, mountain-steep,
Bears down, and tumbles in a heap
These stagger on the billow's crest ;
Those to the yawning depth deprest

See land appearing 'mid the waves,
While surf with sand in turmoil raves.
Three ships the South has caught and thrown
On scarce hid rocks, as Altars known,
Ridging the main, a reef of stone
Three more fierce Eurys from the deep,
A sight to make the gazer weep,
Drives on the shoals, and banks them round
With sand, as with a rampire-mound
One, which erewhile from Lycia's shore
Orontes and his people bore,
E'en in Æneas' anguished sight
A sea down crashing from the height
Strikes full astern the pilot, torn
From off the helm, is headlong borne :
Three turns the foundered vessel gave,
Then sank beneath the engulfing wave.
There in the vast abyss are seen
The swimmers, few and far between,
And warriors' arms and shattered wood
And Trojan treasures strew the flood.
And now Ithoneus, and now
Altes old and grey,
Abas and brave Achates bow
Beneath the tempest's sway ;
Fast drinking in through timbers loose
At every pore the fatal ooze,
Their sturdy barks give way

Meantime the turmoil of the main,
The tempest loosened from its chain,
The waters of the nether deep
Upstarting from their tranquil sleep,
On Neptune broke - disturbed he hears,
And quickened by a monarch's fears,
His calm broad brow o'er ocean rears.

Æneas' fleet he sees dispersed,
 Whelmed by fierce wave and stormy burst.
 Nor failed a brother's eye to read
 Junonian rancour in the deed.
 Forthwith he summoned East and West,
 And thus his kingly wrath expressed —
 'How now? presume ye on your birth
 To blend in chaos skies and earth,
 And billowy mountains heavenward heave,
 Bold Winds, without my sovereign leave?
 Whom I—but rather were it good
 To pacify yon troubled flood
 Offend once more, and ye shall pay
 Upon a heavier reckoning-day
 Back to your master instant flee.
 And tell him, not to him but me
 The imperial trident of the sea
 Fell by the lot's award.
 His is that prison-house of stone,
 A mansion, Eurys, all your own
 There let him lord it to his mind,
 The jailor-monarch of the wind,
 But keep its portal barred.'

He said, and, ere his words were done,
 Allays the surge, brings back the sun :
 Triton and swift Cymothoe drag
 The ships from off the pointed crag :
 He, trident-armed, each dull weight heaves,
 Through the vast shoals a passage cleaves,
 Makes smooth the ruffled wave, and rides
 Calm o'er the surface of the tides
 As when sedition oft has stirred
 In some great town the vulgar herd,
 And brands and stones already fly—
 For rage has weapons always nigh—

Then should some man of worth appear
Whose stainless virtue all revcre,
They hush, they hist · his clear voice rules
Their rebel wills, their anger cools
So ocean ceased at once to rave,
When, calmly looking o'er the wave,
Girt with a range of azure sky,
The father bids his chariot fly.

The tempest-tossed Æneadæ
Strain for the nearest land,
And turn their vessels from the sea
To Libya's welcome strand.
Deep in a bay an island makes
A haven by its jutting sides,
Whereon each wave from ocean breaks.
And parting into hollows ghdes
High o'er the cove vast rocks extend,
A beetling cliff at either end ·
Beneath their summit far and wide
In sheltered silence sleeps the tide,
While quivering forests crown the scene,
A theatre of glancing green.
In front, retiring from the wave,
Opes on the view a rock-hung cave,
A home that nymphs might call their own,
Fresh springs, and seats of living stone
No need of rope or anchor's bite
To hold the weary vessel tight.
Such haven now Æneas gains,
With seven lorn ships, the scant remains
Of what was once his fleet :
Forth leap the Trojans on the sand,
Lay down their brine-drenched limbs on land,
And feel the shore is sweet.

And first from flints together clashed
The latent spark Achates flashed,
Caught in sere leaves, and deftly nursed
Till into flame the fuel burst
Then from the hold the crews o'ertolled
Bring out their grain by ocean spoiled,
And gird themselves with fire and quorn
To parch and grind the rescued corn.

Meanwhile Æneas scales a height
And sweeps the ocean with his sight;
Might he perchance a Capys mark,
An Antheus in his Phrygian bark,
Or trace the arms that wont to deck
Caicus on some labouring wreck.
No vessel seaward meets his eyes,
But on the shore three stags he spies,
Close followed by a meaner throng
That grazed the winding coasts along.
He catches from Achates' hand
Quiver and bow, and takes his stand;
And first the lordly leaders fall
With tree-like antlers branching tall;
Then, turning on the multitude,
He drives them routed through the wood,
Nor stays till his victorious bow
Has laid seven goodly bodies low,
For his seven ships; then portward fares,
And 'mid his crews the quarry shares.
The wine which late their princely host,
What time they left Trinacria's coast,
Bestowed in casks, and freely gave,
A brave man's bounty to the brave,
With like equality he parts,
And comforts their desponding hearts

Comrades and friends ' for ours is strength
 Has brooked the test of woes;
 O worse-scarred hearts ' these wounds at length
 The Gods will heal, like those.
 You that have seen grim Scylla rave,
 And heard her monsters yell,
 You that have looked upon the cave
 Where savage Cyclops dwell,
 Come, cheer your souls, your fears forget,
 This suffering will yield us yet
 A pleasant tale to tell
 Through chance, through peril lies our way
 To Iatium, where the fates display
 A mansion of abiding stay
 There Troy her fallen realm shall raise
 Bear up, and live for happier days '

Such were his words on brow and tongue
 Sat hope, while grief his spirit wrung.
 They for their dainty food prepare,
 Strip off the hide, the carcase bare,
 Divide and spit the quivering meat,
 Dispose the fire, the caldrons heat,
 Then, stretched on turf, their frames refresh
 With generous wine and wild deer's flesh
 And now, when hunger's rage was ceased,
 And checked the impatience of the feast,
 In long discourse they strive to track
 And bring their missing comrades back
 Hope bandies questions with despair,
 If yet they breathe the upper air,
 Or down in final durance lie,
 Deaf to their friends' invoking cry
 But chief Æneas fondly yearns,
 And racks his heart for each by turns,

Now weeping o'er Orontes' grave,
 Now claiming Lycus from the wave,
 Brave Gyas, and Cloanthus brave

And now an end had come, when Jove,
 His broad view casting from above,
 The countries and their people scanned,
 The sail-fledged sea, the lowly land,
 Last on the summit of the sky
 Paused, and on Libya fixed his eye
 'T was then sad Venus, as he mused,
 Her starry eyes with tears suffused.
 Bespoke him · 'Thou whose lightnings awe,
 Whose will on heaven and earth is law,
 What has Æneas done, or how
 Could my poor Trojans cloud thy brow,
 To suffer as they suffer now ?

So many deaths the race has died :
 And now behold them, lest one day
 To Italy they win their way,

Barred from all lands beside !

Once didst thou promise with an oath
 The Romans hence should have their growth,
 Great chiefs, from Teucer's line renewed,
 The masters of a world subdued
 Fate heard the pledge what power has wrought
 To turn the channel of thy thought ?
 That promise oft consoled my woe
 For Ilium's piteous overthrow,
 While I could balance weight with weight,
 The prosperous with the adverse fate
 But now the self-same fortune hounds

The lorn survivors yet :

And hast thou, mighty King, no bounds
 To their great misery set ?

Antenor from the Groeks could scape,
 Mid Hadria's deep recesses shape
 His dangerous journey, and surmount
 The perils of Timavus' fount,
 Where with the limestone's reboant roar
 Through nine loud mouths the sea-waves pour,
 And all the fields are deluged o'er
 Yet here he built Patavium's town,
 His nation named, his arms laid down,
 Now rests in honour and renown
 We, thine own race, on whom thy word
 Olympian glories has conferred,
 Our vessels lost, O shame untold !
 Are traitorously bought and sold,
 Still from Italia kept apart
 To pacify one jealous heart
 Lo ! piety with honour graced,
 A monarch on his throne replaced !'

With that refulgence in his eye
 Which soothes the humours of the sky
 Jove on his daughter's lips impressed
 A gracious kiss, then thus addressed
 ' Queen of Cythera ' spare thy pain |
 Thy children's fates unmoved remain |
 Thine eyes shall have their pledged desire
 And see Lavinium's walls aspire .
 Thine arms at length shall bear on high
 To bright possession in the sky
Æneas the high-souled · nor aught
 Has turned the channel of my thought.
 He—for I now will speak thee sooth,
 Vexed as thou art by sorrow's tooth,
 Will ope the volume and relate
 The far-off oracles of Fate—
 Fierce war in Italy shall wage,
 Shall quell her peoples' patriot rage,

And give his veterans, worn with strife,
A city and a peaceful life,
Till summers three have seen him reign,
Three winters crowned the dire campaign
But he, the father's darling child,
Ascanus, now Iulus styled
(Thus the name the infant bore'
Ere Ilium's sky was clouded o'er),
Shall thirty years of power complete,
Then from Lavinium's royal seat
Transfer the empire, and make strong
The walls of Alba named the Long.
Three hundred years in that proud town
Shall Hector's children wear the crown,
Till Ilia, priestess-princess, bear
By Mars' embrace a kingly pair
Then, with his nurse's wolf-skin girt,
Shall Romulus the line assert,
Invite them to his new-raised home,
And call the martial city Rome
No date, no goal I here ordain.
There is an endless, boundless reign.
Nay Juno's self, whose wild alarms
Set ocean, earth, and heaven in arms,
Shall change for smiles her moody frown,
And vie with me in zeal to crown
Rome's sons, the nation of the gown
So stands my will. There comes a day,
While Rome's great ages hold their way,
When old Assaracus's sons
Shall quit them on the Myrmidons,
O'er Phthia and Mycenæ reign,
And humble Argos to their chain
From Troy's fair stock shall Cæsar rise,
The limits of whose victories
Are ocean, of his fame the skies;

Great Julius, proud that style to bear,
 In name and blood Iulus' heir.
 Him, at the appointed time, increased
 With plunder from the conquered East,
 Thine arms shall welcome to the sky,
 And worshippers shall find him nigh.
 Then battles o'er the world shall cease,
 Harsh times shall mellow into peace
 Then Vesta, Faith, Quirinus, joined
 With brother Remus, rule mankind
 Grim iron bolt and massy bar
 Shall close the dreadful gates of War
 Within unnatural Rage confined,
 Fast bound with manacles behind,
 His dark head pillowed on a heap
 Of clanking armour, not in sleep,
 Shall gnash his savage teeth, and roar
 From lips incarnadined with gore.'

He said, and hastes from heaven to send
 The son of Maia down ,
 Bids Carthage open to befriend
 The Teucrians, realm and town,
 Lest Dido, ignorant of fate,
 Should drive the wanderers from her gate.
 Swift Mercury cuts with plummy oar
 The sky, and lights on Libya's shore.
 At once he does the Sire's behest,
 Each Tyrian smooths his rugged breast,
 And chief the queen has thoughts of grace
 And pity to the Teucrian race.

But good Æneas, through the night
 Revolving many a care,
 Determines with the dawn of light
 Forth from the port to fare,

Explore the stranger clime, and find |
What land is his, by stress of wind,
By what inhabitants possessed
(For waste he sees it), man or beast, |

And back the tidings bear
Within a hollowed rock's retreat,
Deep in the wood, he hides his fleet,
Defended by a leafy screen
Of forestry and quivering green :
Then with Achates moves along,
Wielding two spears, steel-tipped and strong
When in the bosom of the wood
Before him, lo, his mother stood,
In mien and gear a Spartan maid,
Or like Harpalyce arrayed,
Who tires fleet coursers in the chase,
And heads the swiftest streams of Thrace
Slung from her shoulders hangs a bow ,
Loose to the wind her tresses flow ;
Bare was her knee ; her mantle's fold
The gathering of a knot controlled
And ' Saw yo, youths,' she asks them, ' say,
One of my sisters here astray,
A silvan quiver at her side,
And for a scarf a lynx's hide,
Or pressing on the wild boar's track
With upraised dart and voiceful pack ? '

Thus Venus : Venus' son replied :
' No sister we of thine have spied .
What name to call thee, beauteous maid ?
That look, that voice the God betrayed ;
Can it be Phœbus' sister bright,
Or some fair Nymph, has crossed our sight ?
Be gracious, whosoe'er thou art,
And lift this burden from our heart ;

Instruct us, 'neath what sky at last,
Upon what shore, our lot is cast;
We wander here, by tempest blown,
The people and the place unknown
O say! and many a victim's life
Before thy shrine shall stain my knife'

Then Venus 'Nay, I would not claim
A goddess' venerable name
The buskins and the bow I bear
Are but what Tyrian maidens wear
The Punic state is this you see,
Agenor's Tyrian colony
But all around the Libyans dwell,
A race in war untamed and fell.
The sceptre here queen Dido sways,
Who fled from Tyre in other days,
To 'scape a brother's frenzy long
And dark the story of her wrong,
To thread each tangle tune would fail,
So learn the summits of the tale
Sychæus was her husband once,
The wealthiest of Phœnicia's sons
She loved him, nor her sire denied,
But made her his, a virgin bride
But soon there filled the ruler's place
Her brother, worst of human race,
Pygmalion - 'twixt the kinsmen came
Fierce hatred, like a withering flame.
With avarice blind, by stealthy blow
The monster laid Sychæus low,
E'en at the altar, recking nought
What passion in his sister wrought -
Long time he hid the foul offence,
And, feigning many a base pretence,
Beguiled her love-sick innocence.

But, as she slept, before her eyes
 She saw in pallid ghastly guise
 Her lord's unburied semblance rise ;
 The murderous altar he revealed,
 The death-wound, gaping and unhealed,
 And all the crime the house concealed
 Then bids her fly without delay,
 And shows, to aid her on her way, }
 His buried treasures, stores untold }
 Of silver and of massy gold.
 She heard, and, quickened by affright,
 Provides her friends and ⁱⁿ ~~meets~~ ^{the} ~~own~~ ^{night} ~~own~~ ^{light}
 Each malcontent her summons hears,
 Who hates the tyrant, or who fears ,
 The ships that in the haven rode
 They seize, and with the treasures load
 Pygmalion's stores o'er ocean speed,
 And woman's daring wrought the deed.
 The spot they reached where now your eyes
 See Carthage-towers in beauty rise
 There bought them soil, such space of ground
 As one bull's hide could compass round ,
 There fixed their site, and Byrsa's name
 Preserves the action fresh in fame.
 But who are you ? to whom allud ?
 Whence bound and whither ? ' Deep he sighed,
 And thus with labouring speech replied

' Fair Goddess ! should thy supplants show
 From first to last their tale of woe,
 Or ere it ceased the day were done,
 And closed the palace of the sun.
 We from old Troy, if Tyrian ear
 Have chanced the name of Troy to hear,
 Driven o'er all seas, are thrown at last
 On Libya's coast by chance-sent blast.

Æneas I, who bear on board
My home-gods, rescued from the sword ·
Men call me good ; and vulgar fame
Above the stars exalts my name
My quest is Italy, the place
That nursed my Jove-descended race
My ships were twenty when I gave
My fortunes to the Phrygian wave ,
My goddess-mother lent me light,
And oracles prescribed my flight
And now scarce seven survive the strain
Of boisterous wind and billowy main.
I wander o'er your Libyan waste,
From Europe and from Asia chased,
Unfriended and unknown ' No more
His plaint of anguish Venns bore,
But interrupts ere yet 't is o'er

' Whether you are, I cannot deem
Unloved of heaven you drink the beam
Of sunlight, else had never Fate
Conveyed you to a Tyrian's gate
Take heart and follow on the road,
Still making for the queen's abode
You yet shall witness, mark my word,
Your friends returned, your fleet restored ;
The winds are changed, and all are brought
To port, or augury is naught,
And vain the lore my parents taught
Mark those twelve swans that hold their way
In seemly jubilant array,
Whom late, down swooping from on high,
Jove's eagle scattered through the sky
Now see them o'er the land extend
Or hover, ready to descend ·
They, rallying, sport on noisy wing,
And circle round the heaven, and sing :

E'en so your ships, your martial train,
 Have gained the port, or stand to gain.
 Then pause not further, but proceed
 Still following where the road shall lead.'

She turned, and flashed upon their view
 Her stately neck's purpureal hue,
 Ambrosial tresses round her head
 A more than earthly fragrance shed,
 Her falling robe her footprints swept,
 And showed the goddess as she stept;
 While he, at length his mother known,
 Pursues her with complaining tone.
 'And art thou cruel like the rest?

Why cheat so oft thy son's fond eyes?
 Why cannot hand in hand be pressed,
 And speech exchanged without disguise?'
 So ring the words of fond regret
 While toward the town his face is set
 But Venus either traveller shrouds
 With thickest panoply of clouds,
 That none may see them, touch, nor stay,
 Nor, idly asking, breed delay.
 She through the sky to Paphos moves,
 And seeks the temple of her loves,
 Where from a hundred altars rise
 Rich steam and flowerets' odorous sighs

Meantime, the path itself their clue,
 With speed their journey they pursue,
 And now they climb the hill, whose frown
 On the tall towers looks lowering down,
 And beetles o'er the fronting town
 Æneas marvelling views the pile
 Of stately structures, huts erewhile,

Marvelling, the lofty gates surveys,
The pavements, and the loud highways.
On press the Tyrians, each and all :
Some raise aloft the city's wall,
Or at the fortress' base of rock
Toil, heaving up the granite block
While some for dwellings mark the ground,
Select a site and trench it round,
Or choose the rulers and the law,
And the young senate clothe with awe
They hollow out the haven, they
The theatre's foundations lay,
And fashion from the quarry's side
Tall columns, germs of scenic pride.
So bees, when spring-time is begun,
Plv their warm labour in the sun,
What time along the flowery mead
Their nation's infant hope they lead,
Or with clear honey charge each cell,
And make the hive with sweetness swell,
The workers of their loads relieve,
Or chase the drones that gorge and throve
With toil the busy scene ferments,
And fragrance breathes from thymy scents
' O happy they,' Æneas cries,
As to the roofs he lifts his eyes,
' Whose promised walls already rise !'
Then enters 'neath his misty screen,
And threads the crowd, of all unseen

Midway within the city stood
A spreading grove of hallowed wood,
The spot where first the Punic train,
Fresh from the shock of storm and main,
The token Juno had foretold
Dug up, the head of charger bold ;

Sign of a nation formed for strife
And born to years of plenteous life
A temple there began to tower
To Juno, rich with many a dower
Of human wealth and heavenly power,
 The oblation of the queen -
Brass was the threshold of the gate,
The posts were sheathed with brazen plate,
 And brass the valves between.
First in that spot once more appears
A sight to soothe the traveller's fears,
Illumes with hope Æneas' eye,
And bids him trust his destiny
As, waiting for the queen, he gazed
Around the fane with eyes upraised,
Much marvelling at a lot so blessed,
At art by rival hands expressed,
And labour's mastery confessed,
O wonder ! there is Ithum's war,
And all those battles blazed afar
Here stands Atrides, Priam here,
And chafed Achilles, either's fear
He starts the tears rain fast and hot
And 'Is there, friend,' he cries, 'a spot
That knows not Troy's unhappy lot ?
See Priam ! aye, praise waits on worth
E'en in this corner of the earth ;
E'en here the tear of pity springs,
And hearts are touched by human things.
Dismiss your fear - we sure may claim
To find some safety in our fame '
He said , and feeds his hungry heart
With shapes of unsubstantial art,
In fond remembrance groaning deep,
While briny floods his visage steep

There spreads and broadens on his sight
The portraiture of Greece in flight,
Pressed by the Trojan youth, while here
Troy flies, Achilles in her rear
Not far removed with tears he knows
The tents of Rhesus, white as snows,
Through which, by sleep's first breath betrayed,
Tydides makes his murderous raid,
And camp-ward drives the fiery brood
Of coursers, ere on Trojan food
They browse, or drink of Xanthus' flood.
Here Troilus, shield and lance let go,
Poor youth, Achilles' ill-matched foe,
Fallen backward from the chariot seat,
Whirls on, yet clinging by his feet,
Still grasps the reins - his hair, his neck
Trail o'er the ground in helpless wreck.
And the loose spear he wont to wield
Makes dusty scoring on the field.
Meantime to partial Pallas' fane
Moved with slow steps a matron train,
With smitten breasts, dishevelled, pale,
Beseechingly they bore the veil -
She motionless as stone remained,
Her cruel eyes to earth enchained.
Thrice, to Achilles' chariot bound,
Had Hector circled Ilium round,
And now the satiate victor sold
His mangled enemy for gold
Deep groaned the gazer to survey
The spoils, the arms, the lifeless clay,
And Priam, with weak hands outspread
In piteous pleading for the dead.
Himself too in the press he knows,
Mixed with the foremost line of foes,
And swarthy Memnon, armed for war,
With followers from the morning star.

Penthesilea leads afield
The sisters of the moony shield, '
One naked breast conspicuous shown,
By looping of her golden zone,
And burns with all the battle's heat,
A maid, the shock of men to meet.

While thus with passionate amaze
Æneas stood in one set gaze,
Queen Dido with a warrior train
In beauty's pride approached the fane
As when upon Enotus' banks
 Or Cynthus' summits high
Diana leads the Oread ranks
 In choric revelry,
Girt with her quiver, straight and tall,
Though all be gods, she towers o'er all
Latona's mild maternal eyes
Beam with unspoken ecstasies
So Dido looked; so 'mid the throng
With joyous step she moved along,
As pressing on to antedate
The birthday of her nascent state
Then, 'neath the temple's roofing shell,
On stairs that mount the inner cell,
Throned on a chair of queenly state,
Hemmed round by glittering arms, she sate
Thus circled by religious awe
She gives the gathered people law,
By chance-drawn lot or studious care
Assigning each his labour's share.
When lo! a concourse to the fane -
He looks amid the shouting train
Lost Anthens and Sergestus pressed,
And brave Cloanthus, and the rest,
Driven by fierce gales the water o'er,
And landed on a different shore.

Astounded stand twixt fear and joy
Aclates and the chief of Troy
They burn to hail them and salute,
But wildering wonder keeps them mute.
So, peering through their cloudy screen,
They strive the broken tale to glean,
Where rest the vessels and the crew,
And wherefore thus they come to sue -
For every ship her chief had sent,
And clamouring towards the fane they went.

Then, audience granted by the queen,
Ilioneus spoke with placid mien
‘ Lady, whom gracious Jove has willed
A city in the waste to build,
And mounds of savage temper school
By justice’ humanizing rule,
We, tempest-tost on every wave,
Poor Trojans, your compassion crave
From hideous flame our barks to save -
Commiserate our wretched case,
And war not on a pious race
We come not, we, to spoil and slay
Your Labyan households, sweep the prey
Off to the shore, then haste away
Meek grows the heart by misery cowed,
And vanquished souls are not so proud.
A land there is, by Greece of old
Known as Hesperia, rich its mould,
Its children brave and free
Ænотrians were its planters: Fame
Now gives the race their leader’s name,
And calls it Italy.
There lay our course, when, grief to tell,
Orion, rising with a swell,

Hurl'd us on shoals, and scattered wide
 O'er pathless rocks along the tide
 'Mid swirling billows thence our crew
 Drifts to your coast, a rescued few.
 What tribe of human kind is here?
 What barbarous region yields such cheer?
 E'en the cold welcome of the sand
 To travellers is barred and banned
 Ere earth we touch, they draw the sword,
 And drive us from the bare sea-board
 If men and mortal arms ye slight,
 Know there are Gods who watch o'er right
 Æneas was our king, than who
 The breath of being none e'er drew,
 More brave, more pious, or more true
 If he still looks upon the sun,
 No spectre yet, our fears are done,
 Nor need you doubt to assume the lead
In country of generous deed
 Sicily too, no niggard field,
 Has towns to hold us, arms to shield,
 And king Acestes, brave and good,
 In heart a Trojan, as in blood
 Give leave to draw our ships ashore,
 There smooth the plank and shape the oar
 So, should our friends, our king survive,
 For Italy we yet may strive
 But, if our hopes are quenched, and thee,
 Best father of the sons of Troy,
 Death hides beneath the Libyan sea,
 Nor spares to us thy princely boy,
 Yet may we seek Sicania's land,
 Her mansions ready to our hand,
 And dwell where we were guests so late.
 The subjects of Acestes' state '

So spoke Ilioneus · and the rest
With shouts their loud assent expressed.

Then, looking downward, Dido said ·
‘ Discharge you, Trojans, of your dread
An infant realm and fortune hard
Compel me thus my shores to guard
Who knows not of Æneas’ name,
Of Troy, her fortune and her fame,
And that devouring war ?
Our Punic breasts have more of fire,
Nor all so retrograde from Tyre
Doth Phœbus yoke his car
Whate’er your choice, the Hesperian plain,
Or Eryx and Acestes’ reign,
My arms shall guard you in your way,
My treasures your needs purvey
Or would a home on Libya’s shores
Allure you more ? this town is yours
Lay up your vessels Tyre and Troy
Alike shall Dido’s thoughts employ
And would we had your monarch too,
Driven hither by the blast, like you,
The great Æneas ! I will send
And search the coast from end to end,
If haply, wandering up and down,
He bide in woodland or in town ’

In breathless eagerness of joy
Achates and the chief of Troy
Were yearning long the cloud to burst :
And thus Achates spoke the first :
‘ What now, my chief, the thoughts that rise
Within you ? see, before your eyes
Your fleet, your friends restored ,

Save one, who sank beneath the tide
E'en in our presence : all beside
Confirms your mother's word.'

Scarce had he said, the mist gives way
And purges brightening into day,
Æneas stood, to sight confest,
A very God in face and chest.
For Venus round her darling's head
A length of clustering locks had spread,
Crowned him with youth's purpleal light,
And made his eyes gleam glad and bright.
Such loveliness the hands of art
To ivory's native hues impart
So 'mid the gold around it placed
Shines silver pale or marble chaste
Then in a moment, unforeseen
Of all, he thus bespeaks the queen
'Lo, him you ask for ! I am he,
Æneas, saved from Libya's sea
O, only heart that deigns to mourn
For Ilum's cruel care !
That bids e'en us, poor relics, torn
From Danaan fury, all outworn
By earth and ocean, all forlorn,
Its home, its city share !
We cannot thank you ; no, nor they,
Our brethren of the Dardan race,
Who, driven from their ancestral place,
Throughout the wide world stray.
May Heaven, if virtue claim its thought,
If justice yet avail for aught,
Heaven, and the sense of conscious right,
With worthier meed your acts requite !

What happy ages gave you birth ?
What glorious sires begat such worth ?
While rivers run into the deep,
While shadows o'er the hillside sweep,
While stars in heaven's fair pasture graze,
Shall live your honour, name, and praise,
Whate'er my destined home ' He ends,
And turns him to his Trojan friends ,
Ihoneus with his right hand greets,
And with the left Screstus meets ,
Then to the rest like welcome gave,
Brave Gyas and Cloanthus brave

Thus as she listened, first his mien,
His sorrow next, entranced the queen,
And ' Say,' cries she, ' what cruel wrong
Pursued you, goddess-born, so long ?
What violence has your navy driven
On this rude coast, of all 'neath heaven ?
And are you he, on Simois' shore
Whom Venus to Anchises bore,
Æneas ? Well I mind the name,
Since Tæcæ first to Sidon came,
Driven from his home, in hope to gain
By Belus' aid another reign,
What time my father ruled the land
Of Cyprus with a conqueror's hand
Then first the fall of Troy I knew,
And heard of Grecia's kings, and you.
Oft, I remember, would he glow
In praise of Troy, albeit her foe ,
Oft would he boast, with generous pride,
Himself to Troy's old line allied.
Then enter, chiefs, these friendly doors ,
I too have had my fate, like yours,

Which, many a suffering overpast,
Has willed to fix me here at last
Myself not ignorant of woe,
Compassion I have learned to show.'
She speaks, and speaking leads the way
To where her palace stands,
And through the fanes a solemn day
Of sacrifice commands
Nor yet unmindful of his friends,
Her bounty to the shore she sends,
A hundred bristly swine,
A herd of twenty beeves, of lambs
A hundred, with their fleecy dains,
And spirit-cheering wine.

And now the palace they array
With all the state that kings display,
And through the central breadth of hall
Prepare the sumptuous festival
There, wrought with many a fair design,
Rich coverlets of purple shine -
Bright silver loads the boards, and gold
Where deeds of hero-sires are told,
From chief to chief in sequence drawn,
E'en from proud Sidon's earliest dawn

Meantime Æneas, loth to lose
The father in the king,
Sends down Achates to his crews :
' Haste, to Ascanius bear the news,
Himself to Carthage bring ' .
A father's care, a father's joy
All centre in the darling boy.
Rich presents too he bids be brought,
Scarce saved when Troy's last fight was fought,
A pall with stiffening gold inwrought,

A veil, the marvel of the loom,
Edged with acanthus' saffron bloom,
These Leda once to Helen gave,
 And Helen from Mycenæ bore,
What time to Troy she crossed the wave
 With that her unblest paramour,
The sceptre Priam's eldest fair,
Ihone, was wont to bear;
Her necklace, and her coronet
With gold and gems in circle set
Such mandate hastening to obey,
Achates takes his shore-ward way

But Cytherea's anxious mind
New arts, new stratagemis designed
That Cupid, changed in mien and face,
Should come in sweet Ascanus' place,
Fire with his gifts the royal dame,
~~And thread each leaping vein with flame~~
The palace of deceit she fears,
 The double tongues of Tyre,
Fell Juno's form at night appears,
 And burns her like a fire
So to her will she seeks to move
The winged deity of Love
'My son, my strength, my virtue born,
Who laugh'st Jove's Titan bolts to scorn,
To thee for succour I repair,
And breathe the voice of suppliant prayer
How Juno drives from coast to coast
Thy Trojan brother, this thou know'st,
And oft hast bid thy sorrows flow
With mine in pity of his woe
Him now this Tyrian entertains,
And with soft speech his stay constrains

But I, I cannot brook with ease
Junonian hospitalities;
Nor, where our fortunes hinge and turn,
Can *she* long rest in unconcern
Fain would I first ensnare the dame,
And wrap her leaguered heart in flame,
So, ere she change by power malign,
Æneas' love shall bind her mine
Such triumph how thou mayst achieve,
The issue of my thought receive
To Sidon's town the princely heir,
The darling motive of my care,
Sets out at summons of his sire,
With presents, saved from flood and fire.
Him, in the bands of slumber tied,
In high Cythera I will hide,
Or blest Idalia, safe and far,
Lest he perceive the plot, or mar.
Thou for one night supply his room,
Thyself a boy, the boy assume,
That when the queen, with rapture glowing,
While boards blaze rich, and wine is flowing,
Shall make thee nestle in her breast,
And to thy lips her lips are prest,
The stealthy plague thou mayst inspire,
And thrill her with contagious fire'

Young Love obeyed, his plumage stripped,
And, laughing, like Iulus tripped
But Venus on her grandson strows
The dewy softness of repose,
And laps him in her robe, and bears
To tall Idalia's fragrant airs,
Where soft amaranthus receives
And gently curtains him with leaves

While Cupid, tutored to obey,
Beside Achates takes his way,
And bears the presents, blithe and gay.
Arrived, he finds the Tyrian queen
On tapestry laid of gorgeous sheen,
In central place, her guests between
There lies Æneas, there his train,
All stretched at ease on purple grain
Slaves o'er their hands clear water pour,
Deal round the bread from basket-store,
And napkins thick with wool
Within full fifty maids supply
Fresh food, and make the hearths blaze high.
A hundred more of equal age,
Each with her fellow, girl and page,
Serve to the gathered company
The meats and goblets full
The invited Tyrians throng the hall,
And on the brodered couches fall
They marvel as the gifts they view,
They marvel at the bringer too,
The features where the God shines through,
The tones his mimic voice assumes,
The pall, the veil with saffron blooms
But chiefly Dido, doomed to ill,
Her soul with gazing cannot fill,
And, kindling with delirious fires,
Admires the boy, the gifts admires
He, having hung a little space
Clasped in Æneas' warm embrace
And satisfied the fond desire
Of that his counterfeited sire,
Turns him to Dido. Heart and eye
She clings, she cleaves, she makes him lie
Lapped in her breast, nor knows, lost fair,
How dire a God sits heavy there.

But he, too studious to fulfil
 His Aoidalian mother's will,
 Begins to cancel trace by trace
 The imprint of Sychæus' face,
 And bids a living passion steal
 On senses long unused to feel.

Soon as the feast begins to lull,
 And boards are cleared away,
 They place the bowls, all brimming full,
 And wreath with garlands gay
 Up to the rafters mounts the din,
 And voices swell and heave within
 From the gilt roof hang cressets bright,
 And flambeau-fires put out the night
 The queen gives charge a cup is brought
 With massy gold and jewels wrought,
 Whence ancient Belus quaffed his wine,
 And all the kings of Belus' line
 Then silence reigns 'Great Jove, who know'st
 The mutual rights of guest and host,
 O make this day a day of joy
 Alike to Tyre and wandering Troy,
 And may our children's children feel
 The blessing of the bond we seal'
 Be Bacchus, giver of glad cheer,
 And bounteous Juno, present here!
 And, Tyrians, you with frank good will
 Our courteous purposes fulfil'
 She spoke, and on the festal board
 The meed of due libation poured,
 Touched with her lip the goblet's edge.
 Then challenged Bitias to the pledge
 He grasped the cup with eager hold,
 And drenched him with the foaming gold.

The rest succeed Iopas takes
 His gilded lyre, its chords awakes,
 The long-haired bard, rehearsing sweet
 The descant learned at Atlas' feet
 He sings the wanderings of the moon,
 The sun eclipsed in deathly swoon,
 Whence human kind and cattle came,
 And whence the rain-spout and the flame,
 Arcturus and the two bright Bears,
 And Hyads weeping showery tears,
 Why winter suns so swiftly go,
 And why the weary nights move slow
 With plaudits Tyre the minstrel greets.
 And Troy the loud acclaim repeats
 And now discourse succeeds to song
 Poor Dido makes the gay night long,
 Still drinking love-draughts, deep and strong.
 Much of great Priam asks the dame,
 Much of his greater son.
 Now of Tydides' steeds of flame,
 Now in what armour Memnon came,
 Now how Achilles shone
 'Nay, guest,' she cries, 'vouchsafe a space
 The tale of Danaan fraud to trace,
 The dire misfortunes of your race,
 These wanderings of your own
 For since you first 'gan wander o'er
 Yon homeless world of sea and shore,
 Seven summers nigh have flown'

BOOK II.

EACH eye was fixed, each lip compressed,
When thus began the heroic guest

‘ Too cruel, lady, is the pain
You bid me thus revive again,
How lofty Ilium’s throne august
Was laid by Greece in piteous dust,
The woes I saw with these sad eyne,
The deeds whereof large part was mine
What Argive, when the tale were told,
What Myrmidon of sternest mould,
What foe from Ithaca could hear,
And grudge the tribute of a tear?
Now dews precipitate the night,
And setting stars to rest invite:
Yet, if so keen your zeal to know
In brief the tale of Troy’s last woe,
Though memory shrinks with backward start,
And sends a shudder to my heart,
I take the word.

Worn down by wars,
Long beating ’gainst Fate’s dungeon-bars,
As year kept chasing year,
The Danaan chiefs, with cunning given
By Pallas, mountain-high to heaven
A giant horse uprear,

And with compacted beams of pine
The texture of its ribs entwine.
A vow for their return they feign
So runs the tale, and spreads amain.
There in the monster's cavernous side
Huge frames of chosen chiefs they hide,
And steel-clad soldiery finds room
Within that death-producing womb

An isle there lies in Ithum's sight,
And Tenedos its name,
While Priam's fortune yet was bright,
Known for its wealth to fame
Now all has dwindled to a bay,
Where ships in treacherous shelter stay
Thither they sail, and hide their host
Along its desolated coast
We thought them to Mycenæ flown,
And rescued Troy forgets to groan
Wide stand the gates what joy to go
The Dorian camp to see,
The land disburthened of the foe,
The shore from vessels free !
There pitched Thessalia's squadron, there
Achilles' tent was set .
There, drawn on land, their navies were,
And there the battle met.
Some on Minerva's offering gaze,
And view its bulk with strange amaze
And first Thymœtes loudly calls
To drag the steed within our walls,
Or by suggestion from the foe,
Or Troy's ill fate had willed it so.
But Capys and the wiser kind
Surmised the snare that lurked behind

To drown it in the whelming tide,
 Or set the fire-brand to its side,
 Their sentence is . or else to bore
 Its caverns, and their depths explore.
 In wild confusion sways the crowd :
 Each takes his side and all are loud.

Girt with a throng of Ilium's sons,
 Down from the tower Laocoon runs,
 And, ' Wretched countrymen,' he cries,
 ' What monstrous madness blinds your eyes ?
 Think you your enemies removed ?

Come presents without wrong
 From Danaans ? have you thus approved
 Ulysses, known so long ?
 Perchance—who knows ?—the bulk we see
 Conceals a Grecian enemy,
 Or 't is a pile to o'erlook the town,
 And pour from high invaders down,
 Or fraud lurks somewhere to destroy .
 Mistrust, mistrust it, men of 'Troy !
 Whate'er it be, a Greek I fear,
 Though presents in his hand he bear.'
 He spoke, and with his arm's full force
 Straight at the belly of the horso

His mighty spear he cast :
 Quivering it stood : the sharp rebound
 Shook the huge monster : and a sound
 Through all its caverns passed.
 And then, had fate our weal designed
 Nor given us a perverted mind,
 Then had he moved us to deface
 The Greeks' accursed lurking-place,
 And Troy had been abiding still,
 And Priam's tower yet crowned the hill.

Now Dardan swains before the king
With clamorous demonstration bring,
His hands fast bound, a youth unknown,
Across their casual pathway thrown
By cunning purpose of his own,
If so his simulated speech
For Greece the walls of Troy might breach,
Nerved by strong courage to defy
The worst, and gain his end or die
The curious Trojans round him flock
With rival zeal a foe to mock
Now listen while my tongue declares
The tale you ask of Danaan snares,
And gather from a single charge
Their catalogue of crimes at large
There as he stands, confused, unarmed,
Like helpless innocence alarmed,
His wistful eyes on all sides throws,
And sees that all around are foes,
'What land,' he cries, 'what sea is left,
To hold a wretch of country left,
Driven out from Greece, while savage Troy
Demands my blood with clamorous joy ?'
That anguish put our rage to flight,
And stayed each hand in act to smite -
We bid him name and race declare,
And say why Troy her prize should spare.
Then by degrees he laid aside
His fear, and presently replied .

'Truth, gracious king, is all I speak,
And first I own my nation Greek -
No ; Sinon may be Fortune's slave ;
She shall not make him liar or knave.
If haply to your ears e'er came
Belidan Palamedes' name,
Borne by the tearful voice of Fame,

Whom erst, by false impeachment sped,
 Maligned because for peace he pled,
 Greece gave to death, now mourns him dead,—
 His kinsman I, while yet a boy,
 Sent by a needy sire to Troy
 While he yet stood in kingly state,
 'Mid brother kings in council great.
 I too had power but when he died,
 By false Ulysses' spite beheld
 (The tale is known), from that proud height
 I sank to wretchedness and night,
 And brooded in my dolorous gloom
 On that my guiltless kinsman's doom
 Not all in silence, no, I swore,
 Should Fortune bring me home once more,
 My vengeance should redress his fate,
 And speech engendered cankerous hate
 Thence dates my fall Ulysses thence
 Still scared me with some fresh pretence
 With chance-dropt words the people fired,
 Sought means of hurt, intrigued, conspired.
 Nor did the glow of hatred cool,
 Till, wielding Calchas as his tool—
 But why a tedious tale repeat,
 To stay you from your morsel sweet—
 If all are equal, Greek and Greek,
 Enough; your tardy vengeance wreak,
 My death will Ithacus delight,
 And Atreus' sons the boon requite.

We press, we yearn the truth to know,
 Nor dream how doubly base our foe
 He, faltering still and overawed,
 Takes up the unfinished web of fraud
 'Oft had we planned to leave you shore,
 Nor tempt the weary conflict more.

O, had we done it! sea and sky
Scared us as oft, in act to fly -
But chiefly when completed stood
This horse, compact of maple wood,
Fierce thunders, pealing in our ears,
Proclaimed the turmoil of the spheres
Perplexed, Eurypylos we send
To question what the fates portend,
And he from Phœbus' awful shrine
Brings back the words of doom divine:
'With blood ye pacified the gales,
E'en with a virgin slain,
When first ye Danaans spread your sails,
The shores of Troy to gain
With blood ye your return must buy
A Greek must at the altar die.'
That sentence reached the public ear,
And bred the dull amaze of fear
Through every heart a shudder ran,
'Apollo's victim—who the man?'
Ulysses, turbulent and loud,
Drags Calchas forth before the crowd,
And questions what the immortals mean,
Which way these dubious beckonings lean -
E'en then were some discerned my foe,
And silent watched the coming blow
Ten days the seer, with bated breath,
Restrained the utterance big with death -
O'erborne at last, the word agreed
He speaks, and destines me to bleed.
All gave a sigh, as men set free,
And hailed the doom, content to see
The bolt that threatened each alike
One solitary victim strike.
The death-day came the priests prepare
Salt cakes, and fillets for my hair;

I fled, I own it, from the knife,
 I broke my bands and ran for life,
 And in a marish lay that night,
 While they should sail, if sail they might.
 No longer have I hope, ah me !
 My ancient fatherland to see,
 Or look on those my eyes desire,
 My darling sons, my grey-haired sire
 Perhaps my butchers may requite
 On their dear heads my traitorous flight,
 And make their wretched lives atone
 For this, the single crime I own
 O, by the Gods, who all things view,
 And know the false man from the true,
 By sacred Faith, if Faith remain
 With mortal men preserved from stain,
 Show grace to innocence forlorn,
 Show grace to woes unduly borne ! '

Moved by his tears, we let him live,
 And pity crowns the boon we give :
 King Priam bids unloose his cords,
 And soothes the wretch with kindly words .
 ' Whoe'er you are, henceforth resign
 All thought of Greece . be 'Troy's and mine .
 Now tell me truth, for what intent
 This fabric of the horse was meant ;
 An offering to your heavenly liege ?
An engine for assault or siege ? '
 Then, schooled in all Pelasgian shifts,
 His unbound hands to heaven he lifts :
 ' Ye slumberless, inviolate fires,
 And the dread awe your name inspires !
 Ye murderous altars, which I fled !
 Ye fillets that adorned my head !

Bear witness, and behold me free
To break my Grecian fealty;
To hate the Greeks, and bring to light
The counsels they would hide in night,
Unchecked by all that once could bind,
All claims of country or of kind
Thou, Troy, remember ne'er to swerve,
Preserved thyself, thy faith preserve,
If true the story I relate,
If these, my prompt returns, be great

‘The warlike hopes of Greece were stayed,
E’en from the first, on Pallas’ aid
But since Tydides, impious man,
And foul Ulysses, born to plan,
Dragged with red hands, the sentry slain,
Her fateful image from your fane,
Her chaste locks touched, and stained with
gore

The virgin coronal she wore,
Thenceforth the tide of fortune changed,
And Greece grew weak, her queen estranged
Nor dubious were the signs of ill
That showed the goddess’ altered will.
The image scarce in camp was set,
Out burst big drops of saltiest sweat
O’er all her limbs her eyes upraised
With minatory lightnings blazed;
And thrice untouched from earth she sprang
With quivering spear and buckler’s clang.
‘Back o’er the ocean!’ Calchas cries.
‘We shall not make Troy’s town our prize,
Unless at Argos’ sacred seat
Our former omens we repeat,

And bring once more the grace we brought
 When first these shores our navy sought.
 So now for Greece they cross the wave,
 Fresh blessings on their arms to crave,
 Thence to return, so Calchas rules,
 Unlooked for, ere your wonder cools.
 Premonished first, this frame they planned
 In your Palladium's stead to stand,
 An image for an image given
 To pacify offended Heaven
 But Calchas bade them rear it high
 With timbers mounting to the sky,
 That none might drag within the gate
 This new Palladium of your state
 For, said he, if your hands profaned
 The gift for Pallas' self ordained,
 Dire havoc—grant, ye powers, that first
 That fate be his!—on Troy should burst :
 But if, in glad procession haled
 By those your hands, your walls unsealed,
 Then Asia should our homes invade,
 And unborn captives mourn the raid '

Such tale of pity, aptly feigned,
 Our credence for the perjurer gained,
 And tears, wrung out from fraudulent eyes,
 Made us, e'en us, a villain's prize,
 'Gainst whom not valiant Diomedes,
 Nor Peleus' Larissæan seed,
 Nor ten years' fighting could prevail,
 Nor navies of a thousand sail

But ghastlier portents lay behind,
 Our unprophetic souls to blind.
 Laocoon, named as Neptune's priest,
 Was offering up the victim beast,

When lo ! from Tenedos—I quail,
E'en now, at telling of the tale—
Two monstrous serpents stem the tide,
And shoreward through the stillness glide.
Amid the waves they rear their breasts,
And toss on high their sanguine crests :
The hind part coils along the deep,
And undulates with sinuous sweep.
The lashed spray echoes now they reach
The inland belted by the beach,
And rolling bloodshot eyes of fire,
Dart their forked tongues, and hiss for ire.
We fly distraught unswerving they
Toward Laocoon hold their way ;
First round his two young sons they wreath,
And grind their limbs with savage teeth :
Then, as with arms he comes to aid,
The wretched father they invade
And twine in giant folds twice round
His stalwart waist their spires are wound,
Twice round his neck, while over all
Their heads and crests tower high and tall
He strains his strength their knots to tear,
While gore and slime his fillets smear,
And to the unregardful skies
Sends up his agonizing cries :
A wounded bull such moaning makes,
When from his neck the axe he shakes,
Ill-armed, and from the altar breaks
The twin destroyers take their flight
To Pallas' temple on the height ,
There by the goddess' feet concealed
They lie, and nestle 'neath her shield.
At once through Ilium's hapless sons
A shock of feverous horror runs
All in Laocoon's death-pangs read
The just requital of his deed,

Who dared to harm with impious stroke
Those ribs of consecrated oak
'The image to its fane!' they cry:
'So soothe the offended deity'
Each in the labour claims his share.
The walls are breached, the town laid bare.
Wheels 'neath its feet are fixed to glide,
And round its neck stout ropes are tied
So climbs our wall that shape of doom,
With battle quickening in its womb,
While youths and maidens sing glad songs,
And joy to touch the harness-thongs
It comes, and, glancing terror down,
Sweeps through the bosom of the town
O Ithum, city of my love!
O warlike home of powers above!
Four times 'twas on the threshold stayed.
Four times the armour clashed and brayed.
Yet on we press with passion blind,
All forethought blotted from our mind,
Till the dread monster we install
Within the temple's tower-built wall
E'en then Cassandra's prescient voice
Forewarned us of our fatal choice,
That prescient voice, which Heaven decreed
No son of Troy should hear and heed
We, careless souls, the city through,
With festal boughs the fanes bestrew,
And in such revelry employ
The last, last day should shine on Troy

Meantime Heaven shifts from light to gloom,
And night ascends from Ocean's womb,
Involving in her shadow broad
Earth, sky, and Myrmidonian fraud

And through the city, stretched at will,
Sleep the tired Trojans, and are still.

And now from Tenedos set free
The Greeks are sailing on the sea,
Bound for the shore where erst they lay,
Beneath the still moon's friendly ray
When in a moment leaps to sight
On the king's ship the signal light,
And Sinon, screened by partial fate,
Unlocks the pine-wood prison's gate
The horse its charge to air restores,
And forth the armed invasion pours
Thessander, Sthenelus, the first,
Slide down the rope Ulysses eurst,
Thoas and Acamas are there,
And great Pehdes' youthful heir,
Machaon, Menelaus, last
Epeus, who the plot forecast
They seize the city, buried deep
In floods of revelry and sleep,
Cut down the warders of the gates,
And introduce their banded mates

It was the hour when Heaven gives rest
To weary man, the first and best
Lo, as I slept, in saddest guise,
The form of Hector seemed to rise,
Full sorrow gushing from his eyes
All torn by dragging at the ear,
And black with gory dust of war,
As once on earth,—his swoln feet bored,
And festering from the inserted cord
Ah ! what a sight was there to view !
How altered from the man we knew,

Our Hector, who from day's long toil
Comes radiant in Achilles' spoil,
Or with that red right hand, which casts
The fires of Troy on Grecian masts !
Blood-clotted hung his beard and hair,
And all those many wounds were there,
Which on his gracious person fell
Around the walls he loved so well.
Methought I first the chief addressed,
With tears like his, and labouring breast
' O daystar of Dardanian land !
O faithful heart, unconquered hand !
What means this lingering ? from what shore
Comes Hector to his home once more ?
Ah ! since we saw you, many a woe
Has brought your friends, your country low ;
And weary eyes and aching brow
Are ours that look upon you now !
What cause has marred that clear calm men,
Or why those wounds, unclosed and green ? '
He answers not, nor recks him aught
Of those the idle quests I sought ,
But with a melancholy sigh,
' Ah, goddess-born,' he warns me, ' fly !
Escape these flames . Greece holds the walls ,
Proud Ithum from her summit falls.
Think not of king's or country's claims
Country and king, alas ! are names
Could Troy be saved by hands of men,
This hand had saved her then, e'en then
The gods of her domestic shrines
That country to your care consigns
Receive them now, to share your fate
Provide them mansions strong and great,
The city's walls, which Heaven has willed
Beyond the seas you yet shall build.'

He said, and from the temple brings
Dread *Vesta*, with her holy things,
Her awful fillets, and the fire
Whose sacred embers ne'er expire

Meantime throughout the city grow
The agonies of wildering woe
And more and more, though deep in shade
My father's palace stood embayed,
The tumult rises on the ear,
And clashing armour hurtles fear
I start from sleep, the roof ascend,
And with quick heed each noise attend
E'en as, while southern winds conspire,
On standing harvests falls the fire,
Or as a mountain torrent spoils
Field, joyous crop, and oxen's toils,
And sweeps whole woods the swam spell-bound
Hears from a rock the unwonted sound.
O, then I saw the tale was true
The Danaan fraud stood clear to view
Thy halls already, late so proud,
Deiphobus, to fire have bowed
Ucalegon has caught the light
Sigeum's waves gleam broad and bright
Then come the clamour and the blare,
And shouts and clarions rend the air
I clutch my arms with reeling brain,
But reason whispers, arms are vain
Yet still I burn to raise a power,
And, rallying, muster at the tower .
Fury and wrath within me rave,
And tempt me to a warrior's grave

Lo ! Panthus, scaped from death by flight,
Priest of Apollo on the height,

His gods, his grandchild at his side,
Makes for my door with frantic stride—
'Ha! Othrys' son, how goes the fight?
What forces muster at the height?'
I spoke · he heaves a long-drawn breath :
' 'Tis come, our fated day of death
We have been Trojans Troy has been ·
She sat, but sits no more, a queen
Stern Jove an Argive rule proclaims ·
Greece holds a city wrapt in flames.
There in the bosom of the town
The tall horse rains invasion down,
And Sinon, with a conqueror's pride,
Deals fiery havoc far and wide
Some keep the gates, as vast a host
As ever left Mycenæ's coast :
Some block the narrows of the street,
With weapons threatening all they meet :
The stark sword stretches o'er the way,
Quick-glancing, ready drawn to slay,
While scarce our sentinels resist,
And battle in the flickering mist '
So, stirred by Heaven and Othrys' son,
Forth into flames and spears I run,
Where yells the war-fiend, and the cries
Of slayer and slain invade the skies
Bold Rhipeus links him to my side,
And Epytus, in arms long tried .
And Hypanis and Dymas hail
And join us in the moonbeam pale,
With young Corœbus, Mygdon's child,
Who came to Troy with yearning wild
Cassandra's love to gain,
And, prompt to yield a kinsman's aid,
His troop with Priam's hosts arrayed

Ah wretch, whom his demented maid
Had warned, but warned in vain !

So, when I saw them round me form,
And knew their blood was pulsing warm,
I thus began ' Brave spirits, wrought
To noblest temper, all for nought,
If desperate venture ye desire,

Ye see our lost estate :

Gone from each fane, each secret shrine,
Are those who made this realm divine .
The town ye aid is wrapped in fire

Come, rush we on our fate

No safety may the vanquished find
Till hope of safety be resigned '

So valour grew to madness Then,
Like gaunt wolves rushing from their den,
Whom lawless hunger's sullen growl
Drives forth into the night to prowl,
The while, with jaws all parched and black,
Their famished whelps expect them back,
Amid the volley and the foe,

With death before our eyes, we go
On through the town, while darkness spreads
Its hollow covert o'er our heads

What witness could recount aright
The woes, the carnage of that night,
Or make his tributary sighs

Keep measure with our agonies ?

An ancient city topples down
From broad-based heights of old renown :
There in the street confusedly strown
Lie age and helplessness o'erthrown,
Block up the entering of the doors,
And cumber Heaven's own temple-floors.

Nor only Teucrian lives expire -
Sometimes the spark of generous fire
Revives in vanquished hearts again,
And Danaan victors swell the slain.
Dire agonies, wild terrors swarm,
And Death glares grim in many a form

First, with a train of Danaan spears,
Androgeos in our path appears
He deems us comrades of his own,
And hails us thus with friendly tone
' Bestir you, gallants ! why so slack ?
See here, while others spoil and sack
The burning town, your tardy feet
But now are coming from the fleet ! '
He said the vague replies we make
Reveal at once his dire mistake .
He sees him fallen among the toils,
And voice and foot alike recoils.
As trampling through the thorny brake
The heedless traveller stirs a snake
And in a sudden fear retires
From that fierce head, those gathering spurs,
E'en so Androgeos at the sight
Was shrinking back in palsied fright.
We mass our arms, and close them round
Surprised, and ignorant of the ground,
Their scattered ranks we breathless lay,
And Fortune crowns our first essay.
Flushed with wild joy, Corœbus cries,
' See Fortune beckoning from the skies !
When she to safety points the way,
What can we better than obey ?
Come, change we bucklers, and advance
Each with a Grecian cognizance

Who questions, when with foes we deal,
 If craft or courage guides the steel ?
 Themselves shall give us arms to wield !

He speaks, and from Androgeos tears
 His plummy helm and figured shield,

Girds on an Argive sword, and wears
 And Rhipeus, Dymas, and the rest
 Soon in the new-won spoils are dressed.
 Mixed with the Greeks, we pass unknown,
 'Neath heavenly favours not our own,
 Wage many a combat in the gloom,
 And many a Greek send down to doom.
 Some, seek the vessels and the shore .

Some, smit with fear more low,
 Climb the huge horse, and hide once more
 Within the womb they know
 Alas ! a mortal may not lean
 On Heaven, when Heaven averts its mien

Ah see ! the Priameian fair,
 Cassandra, by her streaming hair
 Is dragged from Pallas' shrine,
 Her wild eyes raised to Heaven in vain ;
 Her eyes, alas ! for cord and chain
 Her tender hands confine
 Corcebus brooked not such a sight,
 But plunged infuriate in the fight
 We follow him, as blindly rash,
 And, forming, on the spoilers dash :
 When from the summit of the fane,
 Or ere we deem, a murderous rain
 Of Trojan darts our force o'erwhelms,
 Misguided by those Argive helms.
 Then, groaning deep their prey to lose,
 The rallied Danaans round us close :

Fell Ajax and the Atreidan pair
And all Thessalia's host were there
As when the tempest sounds alarms,
And winds conflicting rush to arms,
Notus and Zephyr join the war,
And Eurus in his orient car
The lashed woods howl hoar Nereus raves,
And troubles all his realm of waves.
They too, whom erst in dusk of night
Our cunning practice turned to flight,
Come forth our lying arms they know,
And in our tones perceive a foe
At once they crush us, swarm on swarm
And first beneath Peneleos' arm,
'The warlike goddess' shrine before,
Coræbus welters in his gore
Then Rhipens dies no purer son
Troy ever bred, more jealous none
Of sacred right Hecaton's will be done
Dymas and Hypanis are slain,
By comrades cruelly mista'en,
Nor pious deed, nor Phœbus' wreath,
Could save thee, Panthus, from thy death
Ye embers of expiring Troy,
Ye funeral flames of all my joy,
Bear witness, in your dying glow,
I shunned nor dart nor frowning foe.
And had it been my fate to bleed
My hand had earned the doom decreed
Thence forced, to other scenes we flee.
Pelias and Iphitus with me,
This laden with his years and slow,
That halting from Ulysses' blow
For hark! the growing tumult calls
For rescue to the palace halls.

O, there a giant battle raged !
 Who saw it sure had thought
 No war in Troy was elsewhere waged,
 No deaths beside were wrought .
 So fierce the fray our eyes that met,
 The Danaans streaming to the roof,
 And every gate by foes beset,
 Screened by a ponthouse javelin-proof.
 Close to the walls the ladders cling .
 From step to step the assailants spring,
 E'en by the doors a shield enfolds
 Their left their right a corbel holds
 The Dardans, reckless in despair,
 The turrets and the roofs nptear
 (E'en to such weapons Fortune drives
 Brave patriots, struggling for their lives),
 And hurl the gilded beams below,
 The pride of ages long ago ,
 While others on the threshold stand,
 And guard the entry, sword in hand,
 My heart leaps up, the halls to save,
 And help the vanquished to be brave.

A secret postern-gate was there,
 Which oped behind a thoroughfare
 Through Priam's courts in happier day
 Andromache would pass that way
 Alone, to greet the royal pair,
 And lead with her her youthful heir
 By this the palace roof I gam,
 Whence our poor Trojans, all in vain,
 Were showering down their missile rain.
 With sheer descent, a turret high
 Rose from the roof into the sky,
 Whence curious gazers might look down
 And see the camp, the fleet, the town :

This, where the flooring timbers join
The stronger stone, we undermine
And tumble o'er - it falls along,
Down crashing on the assailant throng :
But other Danaans fill their place,
And darts and stones still rain apace

Full in the gate see Pyrrhus blaze,
A meteor, shooting steely rays .
So flames a serpent into light,
On poisonous herbage fed,
Which late in subterranean night
Through winter lay as dead
Now from its ancient weeds undressed
Invigorate and young,
Sunward it rears its glittering breast
And darts its three-forked tongue
There at his side Automedon,
True liegeman both to sire and son,
And giant Periphas, and all
The Scyman youth assail the wall
And firebrands roofward dart .
Himself the first with two-edged axe
The brazen-plated doors attacks,
And makes their hinges start .
Now through the heart of oak he drives
His weapon, and a loophole rives
There stands revealed the house within,
Where the long hall retires .
The stately privacy is seen
Of Priam and his eires,
And on the threshold guards appear
In warlike pomp of shield and spear.

But far within the palace swarms
With tumult and confused alarms .

The deep courts wail with women's cries.
 The clamour strikes the spangled skies.
 Pale matrons run from place to place,
 And clasp the doors in wild embrace
 Strong as his father, Pyrrhus strains,
 Nor bar nor guard his force sustains
 The hacked door reels 'neath blow on blow,
 Breaks from its hinges, and lies low
 Force wins her footing in their rush,
 The Danaan hordes, the foremost crush,
 And deluge with an armed tide
 The spacious level far and wide
 Less fierce when, breaking from its bounds,
 The water surges o'er the mounds,
 Down pours it, tumbling in a heap,
 O'er all the fields with headlong sweep,
 And whirls before it fold and sheep
 These eyes beheld fell Pyrrhus there
 Intoxicate with gore,
 Beheld the curst Atridan pair
 Within the sacred door,
 Beheld pale Hecuba, and those
 The brides her hundred children chose,
 And dying Priam at the shrine
 Staining the hearth he made divine
 Those fifty nuptial chambers fair,
 That promised many a princely heir,
 Those pillared doors in pride erect,
 With gold and spoils barbaric decked,
 Lie smoking on the ground: the Greek
 Is potent, where the fires are weak

Perhaps you ask of Priam's fate -

He, when he sees his town o'erthrown,
 Greeks bursting through his palace-gate
 And thronging chambers once his own,

His ancient armour, long laid by,
 Around his palsied shoulders throws,
Girds with a useless sword his thigh,
 And totters forth to meet his foes
Within the mansion's central space,
 All bare and open to the day,
There stood an altar in its place,
 And, close beside, an aged bay,
That drooping o'er the altar leaned,
And with its shade the home-gods screened
Here Hecuba and all her train
Were seeking refuge, but in vain,
Huddling like doves by storms dismayed,
And clinging to the gods for aid
But soon as Priam caught her sight,
Thus in his youthful armour dight,
'What madness,' cries she, 'wretched spouse,
Has placed that helmet on your brows?
Say, whither fare you? times so dire
Bent knees, not lifted arms require
Could Hector now before us stand,
No help were in my Hector's hand
Take refuge here, and learn at length
The secret of an old man's strength
One altar shall protect us all
Here bide with us, or with us fall'
She speaks, and guides his trembling feet
To join her in the hallowed seat.

See, fled from murdering Pyrrhus, runs
Polites, one of Priam's sons:
Through foes, through javelins, wounded sore,
He circles court and corridor,
While Pyrrhus follows in his rear
With outstretched hand and levelled spear,

Till just before his parents' eyes,
All bathed in blood, he falls and dies
With death in view, the unchilded sire
Checked not the utterance of his ire.
' May Heaven, if Heaven be just to heed
Such horrors, render worthy meed,'
He cries, ' for this atrocious deed,
Which makes me see my darling die,
And stains with blood a father's eye
But lie to whom you feign you owe
Your birth. Achilles, 't was not so
He dealt with Priam, though his foe
He feared the laws of right and truth
He heard the suppliant's prayer with ruth,
Gave Hector's body to the tomb,
And sent me back in safety home '
So spoke the sire, and speaking threw
A feeble dart, no blood that drew
The ringing metal turned it back,
And left it dangling, weak and slack
Then Pyrrhus ' Take the news below,
And to my sire Achilles go
Tell him of his degenerate seed,
And that and this my bloody deed
Now die ' and to the altar-stone
 Along the marble floor
He dragged the father, shuddering on
 E'en in his child's own gore
His left hand in his hair he wreathed,
 While with the right he plied
His flashing sword, and hilt-deep sheathed
 Within the old man's side
So Priam's fortunes closed at last
So passed he, seeing as he passed
His Troy in flames, his royal tower
Laid low in dust by hostile power,

Who once o'er lands and peoples proud
 Sat, while before him Asia bowed
 Now on the shore behold him dead,
 A nameless trunk, a trunkless head

O then I felt, as ne'er before
 Chill horror to my bosom's core
 I seemed my aged sire to see,
 Beholding Priam, old as he,
 Gasp out his life before my eyes
 Forlorn Creusa seemed to rise,
 Our palace, sacked and desolate,
 And young Iulus, left to fate.
 Then, looking round, the place I eyed,
 To see who yet were at my side.
 Some by the flames were swallowed some
 Had leapt to earth the end was come.

I stood alone, when lo ! I mark
 In Vesta's temple crouching dark
 The traitress Helen . the broad blaze
 Gives me full light, as round I gaze.
 She, shrinking from the Trojans' hate
 Made frantic by their city's fate,
 Nor dreading less the Danaan sword,
 The vengeance of her injured lord,—
 She, Troy's and Argos' common fiend,
 Sat cowering, by the altar screened
 My blood was fired . fierce passion woke
 To quit Troy's fall by one sure stroke
 ' What ? to Mycenæ shall she go,
 A conqueress, in a pageant show,
 See home, sire, children, spouse again
 With Phrygian menials in her train ?
 Good Priam slaughtered ? Troy no more ?
 The Dardan plains afloat with gore ?

No ; though no glory be to gain
 From vengeance on a woman ta'en,
 Yet he that rids the world of guilt
 May claim the praise of blood well spilt
 'T were joy to satiate righteous ire,
 And slake my country's funeral fire '
 Thus was I raving, past control,
 In aimless turbulence of soul,
 When sudden dawning on the night
 (Ne'er had I known her face so bright)
 My mother flashed upon my sight,
 Confessed a goddess, with the men
 And stature that in heaven are seen
 Reproachfully my hand she pressed,
 And thus from roscate lips addressed
 ' My son, what cruel wrongs excite
 Your wrath to such peracious height ?
 What mean you by this madness ? where
 Left you that love to me you bear ?
 And will you not at least inquire
 What fate betides your time-worn sire ?
 If your Creusa still survive ?
 If young Ascanus be alive ?
 All these are trembling as for life,
 With Grecian bands around them rife,
 And, but for me, had sunk o'erpowered
 By flame, or by the sword devoured
 Not the loathed charms of Sparta's dame,
 Nor Paris, victim of your blame,—
 No, 'tis the Gods, the Gods destroy
 This mighty realm, and pull down Troy.
 Behold ! for I will purge the haze
 That darkles round your mortal gaze
 And blunts its keenness—mark me still,
 Nor disobey your mother's will—

Here, where you see huge blocks unfixed
And dust and smoke in whirlwind mixed,
Great Neptune with his three-forked mace
Upheaves the ramparts from their place,
And rocks the town from cope to base.
Here Juno at the Scæan gates,
Begirt with steel, impatient waits,
And clamorous from the navy calls
Her comrades to the captured walls
Look back, see Pallas o'er the tower
With cloud and Gorgon redly lower
E'en Jove to Greece his strength affords,
And fights from heaven 'gainst Dardan swords.
Then fly, and give the struggle o'er,
Myself will guard you, till once more
You stand before your father's door.'
She spoke, and vanished from my sight,
Lost in the darkness of the night
Dire presences their forms disclose,
And powers of terror, Ithum's foes

That vision showed me Neptune's town
In blazing ruin sinking down
As rustics strive with many a stroke
To fell some venerable oak,
It still keeps nodding to its doom,
Still bows its head, and shakes its plume,
Till, by degrees o'ercome, one groan
It heaves, and on the hill lies prone.
Down from my perilous height I glide,
Safe sheltered by my heavenly guide,
So thread my way through foes and fire -
The darts give place, the flames retire

But when I gained Anchises' door
And stood within my home once more,

My sire, whom I had hoped to bear
Safe to the hills with chiefest care,
Refused to lengthen out his span
And live on earth an exiled man
' You, you,' he cries, ' bestir your flight,
Whose blood is warm, whose limbs are light -
Had Heaven not willed my life to cease,
Heaven would have kept my home in peace
Enough, that I have once been saved,
Survivor of a town enslaved
Now leave me : be your farewell said
To this my corpse, and count me dead.
My hand shall win me death the foe
Such mercy as I need will show,
Will strip my spoils, and pass for brave
He lacks not much that lacks a grave
Long have I lived to curse my birth,
A useless cumberer of the earth,
E'en from the day when Heaven's dread sire
In anger scathed me with his fire '

So talked he, obstinately set .
While we, our eyes with sorrow wet,
All on our knees, wife, husband, boy,
Implore—O let him not destroy
Himself and us, nor lend his weight
To the incumbent load of fate !
He hears not, but refuses still,
Unchanged alike in place and will
Desperate, again to arms I fly,
And make my wretched choice to die
For what deliverance now was mine,
What help in fortune or design ?
' What ? leave my sire behind and flee ?
Such words from you ? such words to me ?

The watch that guards a parent's lip,
Lest it such dire suggestion slip ?
If Heaven in truth has willed to spare
No relic of a town so fair,
If you and all wherein you joy
Must burn to feed the flames of Troy,
See there, Death waits you at the door .
See Pyrrhus, steeped in Priam's gore,
Repeats his double crime once more -
The son before his father's eyes,
The father at the altar dies.
O mother ! was it then for this
I passed where fires and javelins hiss
Safe in thy conduct, but to see
Foes in my home's dear sanctuary,
All murdered, father, wife, and child,
Each in the other's blood defiled ?
My arms ! my arms ! the fatal day
Calls, and the vanquished must obey ,
Return me to the Danaan crew !
Let me the yielded fight renew !
No , one at least these walls contain
Who will not unavenged be slain '

Once more I gird me for the field,
And to my arm make fast my shield,
And issue from the door ; when see !
Creusa clings around my knee,
And offers with a tender grace
Iulus to his sire's embrace
' If but to perish forth you fare,
Take us with you your fate to share :
But if you hope that help may come
From sword and shield, first guard your home
Think, think to whom you leave your child,
Your sire, and her whom bride you styled '

So cried she, and the tearful sound
Was filling all the chambers round,
When sudden in the house we saw
A sight for wonderment and awe -
Between us while Iulus stands
'Mid weeping eyes and clasping hands,
Lo! from the summit of his head
A lambent flame was seen to spread,
Sport with his locks in harmless play,
And grazing round his temples stray
We hurrying strive his hair to quench,
And the blest flame with water drench
But sire Anchuses to the skies
In rapture lifts voice, hands, and eyes -
'Vouchsafe this once, almighty Jove,
If prayer thy righteous will can move,
And if our care have earned us thine,
Give aid, and ratify this sign '
Scarce had the old man said, when hark!
It thundered left, and through the dark
A meteor with a train of light
Athwart the sky gleamed dazzling bright.
Right o'er our palace-roof it crossed,
Then in Idæan woods was lost,
Still glittering on a fiery trail
Succeeds, and sulphurous fumes exhale
At this my sire his form uprears,
Salutes the Gods, the star reverts
'Lead on, blest sign! no more I crave
Gods, save my house, my grandchild save!
You sent this augury of joy,
Where you are present, there is Troy.
I yield, I yield, nor longer shun
To share the exile of my son.'

He ceased . and near and yet more near
The loud flame strikes on eye and ear.

'Come, mount my shoulders, dear my sire :
 Such load my strength shall never tire.
 Now, whether fortune smiles or lowers,
 One risk, one safety shall be ours.
 My son shall journey at my side,
 My wife her steps by mine shall guide,
 At distance safe What next I say,
 Attend, my servants, and obey.
 Without the city stands a mound
 With Ceres' ruined temple crowned :
 A cypress spreads its branches near,
 Hoar with hereditary fear
 Part we our several ways, to meet
 At length beside that hallowed seat
 You, father, in your arms upbear
 Troy's household gods with duteous care
 For me, just scaped from battle-fray,
 On holy things a hand to lay
 Were desecration, till I lave
 My body in the running wave.'
 So saying, in a hon's hide
 I robe my shoulders, mantling wide,
 And stoop beneath the precious load
 Iulus fastens to my side,
 His steps scarce matching with my stride
 My wife behind me takes her road
 We travel darkling in the shade,
 And I, whom through that fearful night
 Nor volleyed javelins had dismayed
 Nor foeman hand to hand in fight,
 Now start at every sound, in dread
 For him I bore and him I led.

And now the gates I neared at last,
 And all the journey seemed o'crpast,
 When trampling feet my ear assaul ,

My father, peering through the gloom,
Cries 'Haste, my son ! O haste ! they come .

I see their shields, their glittering mail '
'T was then, alas ! some power unkind
Bereft me of my wildered mind
While unfrequented paths I thread,
And shun the roads that others tread,
My wife Creusa—did she stray,
Or halt exhausted by the way ?
I know not—parted from our train,
Nor ever crossed our sight again
Nor e'er my eyes her figure sought,
Nor e'er towards her turned my thought,
Till when at Ceres' hallowed spot
We mustered, she alone was not,
And her companions, spouse and son,
Looked round and saw themselves undone
Ah, that sad hour ! whom spared I then,
In my wild grief, of gods and men ?
What woe, in all the town o'erthrown,
Thought I more cruel than my own ?
My father and my darling boy,
And, last not least, the gods of Troy,
To my retainers I confide
And in the winding valley hide,
While to the town once more I go,
And shining armour round me throw,
Resolved through Troy to measure back
From end to end my perilous track

First to the city's shadowed gate
I turn me, whence we passed so late,
My footsteps through the darkness trace,
And cast my eyes from place to place.
A shuddering on my spirit falls,
And e'en the silence' self appals

Then to my palace I repair,
 In hope, in hope, to find her there ·
 In vain · the foes had forced the door,
 And flooded all the mansion o'er
 Fanned by the wind, the flame upsoars
 Roof-high, the hot blast skyward roars
 Departing thence, I seek the tower,
 The ruined seat of Priam's power
 There Phoenix and Ulysses fell
 In the void courts by Juno's cell

Were set the spoil to keep,
 Snatched from the burning shrines away,
 There Ilium's mighty treasure lay,
 Rich altars, bowls of massy gold,
 And captive raiment, rudely rolled

In one promiscuous heap,
 While boys and matrons, wild with fear,
 In long array were standing near
 With desperate daring I essayed
 To send my voice along the shade,
 Roused the still streets, and called in vain
 Creusa o'er and o'er again.
 Thus while in agony I pressed
 From house to house the endless quest,
 The pale sad spectre of my wife
 Confronts me, larger than in life
 I stood appalled, my hair erect,
 And fear my tongue-tied utterance checked,
 While gently she her speech addressed,
 And set my troubled heart at rest
 'Why grieve so madly, husband mine?
 Nought here has chanced without design
 Fate and the Sire of all decreed
 Creusa shall not cross the sea
 Long years of exile must be yours,
 Vast seas must tire your labouring oars,

At length Hesperia you shall gain,
Where through a rich and peopled plain
Soft Tiber rolls his tide :
There a new realm, a royal wife,
Shall build again your shattered life.
Weep not your dear Creusa's fate
Ne'er through Mycenæ's haughty gate
A captive shall I ride,
Nor swell some Grecian matron's train,
I, born of Dardan princes' strain,
To Venus' seed allied
Heaven's mighty Mother keeps me here :
Farewell, and hold our offspring dear '
Then, while I dewed with tears my cheek,
And strove a thousand things to speak,
She melted into night :
Thrice I essayed her neck to clasp .
Thrice the vain semblance mocked my grasp,
As wind or slumber light
So now, the long, long night o'erpast,
I reach my weary friends at last
There with amazement I behold
New-mustering comrades, young and old,
Sons, mothers, bound from home to flee,
A melancholy company
They meet, prepared to brave the seas
And sail with me where'er I please.
Now, rising o'er the heights of Ide,
Shone the bright star, day's orient guide :
The Danaans swarmed at every door,
Nor seemed there hope of safety more .
I yield to fate, take up my sire,
And to the mountain's shade retire.

BOOK III.

WHEN harsh Omnipotence had brought
 The power of Asia's kings to nought
 When Troy's Neptunian walls became
 A prostrate mass of smouldering flame,
 To diverse exile we are driven
 In desert lands, by signs from Heaven
 There in Antandros under Ide
 The wished-for vessels we provide,
 Unknowing whither Fate may lead
 Or what the settlement decreed,
 And call our forces round The sun
 His summer course had scarce begun,
 When now my sire Anchises gave
 His voice to tempt the fated wave
 Weeping I quit the port, the shore,
 The plains where Ilium stood before.
 And homeless launch upon the main,
 Son, friends, and home-gods in my train

A realm lies near, of ample space
 (Lycurgus ruled it once), called Thrace,
 Allied of old to Ilium's powers,
 Its home-gods federate with ours
 While Fate was with us Here I land,
 And here along the winding strand

'Trace out, alas ! 'neath Fortune's frown,
The first beginnings of a town,
And from myself as founder call
Æneadæ the rising wall.

To my bright mother's power divine
And all the tenants of the skies,
So might they speed my new design,
I was performing sacrifice,
And on the shore to heaven's high king
A snow-white bull was slaughtering
A mound was nigh, where spear-like wood
(Of cornel and of myrtle stood
I sought it, and began to spoil
(Of that thick growth the high-heaped soil
And deck the altars with its green,
When lo ! a ghastly sight was seen
Soon as a tree from earth I rend,
Dark-flowing drops of blood descend,
And stain the ground with gore
Fear shakes my frame from head to foot
A second sapling I uproot,
Resolved to pierce the mystery dark :
See, trickling from a second bark
Blood follows as before !
With many a tumult in my soul.

I prayed the Dryads of the place,
And king Gradivus, whose control
Is felt through all the fields of Thrace,
That they would meliorate the sight
And make this heavy omen light
But when the third tall shaft I seize,
And 'gainst the hillock press my knees,—
Speak shall I, or be mute ?—
E'en from the bottom of the mound
Is heard a lamentable sound .

‘ Why thus my frame, Æneas, rend ?
Respect at length a buried friend,
Nor those pure hands pollute.
Trojan, not alien, is the blood
That oozes from the uptorn wood
Fly this fell soil, these greedy shores :
The voice you hear is Polydore’s.
From my gored breast a growth of spears
Its murderous vegetation rears ’
I heard, fear-stricken and amazed,
My speech tongue-tied, my hair upraised
This Polydore erewhile by stealth
With store of delegated wealth
Unhappy Priam in despair
Sent to the Thracian monarch’s care
When first Troy felt her prowess fail,
Encompassed by the leaguering pale
Then, when our star its light withdraws,
False to divine and human laws,
The traitor joins the conqueror’s cause,
Lays impious hands on Polydore,
And grasps by force the golden store
Fell lust of gold ! abhorred, accurst !
What will not men to slake such thirst ?
Soon as my blood regains its heat,
The direful portent I repeat
To Troy’s chief lords, and first my sire,
And their collective voice enquire.
All vote to fly from friendship’s grave,
Quit the curst soil, and cross the wave
So then to Polydore we pay
New rites, and heap his mound with clay .
Raised to the dead, two altars stand
With cypress wreathed and woollen band .
Around them Trojan matrons go,
Their hair unbound in sign of woe :

Bowls frothing warm with milk we pour
 And cups of sacrificial gore,
 Lay in the tomb the ghost to sleep,
 And thrice invoke it, loud and deep

Then, soon as man may trust the seas,
 Invited by the crisp spring breeze,
 My comrades drag along the sand
 The well-dried ships, and crowd the strand
 So from the harbour forth we sail,
 And land and town in distance fail.
 Encircled by a billowy ring

A land there lies, the loved resort
 Of Neptune, the Ægean king,

And the grey queen of Nereus' court
 Long time the sport of ev'ry blast

O'er ocean it was wont to toss,
 Till grateful Phœbus moored it fast

To *Gyaros* and high *Myconos*,
 And bade it lie unmoved, and brave
 The violence of wind and wave
 That port, all peace, receives our fleet -
 We land, and hail Apollo's seat

King Amus, king and priest in one,
 With bay-crowned tresses hoar,

Hastes to accost us, and is known
 Anchises' friend of yore

We grasp his friendly hand in proof
 Of welcome, and approach his roof.

The sacred temple I adored
 Of immemorial stone

' O grant us, Thymbra's gracious lord
 A mansion of our own '

Grant us a sure abiding place,
 A habitation and a race !

Save our new Troy, the relics these
 Of Achillean cruelties !

What guide to follow ? what our goal ?
Speak, Father, and inspire our soul.'
Scarce had I ceased, a trembling takes
 The sacred courts, the bays divine,
The mountain to its centre shakes,
 The tripod echoes from the shrine .
Prone as we fall with reverent fear,
A heavenly utterance strikes our ear :
'Stout Dardan hearts, the realm of earth
Where first your nation sprang to birth,
That realm shall now receive you back :
Go, seek your ancient mother's track.
There shall Æneas' house, renewed
For ages, rule a world subdued '
Thus Phœbus and bewildered joy
Ran murmuring through the ranks of Troy,
Each asking, what the city walls
Whereto the God his wanderers calls
At thus my sire, revolving o'er
The bygone memories of yore,
'Hear, noble chiefs, and learn,' cries he,
'The place of your expectancy
In ocean lies Jove's island, Crete,
Where Ida stands, our nation's seat
A hundred cities crown the isle,
And the broad fields with plenty smile
Thence Teucer, our great sire, of yore
Took ship for the Rhœtean shore,
 If right I mind my tale,
And chose his kingdom : Ilium then
Not yet had risen the tribes of men
 Dwelt in the lowly vale
Thence Cybele's majestic dame
And Corybantian cymbals came,
Thence Ida's grove, and mystic awe,
And lions, trained her car to draw.

Come then · let Heaven direct our feet ·
 Appease the winds, and sail for Crete.
 It lies not far : be Jove at hand,
 The third day's sun shall see us land '
 He spoke, and rendering each his due,
 The victims at the altars slew,
 A bull to Neptune, and a bull
 To thee, Apollo bright,
 A lamb to Tempest, black of wool,
 To Western winds a white

Idomeneus, we hear, has flown,
 Driven from his home in Cretan land
 Fame tells us of an empty throne
 And mansions ready to our hand
 Orugia left, we skim the deeps
 By Naxos' Bacchanahan steeps,
 Olearos and Donyssa green,
 And Parian cliffs of dazzling shewn,
 Pass Cyclad isles o'er ocean strown,
 And seas with many a land thick sown
 The rowers sing merrily as we go,
 ' For Crete and our forefathers, ho ! '
 Fair winds escort us o'er the tide,
 And soon 'neath Cretan coasts we glide

The site determined, I lay down
 The groundwork of my infant town,
 Its name Pergamia call,
 And bid the nation, proud to own
 That title, guard their loved hearthstone,
 And raise the fortress wall
 High on the beach their ships they draw,
 Then take their wives, and till the land,
 The while with equitable hand
 I portion dwelling-place and law,

When sudden on man's feeble frame
From tainted skies a sickness came,
On trees and crops a poisonous breath,
A year of pestilence and death.
Their pleasant lives the sufferers yield,
Or drag their languid limbs with pain
The dogstar burns the grassy field,
And sickening crops withhold the grain.
Back to Ortygia's shrine my sire
O'er ocean bids us go,
There sue for favour, and enquire
The limit of our woe,
What succour weary souls should try,
And whither, if we must, to fly

'T was night all life in sleep was laid,
When lo! our household gods, the same
Whom through the midmost of the flame
From falling Ithum I conveyed,
Appeared before me while I lay
In slumber, bright as if in day,
Where through the inserted window stream
The glories of the full moonbeam,
Then thus their gentle speech addressed,
And set my troubled heart at rest
'The word that Phœbus has to speak,
Should you his Deian presence seek,
He of his unsought bounty sends
E'en by the mouth of us, your friends
We, who have followed yours and you
Since Ithum was no more,
We, who have sailed among your crew
The swelling billows o'er,
Your seed as demigods will crown,
And make them an imperial town.

Build you the walls decreed by fate,
 And let them, like ourselves, be great,
 Nor, till your task be done, forbear
 The toil of flight, how long soe'er
 Change we our dwelling not to Crete
 Apollo called your truant feet
 There is a land, by Greece of old
 Surnamed Hesperia, rich its mould,

Its children brave and free
 Enotrians were its settlers fame
 Now gives the race its leader's name,
 And calls it Italy

Here Dardanus was born, our king,
 And old Iasus, whence we spring.

Here our authentic seat
 Rise, tell your sire without delay
 Our sentence, which let none gainsay
 Search till you find the Ausonian land,
 And old Cortona Jove has banned

Your settlement in Crete'
 Amazed by wonders heard and seen
 • (For 'twas no dream that mocked my eyes

No, plain I seemed to recognize
 Their cinctured locks, their well-known men,
 While at the sight chill ran my sweat
 Burst forth, and all my limbs were wet)
 That instant from my couch I rise,
 With voice and hands implore the skies,
 And offer at the household shrine
 Full cups of unadulterate wine
 My worship ended, glad of soul,
 I seek my sire, and tell the whole.
 At once he owns the ambiguous race,
 The rival sires to whom we trace,
 And smiles that ancient lands have wrought
 Such new confusion in his thought

Then cries : ' My son, the slave too long
Of Ilhan destiny,
One voice aforetime sang that song,
Cassandra, none but she
Such fate, she said, I mind it all,
Was for our race in store,
And oft on Italy would call,
Oft on the Hesperian shore.
But who could think that Trojans born
Hesperia e'er would reach,
Or who that heard that maid forlorn
Gave credence to her speech ?
Yield we to Phœbus, and pursue,
Admonished thus, a course more true '
He ceased, and our applauding crew
Obey him, all and each
So now, this second home resigned
To the scant few we leave behind,
We set our sails once more, and sweep
Along the illimitable deep

The fleet had passed into the main,
And land no longer met the eye,
On every side the watery plain,
On every side the expanse of sky ,
When o'er my head a cloud there stood,
With night and tempest in its womb,
And all the surface of the flood
Was ruffled by the incumbent gloom
At once the winds huge billows roll ,
The gathering waters climb the pole
We scatter, tossing o'er the deep
The thunder-clouds involve the day ,
Dark night has snatched the heaven away
Through rents of sky the lightnings leap :

Thus erring from our track designed,
We grope among the waters blind.
E'en Palinurus cannot trace
 The boundary-line of day and night,
 Or recollect his course aright
Amid the undistinguished space
Three starless nights, three sunless days
We welter in the blinding haze.
The fourth at last the prospect clears,
And smoke from distant hills appears
Drop sails, ply oars ! the labouring crew
Toss wide the foam, and brush the blue

Scaped from the fury of the seas,
We land upon the Strophades
 (Such name in Greece they bear),
Isles in the vast Ionian main
Where fell Celæno and her train
 Of Harpies hold their lair,
Since, driven from Phineus' door, they fled
The tables where of old they fed
So foul a plague for human crime
Ne'er issued from the Stygian slime
A maid above, a bird below
Noisome and foul the belly's flow.
The hands are taloned Famine bleak
Sits ever ghastly on the cheek
Soon as we gain the port, we see
Sleek herds of oxen pasturing free,
And goats, without a swain to guard,
Dispersed along the grassy sward
We seize our weapons, lay them dead,
 And call on Jove the spoil to share ;
Then on the winding beach we spread
 Our couches, and enjoy the fare ;
c When sudden from the mountains swoop,
Fierce charging down, the Harpy troop,

Devour, contaminate, befoul,
With sickening stench and hideous howl
A second time we take our seat,
Deep in a hollowed rock's retreat,
Protected by a leafy screen
Of forestry and quivering green,
There spread the tables, skin the flesh,
And light our altar-fires afresh.
A second time the assailants fly
From other regions of the sky,
With crooked claws the banquet waste,
And poison whatsoe'er they taste
I charge my crews to draw the sword
And battle with the fiendish horde
They act as bidden, and conceal
Along the grass the glittering steel
So when the rush of wings once more
Is heard along the bending shore,
Misenus sounds his loud alarms
From the hill's top, and calls to arms
And on we rush in novel war,
Those foul sea-birds to maim and mar.
In vain no weapon's stroke may cleave
The texture of their feathery mail
They soar into the air, and leave
On food half-gnawn their loathsome trail:
All but Celæno she, curst scer,
Speaks from a rock these words of fear:
'What, would ye fight, false perjured race?
Fight for the beeves your greed has slain,
And unoffending Harpies chase
From their hereditary reign?
Now listen, and attentive lay
Deep in your hearts the things I say.
The fate by Jove to Phœbus shown,
By Phœbus' self to me made known—

Aye, tremble, for in me ye view
The Furies' queen—I tell to you.
To Italy in haste ye drive,
 With winds at your command .
Go then, in Italy arrive,
 And draw your ships to land
But ere your town with walls ye fence,
 Fierce famine, retribution dread
For this your murderous violence,
 Shall make you eat your boards for bread.'
She spoke, and vanished 'mid the wood
Chill horror froze my comrades' blood
No more of arms the prayer, the vow
They fain would make their weapons now,
Whate'er the monsters, powers divine,
Or birds ill-omened and malign
With outstretched hands my father prays
The Gods above, and offerings pays
' Heaven, bar these threatenings ' Heaven, avert
Such horror, and protect desert ' '
Then bids the crews their ships unbind
And stretch the mainsheet to the wind.

The south wind freshens in the sail :
 We hurry o'er the tide,
Where'er the helmsman and the gale
 Conspire our course to guide .
Now rises o'er the foamy flood
Zacynthos with its crown of wood,
Dulichium, Same, Neritos,
Whose rocky sides the waves emboss
The crags of Ithaca we flee,
Laertes' rugged sovereignty,
Nor in our flight forget to curse
The land that was Ulysses' nurse
Soon Leucas rears its cloud-capped head,
And Phœbus, whom the seamen dread.

Hither we turn our barks at last,
And near his city land,
The anchors from the prows are cast,
The keels are on the strand.

So, given a while on land to stay,
Our lustral rites to Jove we pay,
And light the votive flames,
And make the shores of Actium gay
With Ilium's festal games
With pride my merry comrades strip
And oil them for the wrestler's grip,
True to the wont of Troy
So many Argive towns o'erpast
And flight 'mid circling foes held fast,
O, but the thought was joy!
Meantime the sun rolls round the year,
And winter makes the waters drear.
The brazen circle of a shield
Which mighty Abas wont to wield
I fasten to the temple-gate,
And thus my deed commemorate,
'Æneas fixes on these doors
Arms won from Danaan conquerors
Then give my crews the word to quit
The port, and on their benches sit
With emulous zeal they smite the deep
And o'er the wavy level sweep
Phœacia's heights from view we hide,
And coast along Epirot lands.
Then in Chaonia's harbour ride
Nigh where Buthrotum's city stands.

Arrived, I hear a wondrous thing,
A Grecian crown on Trojan brows:

They tell me Helenus is king
Of Pyrrhus' realm with Pyrrhus' spouse,
And sad Andromache restored
Once more to a compatriot lord.
At once I burn with strong desire
To greet them, and the tale enquire ;
So from the port I take my way,
And leave my vessels in the bay
Andromache, it chanced to fall,
There in a grove without the wall

Beside a mimic Simois' wave
Was making funeral festival

At Hector's counterfeited grave,
Raised by her hands, a grassy heap,
With altars twain, whereat to weep
When as she saw my near advance
And marked our Trojan cognizance,
Awhile distracted and amazed
She stood, and stiffened as she gazed

The life-blood leaves her cheeks
She faints : at last from earth upraised

In faltering tones she speaks ·
' Real, is it real, the face I view,
A harbinger of tidings true ?
Say, are you living ? or if dead,
Then where is Hector ? ' so she said,
And tears in copious torrent shed,

And filled the air with cries :
Thus, as her tide of passion flows,
Few broken words I interpose ·
' Aye, I am living, living still
Through all extremity of ill ·

No dream your sense behes
But say, alas ! what new estate
Receives you, fallen from such a mate ?

What fortune matches the degree
 Of Hector's own Andromache ?
 Still wear you Pyrrhus' nuptial yoke ?
 She dropped her voice, and softly spoke
 With lowly downcast eyes :
 ' O happy more than all beside,
 The Priameian maid,
 Who for her dead foe's pleasure died
 Beneath her city's shade,
 Not drawn for servitude, nor led
 A captive to a conqueror's bed,
 While we, our country laid in dust,
 To exile dragged o'er many a wave,
 Have stooped to Pyrrhus' haughty lust,
 His infant's mother and his slave !
 A Spartan marriage tempts the youth :
 He plights Hermione his truth,
 Cast off, to Helenus I fall,
 So wills our master, thrall to thrall
 But soon Orestes, mad with crime,
 And wroth to lose his promised bride,
 Smote Pyrrhus in unguarded time,
 And at the altar-fire he died.
 On Helenus, the tyrant slain,
 Devolves a portion of his reign -
 Who calls the realm beneath his hand
 From Chaon's name Chaonian land,
 And crowns the hill, in sign of power,
 With Pergamus, our Dardan tower.
 But you—what destiny from heaven,
 What stress of wind your bark has driven
 Unknowing on our coast ?
 And lives he yet, whom once at Troy—
 Ascanius ? dwells there in the boy
 Grief for his mother lost ?

Feels he the hereditary flame
His growing spirit fire
At Hector's and Æneas' name,
His uncle and his sire ?'
So poured she her impassioned wail,
Still weeping on without avail,
When girt with royal retinue,
King Helenus appears in view,
Acknowledges his friends of Troy,
And leads us to his home with joy,
And as our fainting hearts he cheers,
With words of welcome mixes tears
I see a mimic Trojan state,
A Pergamus that apes the great,
A dried-up Xanthus' channel trace,
And other Scæan gates embrace.
Nor less my Trojan comrades share
The monarch's hospitable care
In spacious cloisters entertained
'Neath the hall's roof the wine they drained,
And goblets for libation hold,
While the rich banquet gleams in gold

Two days had passed - the favouring gale
Invites the fleet and swells the sail -
Bent on departure, I accost
With words like these our sacred host
' True son of Troy, whose heaven-taught skill
Perceives the signs of Phœbus' will,
The tripods, and the Clarian bays,
The secret of night's starry maze,
And birds, their voices and their ways,
Speak—for the accordant sense of Heaven
Fair presago for my course has given ,
Each God has charged me to explore
In far-off seas Italia's shore ;

Celæno's harpy voice alone
Makes prodigies and vengeance known
And famine's foulest horror—say,
What perils first beset my way ?
What counsel following may I cope
With toils so great in manful hope ?
Then Helenus with slaughtered kine
Appeases first the powers divine,
 The fillets from his head
Unbinds, and to Apollo's fane
Conducts me, while in every vein
 I feel the presence dread
And thus from his prophetic tongue
The message of the future rung
' O Goddess-born !—for broad and clear
The augury of your proud career,
So lie the lots in Jove's dark urn .
So the dread Three their spindles turn—
Now listen, while, to give you ease
In wandering o'er yon stranger seas
And help you to the port you seek,
A fragment of your fate I speak
Unknown to Helenus the rest,
Or Juno locks it in his breast.
Learn first that Italy, which seems
So near, you grasp it in your dreams,
And think to anchor in its bay,
As though within your ken it lay,
A pathless path o'er leagues of foam
Divides from this our distant home
First in Trinacrian water plied
Your oar must tug against the tide,
First must your weary galleys keep
Long vigils on the Ausonian deep,
Must pass the lurid lake of ghosts
And skirt Æëan Circe's coasts,

Ere, free from danger, you may found
Your city on the destined ground
Now hear the tokens I impart,
And store them up within your heart
When, as you roam in anxious mood
Beside a still sequestered flood,
'Neath fringing holms before your eye
A thirty-farrowed sow shall lie,
Her white length stretching o'er the ground,
Her young, as white, her teats around
That spot shall see the promised town,
Shall see Troy's heavy load laid down
Nor shudder at the doom of dread
That tells of eating boards for bread
Fate in her time shall find a way,
And Plœbus waits on souls that pray
But, for Italia's neighbour shore,
On whose near beach our billows roan,
Avoid it: there in every place
Has settled Argos' hated race
Here Locrian tribes, from Naryx come,
Have found them an Italian home
Here o'er Salentum's conquered plains
Idomeneus the Cretan reigns
While here Petilia's tiny tower
Is manned by Philoctetes' power
Nay, when upon Italian land,
Transported o'er the main, you stand
And pay your offerings on the strand,
Ere yet you light your altars, spread
A purple covering o'er your head,
Lest sudden bursting on your sight
Some hostile presence mar the rite
Thus worship you, and thus your train.
And sons unborn the rite retain

But when Sicilia's shore you near
And dim Pelorus' strait grows clear,
Seek the south coast, though long the run
To make its round the northern shun
These lands, they say, by rupture strange
(So much can time's dark process change)
Were cleft in sunder long ago,
When erst the twain had been but one
Between them rushed the deep, and rent
The island from the continent,
And now with interfusing tides
'Twixt severed lands and cities ghies
There Scylla guards the right-hand coast
The left is fell Charybdis' post,
Thrice from the lowest gulf she draws
The water down her giant jaws,
Thrice sends it foaming back to day,
And deluges the heaven with spray
But Scylla crouches in the gloom
Deep in a cavern's monstrous womb,
Thence darts her ravening mouth, and drags
The helpless vessels on the crags
Above she shows a human face
And breasts resembling maiden grace.
Below, 'tis all a hideous whale,
Wolf's belly linked to fish's tail
Far better past Pachynus' cape
Your journey's tedious circuit shape,
Than catch one glimpse of Scylla's cell
And hear those grisly hellhounds yell.
And now, if Helenus speak sooth,
If Phœbus fill his soul with truth,
One charge, one sovereign charge I press,
And stamp it with reiterate stress
Deep in your memory first of all
On Juno, mighty Juno, call.

Pay vows to Juno : overbear
Her queenly soul with gift and prayer :
So wafted o'er Trinacria's main,
Italia you at length shall gain
There when you land at Cumæ's town,
Where forests o'er Avernus frown,
Your eyes shall see the frenzied maid
Who spells the future in the shade
Of her deep cavern, and consigns
To scattered leaves her mystic lines
These, when the words of fate are traced,
She leaves within her cavern placed ,
Awile they rest in order ranged,
The sequence and the place unchanged
But should the breeze through chance-oped door
Whirl them in air 'twixt roof and floor,
She lets them flutter, nor takes pain
To set them in their rank again
The pilgrims unresolved return,
And her prophetic threshold spurn.
So do not you nor count too dear
The hours you lavish on the seer,
But, though your comrades chide your stay
And breezes whisper 'hence away,'
Approach her humbly, and entreat
Herself the presage to repeat,
And open of her own free choice
The prisoned flow of tongue and voice.
The martial tribes of Italy,
The story of your wars to be,
And how to face, or how to fly
Each cloud that darkens on your sky,
Her lips shall tell, and with success
The remnant of your journey bless
Thus far may run these words of mine.
Go on, and make our Troy divine.'

So spoke the seer, and as he ends
 Rich presents to my vessel sends ·
 Carved ivory and massy gold
 And silver stores he in the hold,
 And caldrons of Dodona's mould,
 A hauberk twined of golden chain,
 A helm adorned with flowing mane,
 Which Pyrrhus wore · nor lacks my sire
 Due bounty, matching his desire
 He finds us horses, finds us guides,
 And oars and equipage provides
 Meantime Anchises bids to sail,
 Nor longer cheat the expectant gale
 And thus Apollo's seer addressed
 In courteous phrase his ancient guest
 ' Great chiet, fair Venus' honoured mate,
 Twice saved by heaven from Ilum's fate,
 See there Ausonia's coast at hand !

Before your fleet it lies.
 Approach, but think not thore to rest :
 No, skirt it, and pursue your quest
 Far distant that Ausonian land
 Which Phœbus signifies
 Pass on in peace,' he cries, ' pass on,
 Blest in the affection of your son !
 Why task your patience, or delay
 The wind fair blowing from the bay ? '
 Andromache, as loth to part,
 Displays the trophies of her art,
 And robes Ascanius in the fold
 Of Phrygian mantle, wrought with gold,
 Nor stants her hand, but from the store
 Brings brodered vestmonts, more and more ·
 ' Nay, take these too, and let them prove
 A fond memorial of the love
 Of Hector's sometime wife,

Dear child of Troy, in whom alone
 Astyanax, my lost, my own,
 Survives in second life !
 Like yours his hands, like yours his brow,
 Like yours his eyes' bright sheen
 And oh ! he might be growing now
 In years as fresh and green '

Hot tear-drops in my eyelids swell,
 As thus I speak my last farewell
 'Live and be blest ! 't is sweet to feel
 Fate's book is closed and under seal
 For us, alas ! that volume stern
 Has many another page to turn
 Yours is a rest assured no more
 Of ocean wave to task the oar,
 No far Ansonia to pursue,
 Still flying, flying from the view
A mimic Xanthas and a Troy
 Framed by yourselves your thoughts employ,
 Born (grant it, Heaven !) in happier day
 Nor offering Greece so sure a prey
 If Tiber's bank 't is mine to see
 And build the walls my fates decree,
 Then shall these kindred towns and towers,
 Epirot yours, Hesperian ours,
 Sprung from one father long ago,
 And partners in a common woe,
 Be knit together, heart and soul,
 In one fair Troy, one patriot whole
 Such be the legacy we leave,
 Such bond for sons unborn to weave !'

Away we speed along the sea
 Beneath Ceraunian steeps,

Where lies the way to Italy,
 The shortest o'er the deeps
 The sun comes down, and every height
 Is darkened by advancing night
 On earth we stretch us by the tide,
 His several oar at each one's side,
 Then take our cheer : and slumberous dews
 Descend upon our weary crews.
 Night had not climbed heaven's topmost steep,
 When Palinurus starts from sleep,
 Observes each wind with anxious care,
 And questions all that stirs in air
 Each star that roams the ethereal plain
 His eye has noted and explored,
 Arcturus, Hyads, and the Wain,
 And bright Orion's golden sword :
 He sees all calm, without a clond ;
 Then from the stern he signals loud
 We shift our camp, attempt the way,
 And to the breeze our vans display
 Now the red morning from the sky
 Had chased the starry host,
 When from afar dim hills we spy,
 Italia's lowly coast -
 ' Italia ! ' cries Achates first
 ' Italia ! ' peals the joyous burst
 Of welcome from each crew -
 My sire Anchises wreathes with flowers
 A brimming cup, and calls the powers,
 Full on the stern in view -
 ' Gods of the sea, tho land, the air,
 Waft our smooth course with breezes fair.'
 The winds blow freshly o'er the sky :
 The port grows wider to the eye,
 And on the cliff in prospect plain
 Is seen Minerva's hallowed fane.

My comrades furl their sails, and stand,
 Still rowing onward, for the land.
 The port is hollowed in a bay,
 Concealed by crags that, lashed with spray,
 Confront the billows' roar
 On each side runs a rocky line
 With arm extended, and the shrine
 Moves backward from the shore
 First token of our fate, we see
 Four snow white horses pasturing free -
 ' War is thy portance, stranger soil,
 War,' cries my sire, ' the charger's toil,
 'Tis war these grazers threat
 Yet may e'en such one day submit
 To bear the yoke and champ the bit
 Aye, peace may bless us yet '
 Then martial Pallas we adore,
 The first who welcomes us to shore,
 And standing at the altars spread
 A Phrygian covering o'er our head -
 And mindful of the great command
 • By Helenus expressly given,
 We burn the oblations of our hand
 To Argive Juno, queen of heaven.

Our vows all paid, again to sea
 We turn the vessels' head,
 And leave the Grecian colony,
 The land of doubt and dread
 Thy bay, Tarentum, next we view,
 Herculean town, if fame say true:
 Against it on the steep is seen
 Lacinium's venerable queen,
 And lofty Caulon's towers appear,
 And Seylaccum, sailors' fear

Then distant darkening on the sky
Trinacrian *Ætna* meets the eye
We hear the sea's stupendous roar
And broken voices on the shore
The waters from the deep upboil,
And surf and sand the depth turmoil
'*Charybdis!*' cries my sire, 'behold
The rocks that *Helenus* foretold'
Haste, haste, my friends, together ply
Your oars, and from destruction fly.'
So said, so done each heeds and hears.
First *Palinure* to southward steers,
And southward, southward all the rest
With sail and oar their flight addressed.
Now to the sky mounts up the ship,
Now to the very shades we dip.
Thrice in the depth we feel the shock
Of billows thundering on the rock,
Thrice see the spray upheaved in mist,
And dewy stars by foam-drops kissed.
At last, bereft of wind and sun,
Upon the Cyclops' shore we run

The port is sheltered from the blast,
Its compass unconfined and vast
But *Ætna* with her voice of fear
In weltering chaos thunders near.
Now pitchy clouds she belches forth
Of cinders red and vapour swarth,
And from her caverns lifts on high
Live balls of flame that lick the sky.
Now with more dire convulsion flings
Disploded rocks, her heart's rent strings,
And lava torrents hurls to day,
A burning gulf of fiery spray.

'T is said Enceladus' huge frame,
Heart-stricken by the avenging flame,
Is prisoned here, and underneath
Gasps through each vent his sulphurous breath
And still as his tired side shifts round
Trinacria echoes to the sound
Through all its length, while clouds of smoke
The living soul of ether choke.
All night, by forest branches screened,
We writhe as 'neath some torturing fiend,
Nor know the horror's cause
For stars were none, nor welkin bright
With heavenly fires, but blank black night
The stormy moon withdraws

And now the day-star, tricked answ,
Had drawn from heaven the veil of dew .
When from the wood, all ghastly wan,
A stranger form, resembling man,
Comes running forth, and takes its way
With suppliant gesture to the bay
We turn, and look on limbs besmeared
With direst filth, a length of beard,
A dress with thorns held tight .
In all beside, a Greek his style,
Who in his country's arms erewhile
Had sailed at Troy to fight.
Soon as our Dardan arms he saw,
Brief space he stood in wildering awe
And checked his speed . then toward the shore
With cries and weeping onward bore -
' By heaven and heaven's blest powers, I pray,
And life's pure breath, this light of day,
Receive me, Trojans : o'er the seas
Transport me wheresoe'er you please.

I ask no further. Aye, 't is true,
I once was of the Danaan crew,
 And levied war on Troy.
If all too deep that crime's red stain,
Then fling me piecemeal to the main
 And 'mid the waves destroy.
If death is certain, let me die
By hands that share humanity '
He ended, and before us flung
About our knees in suppance clung
His name, his race we bid him show
And what the story of his woe :
Anchises' self his hand extends
And bids the trembler count us friends
Then by degrees he laid aside
His fear, and presently repud

 ' From Ithaca, my home, I came,
And Achemenides my name,
 The comrade of Ulysses' woes
For Troy I left my father's door,
Poor Adamastus ; both were poor,
 Ah ! would these fates had been as those '
Me, in their eager haste to fly
The scene of hideous butchery,
My unreflecting countrymen
Left in the Cyclop's savage den
All foul with gore that banquet-room,
Immense and dreadful in its gloom.
He, lofty towering, strikes the skies
(Snatch him, ye Gods, from mortal eyes ') -
No kindly look e'er crossed his face,
Ne'er oped his lips in courteous grace
The limbs of wretches are his food
He champs their flesh, and quaffs their blood.

I saw, when his enormous hand
Plucked forth two victims from our band,
Swung round, and on the threshold dashed,
While all the floor with blood was splashed.
I saw him grind them, bleeding fresh,
And close his teeth on quivering flesh
Not unrequited. such a wrong
My wily chieftain brooked not long:
E'en in that dire extreme of ill
Ulysses was Ulysses still
For when o'ercome with sleep and wine
Along the cave he lay supine,
Ejecting from his monstrous maw
Wine mixed with gore and gobbets raw,
We pray to Heaven, our parts dispose,
And in a circle round him close
With sharpened point that eyeball pierce
Which 'neath his brow glared lone and fierce,
Like Argive shield or sun's broad light,
And thus our comrades' death requite.
But fly, unhappy, fly, and tear
 . Your anchors from the shore
For vast as Polyphemus there
Guards, feeds, and milks his fleecy care,
On the sea's margin make their home
And o'er the lofty mountains roam
 A hundred Cyclops more
Three moons their circuit nigh have made,
Since in wild den or woodland shade
 My wretched life I trail,
See Cyclops stalk from rock to rock,
And tremble at their footsteps' shock,
 And at their voices quail
Hard cornel fruits that life sustain,
And grasses gathered from the plain

Long looking round, at last I scanned
Your vessels bearing to the strand.
Whate'er you proved, I vowed me yours :
Enough, to scape these bloody shores
Become yourselves my slayers, and kill
This destined wretch which way you will.'

E'on as he spoke, or e'er we deem,
Down from the lofty rock
We see the monster Polypheme
Advancing 'mid his flock,
In quest the well-known shore to find,
Huge, awful, hideous, ghastly, blind
A pine-tree, plucked from earth, makes strong
His tread, and guides his steps along
His sheep upon their master wait,
Sole joy, sole solace of his fate
Soon as he touched the ocean waves
And reached the level flood,
Groaning and gnashing fierce, he laves
His socket from the blood,
And through the deepening water strides,
While scarce the billows bathe his sides.
With wildered haste we speed our flight,
Admit the suppliant, as of right,
And noiseless loose the ropes,
Our quick oars sweep the blue profound
The giant hears, and toward the sound
With outstretched hands he gropes
But when he grasps and grasps in vain,
Still headed by the Ionian main,
To heaven he lifts a monstrous roar,
Which sends a shudder through the waves,
Shakes to its base the Italian shore,
And echoing runs through *Ætna's* caves

From rocks and woods the Cyclop host
 Rush startled forth, and crowd the coast.
 There glaring fierce we see them stand
 In idle rage, a hideous band,
 The sons of *Ætna*, carrying high
 Their towering summits to the sky
 So on a height stand clustering trees,
 Tall oaks, or cone-clad cypresses,
 The stately forestry of *Jove*,
 Or *Dian's* venerable grove
 Fierce panic bids us set our sail,
 And stand to catch the first fair gale
 But stronger e'en than present fear
 The thought of *Helenus* the seer,
 Who counselled still those seas to fly
 Where *Scylla* and *Charybdis* lie
 That path of double death we shun,
 And think a backward course to run
 When lo! from out *Pelorus' strait*

The northern breezes blow :
 We pass *Pantagia's* rocky gate,
 And *Megara*, where vessels wait,
 And *Thapsus*, pillowed low
 So, measuring back familiar seas,
 Land after land before us shows
 The rescued *Achæmenes*,
 The comrade of *Ulysses' woes*

Before *Sicania's* harbour deep,
 Against *Plemyrum's* billowy steep,
Ortygia's island lies
Alpheus, *Elys' stream*, they say,
 Beneath the seas here found his way,
 And now his waters interfuse
 With thine, O fountain *Arethuse*,
 Beneath *Sicilian skies*.

We pray to those high powers and then
 Pass rich Helorus' stagnant fen
 Pachynus' lofty cliffs we graze,
 Projecting o'er the main,
 And Camarina meets our gaze
 Which fate forbade to drain,
 And Gela's fields, and Gela's wall,
 And Gela's stream, that names them all
 High-towering Acragas succeeds,
 The sire one day of generous steeds,
 Selinus' palms I leave behind
 And Lilybeum's shallows blind
 Then Drepanum becomes my host,
 And takes me to its joyless coast
 All tempest-tost and weary, there
 I lose my stay in every care,
 My sire Anchises! Snatched in vain
 From death, you leave me with my pain,
 Dear father! Not the Trojan seer
 In all that catalogue of fear,
 Not dire Celæno dared foreshow
 Thus irremediable blow!
 That was the limit of my woes
 There all my journeyings found their close
 'T was thence I parted, to be driven
 On this your coast, by will of Heaven '

So king Æneas told his tale
 While all beside were still,
 Rehearsed the fortunes of his sail,
 And fate's mysterious will
 Then to its close his legend brought,
 And gladly took the rest he sought.

BOOK IV

Not so the queen a deep wound drains
The healthful current of her veins
Long since the unsuspected flame
Has fastened on her fevered frame
Much dwells she on the chief divine,
Much on the glories of his line
Each look is pictured in her breast,
Each word nor passion lets her rest

Soon as Aurora, tricked anew,
Had drawn from heaven the veil of dew,
Behold her thus her care impart
To the fond sister of her heart

‘What portents, Anna, sister dear,
Possess my troubled dreams !
What strange unwonted guest is here !
How hero-like he seems !
How bold his port ! how fair his face !
’T is no vain tale, his heavenly race.
Fear proves a base-born soul but he—
What perils his from war and sea !
Were not my purpose fixed as fate
With none in wedlock’s band to mate,
Since my first passion falsely played
And left me by grim death betrayed,

Were bed and bridal aught but pain,
 Perchance I had been weak again.
 Dear Anna ! aye, I will confess,
 Since that wild moment of distress
 When poor Sychæus foully bled,
 And brother's crime a home made red,
 He, he alone has touched my heart,
 And made my faltering purpose start
 E'en in these ashen embers cold
 I feel the spark I felt of old
 But first for me may Earth unseal
 The honors of her womb,
 Or Jove with awful thunder-peat
 Dismiss me into gloom,
 The gloom of Orcus' dim twilight,
 Or deeper still, primeval night,
 Ere wound I thee, my woman's fame,
 Or disallow thy sacred claim.
 My heart to him on whom 'twas set
 Has passed and let him hold it yet,
 And keep it in his tomb '
 She said, and speaking bathed her breast
 With tears that would not be repressed

Then Anna ' Sweeter than the day
 To your fond sister's eye !
 And will you pine your youth away
 In loveless fantasy,
 Nor wedded joy, nor children know,
 As constancy were prized below ?
 Grant that no noble suitor yet
 Has made your widowed heart forget.
 In Libya now, as erst at Tyre
 Iarbas, and the rest who reign
 In haughty Afric sued in vain .
 But would you quench a welcome fire ?

Bethink you further, whose the ground
 That hems your infant city round
 Here lie Gætulian cantons rude,
 A race untamed in battle-feud,
 The Nomad, restless as his steed,
 And tribes that churlish Syrtes breed
 These regions parched and summer-dried,
 And Barca's people prowling wide
 Why talk of menaces from Tyre,
 The mutterings of fraternal ire ?
 'T was Heaven and Juno's grace that bore,
 I ween, these Trojans to our shore,
 How glorious then my sister's towers,
 How vast her empire's rising powers,
 Linked to so grand a fate !
 With Teucrian armies at its side,
 To what a pinnacle of pride
 Will mount the Punic state !
 Pray you to Heaven that favour gained,
 Give hospitality its sweep,
 And hold him still by pleas detained,
 • While fierco Orion rules the deep,
 While shattered vessels fear the wind,
 While skies are sullen and unkind '
 With words like these her sister piled
 Fresh fuel on the flame,
 Bade doubt be hopeful, and beguiled
 The fears of woman's fame

First they implore the powers divine,
 And ask for peace from shrine to shrine
 Choice sheep of two years' age are slain,
 As ceremonial rules ordain,
 To Ceres, law's eternal spring.
 To Phoebus, and Lyæus king,
 But chief to Juno, who presides
 Supreme o'er bridegrooms and o'er brides.

In radiant beauty Dido stands,
A brimming goblet in her hands,
And pours it, studious of the rite,
Between the horns of heifer white,
Or with the Gods in view moves slow
Where tributary altars glow,
With rich oblations crowns the feast,
Then gazes on the slaughtered beast,
And in the heart's yet quivering strings
Spells out the lore of hidden things
Alas ! but seers are blind to-day

Can vows, can sacrifice allay

A frantic lover's smart ?

The very marrow of her frame
Is turning all the while to flame,

The wound is at her heart

Unhappy Dido ! all ablaze

In frenzy through the town she strays

E'en as a deer whom from afar

A swain in desultory war,

Where Cretan woods are thick,

Has pierced, as 'mid the trees she lies,

And all unknowing of his prize

Has left the dart to stick

She wanders lawn and forest o'er,

While the fell shaft still drinks her gore

Now through the city of her pride

She walks, Æneas at her side,

Displays the stores of Sidon's trade,

And stately homes already made

Begins, but stops she knows not why,

And lets the imperfect utterance die

Now, as the sunlight wears away,

She seeks the feast of yesterday,

Enquires once more of Troy's eclipse,

And hangs once more upon his lips

Then, when the guests have gone their ways,
 And the dim moon withdraws her rays,
 And setting stars to slumber call,
 Alone she mourns in that lone hall,
 Clasps the dear couch where late he lay,
 Beholds him, hears him far away,
 Or keeps Ascanius on her knees,
 And in the son the father sees,
 Might she but steal one peaceful hour
 From love's ungovernable power
 No more the growing towers arise,
 No more in martial exercise
 The youth engage, make strong the fort,
 Or shape the basin to a port.
 The works all slack and aimless lie,
 Grim bastions, looming from on high,
 And monster cranes that mate the sky.

Whom when imperial Juno saw
 With passion so possessed
 Too tyrannous for shame to awe,
 She Venus' ear addressed
 'A glorious triumph you enjoy.
 Vast spoil must be to share
 'Twixt Venus and her conquering boy:
 Two gods have cunning to destroy
 A single earthly fair.
 Nor has it 'scaped me that you dread
 This town that lifts so proud a head.
 Let Carthage open as she will
 Her homes, your heart mistrusts her still.
 But must suspicion never cease?
 Or why so fierce a fight?
 What if we make a lasting peace,
 And marriage treaties plight?

See, you have gained your heart's desire :
 Lost Dido's blood is turned to fire.
 Then rule we race and race as one,
 With equal plenitude of power
 Your Phrygian yoke she e'en shall don,
 And bring her Tyrians as her dower.'

Then Venus—for the drift she saw
 Of her too gracious host,
 Who fain would Latium's empire draw
 To Libya's favoured coast—
 Thus answered ' Who would say you no,
 And choose you not for friend but foe,
 Could he but feel, your pleasure done,
 The wished-for consequence were won ?
 But ah ! I stand in doubt of fate
 Would Jupiter desire
 To merge in one promiscuous state
 The sons of Troy and Tyra,
 Let nations thus their lives unite,
 And common federation plight ?
 His consort you you best may move
 His heart with urgency of love
 Advance I follow where you lead '
 Heaven's empress made return
 ' That task be mine now, how to speed
 Our nearer purpose, grant your heed,
 And briefly you shall learn
 Æneas and the unhappy queen
 Are bound to hunt in woodland green,
 Soon as to-morrow's sun displays
 His orb, and lights the world with rays.
 Then, when the hunter-train beset
 The forest walks with dog and net,
 A furious tempest I will send,
 And all the heaven with thunder rend.

The rest shall scatter far and wide,
Well pleased in thickest night to hide,
While Dido and the Trojan king
Chance to the self-same cave shall bring -
And there myself, your will once known,
Will make her his, and his alone
Thus shall they wed ' Love's queen assents -
Smiles at the fraud, but not prevents.

The morn meantime from ocean rose -
Forth from the gates with daybreak goes
The silvan regiment
Thin nets are there, and spears of steel,
And there Massylian riders wheel,
And dogs of keenest scent
Before the chamber of her state
Long time the Punic nobles wait
The appearing of the queen
With gold and purple housings fit
Stands her proud steed, and champs the bit
His foaming jaws between
At length with long attendant train
Sho comes her scarf of Tyrian grain,
With brodered border decked
Of gold her quiver knots of gold
Confine her hair her vesture's fold
By golden clasp is checked
The Trojans and Iulus gay
In glad procession take their way.
Æneas, comeliest of the throng,
Joins their proud ranks, and steps along
As when from Lycia's wintry airs
To Delos' isle Apollo fares ;
There Agathyrsian, Dryop, Crete,
In dances round his altar meet

He on the heights of Cynthus moves,
And binds his hair's loose flow
With cincture of the leaf he loves
Behind him sounds his bow
So firm Æneas' graceful tread,
So bright the glories round his head

Now to the mountain-slopes they come,
And tangled woods, the silvan's home
See ' startled from the craggy brow,
Wild goats run hurrying down below
There, yet more timid, bands of deer
Scour the wide plains in full career,
And turn their backs on wood and height,
While dust-clouds gather o'er their flight
But young Ascanius on his steed
With boyish ardour glows,
And now in ecstasy of speed
He passes these, now those -
For him too peaceful and too tame
The pleasure of the hunted game
He longs to see the foaming boar,
Or hear the tawny lion's roar

Meantime, loud thunder-peals resound,
And hail and rain the sky confound -
And Tyrian chiefs and sons of Troy,
And Venus' care, the princely boy,
Seek each his shelter, winged with dread,
While torrents from the hills run red
Driven haply to the same retreat
The Dardan chief and Dido meet
Then Earth, the venerable dame,
And Juro give the sign
Heaven lightens with attesting flame,
And bids its torches shine,

And from the summit of the peak
The nymphs shrill out the nuptial shriek

That day she first began to die
That day first taught her to defy
The public tongue, the public eye
No secret love is Dido's aim
She calls it marriage now, such name
She chooses to conceal her shame

Now through the towns of Libya's sons
Her progress Fame begins,
Fame than who never plague that runs
Its way more swiftly wins
Her very motion lends her power
She flies and waxes every hour
At first she shrinks, and cowers for dread
Ere long she soars on high
Upon the ground she plants her tread,
Her forehead in the sky
Wroth with Olympus, parent Earth
• Brought forth the monster to the light,
Last daughter of the giant birth,
With feet and rapid wings for flight
Huge, terrible, gigantic Fame!
For every plume that clothes her frame
An eye beneath the feather peeps,
A tongue rings loud, an ear upleaps.
Hurling 'twixt earth and heaven she flies
By night, nor bows to sleep her eyes
Perched on a roof or tower by day
She fills great cities with dismay,
How oft soe'er the truth she tell,
She loves a falsehood all too well
Such now from town to town she flew
With rumours mixed of false and true :

Tells of *Æneas* come to land,
 Whom *Dido* graces with her hand
 Now, lost to shame, the enamoured pair
 The winter in soft dalliance wear,
 Nor turn their passion-blinded eyes
 On kingdoms rising or to rise
 Such viperous seed, where'er she goes,
 On tongue and lip the Goddess sows
 Then seeks *Iarbas*, stirs his ire,
 And fans resentment into fire.

He, born a son of *Ammon's* race
 From *Garamantian* Nymph's embrace,
 Had raised within his wide domains
 To parent *Jove* a hundred fanes
 There hallowed to his mighty sire
 For ever lives the vigil fire,
 Fresh victim-blood makes rich the ground,
 And with gay wreaths the doors are crowned
 And he, 'tis said, with fierce disdain,
 The rumour maddening in his brain,
 'Mid altars charged with princely gifts
 To *Jove* in prayer his hands uplifts.
 'Great *Suo*, to whom beneath my reign
 The Moors reclined on purple *gram*

Lenæan offerings pour,
 Behold'st thou this? or when the spheres
 Thou shak'st, are ours but empty fears?
 Do lightnings cleave the skies in vain,

 And thunders idly roar?
 A dame, who, on my frontier thrown,
 Bought leave to build a puny town,
 To whom ourselves, as lords, allow
 A strip of barren coast to plough,
 Has spurned our proffered hand, and ta'en
Æneas o'er her realm to reign.

And now this Paris, with his band
Of gallants, like himself, unmanned,
His essenced hair in Lydian wise
With turban bound, enjoys the prize
We kneel in temples known as thine,
And nurse a fame we dream divine ' .

Thus at the altar as he prayed
The Father heard his prayer,
And, turning, Carthage town surveyed,
And that besotted pair
Then summons Mercury to fulfil
The charge of his almighty will
' Go forth, my son, command the gales,
And spread for flight thy feathery sails,
Haste to the Dardan chief who waits
In Carthage, heedless of the fates
That grant him other crowns, and bear
My mandate through the bounding air
No recreant his fair mother swore
Our eyes should see in him she bore
Twice from the grasp of doom
No , but a chief of force to sway
Italia, charged with battle-fray,
With empire in its womb,
The pride of Teucer's blood maintain,
And bow all nations to his reign
If zeal no more his soul inflame
To labour for his own fair fame,
Yet can the sire behold his child
Of Rome's imperial hills beguiled ?
What prospect lures him, day by day
Thus 'mid a hostile race to stay,
Blind to the hopes by fate decreed,
Lavinium's realm, Ausonia's seed ?

No, let him sail that word in one
Says all · be thus our errand done ·

The God his father's bidding plies ·
And first around his feet he ties
His golden wings, that take the breeze
And waft him high o'er earth or seas ·
Then grasps his rod that calls to light
Pale ghosts, or plunges them in night,
Induces sleep or bids it fly,
And opes again the dead man's eye
That rod in hand, he drives the gales,
Or cleaves his way through misty veils.
Now the tall peak and sides he spies
Of Atlas, who supports the skies,
Of Atlas, o'er whose pine-crowned head
An awful haze of clouds is spread,
While wintry blast and driving sleet
For ever on his temples beat
The snow-drift robes his shoulders bleak
The torrent courses down his cheek,
And points, as winds its waters warp,
His beard with ice-flakes, keen and sharp.
Poised on his wings, here Hermes stood,
Then stooped him headlong to the flood,
E'en as a lurd that skims the tide,
Low coasts and fishy rocks beside.
So 'twixt the earth and heaven he sails,
So parts the sand-beach from the gales,
As from his mother's sire he fares,
Cyllene's God, through Labyan airs

Soon as his feet, as winged for flight,
On Carthaginian ground abght,
He sees Æneas full in view
Planning fresh towers and dwellings new

His sword-hilt gleamed with jasper-stone :
 A scarf was o'er his shoulders thrown
 Of Tyrian purple Dido's loom
 Had streaked with gold its glowing bloom.
 The God begins — ' And here you stay,
 Content the obsequious lord to play,
 And beautify your lady's town,
 Indifferent to your own renown !
 He, he, the Sire, enthroned on high,
 Whose nod strikes awe through earth and sky,
 He sends me down, and bids me bear
 His mandate through the bounding air.
 What make you here ? what cherished scheme
 Tempts you in Libyan land to dream ?
 If zeal no more your soul inflame
 To labour for your own fair fame,
 Let young Ascanus claim your care
 Regard the promise of your heir,
 To whom, by warranty of fate,
 The Italian crown, the Roman state,
 Of right are owing ' Hermes said,
 And e'en in speaking passed and fled
 One moment beamed on mortal eyes,
 Then mingled with the ambient skies

Æneas heard, aghast, amazed,
 His speech tongue-tied, his hair upraised
 Appalled by Heaven's austere command,
 He yearns to leave the dear, dear land
 But how to fly ? or how accost
 The queen, by eddying passion tost ?
 How charm the ravings of distress ?
 What choice to make, when hundreds press ?
 So by conflicting cares distraught,
 Thus way and that he whirls his thought,

Till in the tumult of his breast
 One counsel dominates the rest.
 Sergestus and Serestus tried
 He calls with Mnestheus to his side .
 Bids them unmarked their barks equip,
 And muster all the crews to ship,
 Armed as for fight, yet veil from view
 The spring that moves designs so new .
 Himself, as chance may serve, the while,
 Since Dido, innocent of guile,
 Still dreams her happy dream, nor thinks
 That aught can break those golden links,
 Will watch the hour, and strive to soothe
 When time is ripe and access smooth
 Well-pleased, they give their eager heed
 And act his will with duteous speed.

But Dido soon—can aught beguile
 Lovo's watchful eye ?—perceived his wile
 She feels each stirring of the air,
 And e'en in safety dreads a snare
 Once more fell Fame reports the news
 Of barks equipped and mustering crews
 She raves in impotence of soul,
 Storms through the town, and spurns control
 So when the clanging shrine is stirred,
 And Bacchus ! Bacchus ! is the word,
 The Thyiad starts from sleep, and flies
 Where through the night Cithæron cries
 Soon on Æneas, unaddressed,
 She pours the frenzy of her breast
 ' What ? would the wretch his crime conceal,
 And, like a thief, from Carthage steal '
 Nor present love, nor hand once plighted,
 Nor dying Dido stays your flight ?

Nay, you would sail 'neath winter's sky,
And through the rush of tempests fly,
Ah cruel ! Sure, if lands unknown
Were not to seek, were Troy your own,
E'en for that Troy, your ancient home,
You ne'er would cross yon angry foam
From me you fly ! Ah ! let me crave,
By these poor tears, that hand you gave—
Since, parting with my woman's pride,
My madness leaves me nought beside—
By that our wedlock, by the rite
Which, but begun, could yet unite,
If e'er my kindness held you bound,
If e'er in me your joy you found,
Look on this falling house, and still,
If prayer can touch you, change your will
For you I angered Libyan borders,
Woke jealous hate in Nomad lords,
Lost Tyrian hearts for you, the same,
I trampled on my own good name,
That wifely honour, which alone
Had placed me on a starry throne
Think, think to whom you make bequest
Of dying Dido, gentle guest !
Since fate but that cold name allows
To him whom once I called my spouse
Why should I live to see my town
By my fierce brother battered down,
Or e'en myself a captive led
To Moor Iarbas' bridal bed ?
Ah ! had I, ere you chose to rove,
Ta'en from your arms some pledge of love,
Some child Æneas to recall
Your face, and gambol in my hall,
The sire had cheered me in the son,
Nor had I scemed so all undone.'

She ended He by Jove's behest
 His eyes unblenching hold,
 And prisoned deep within his breast
 The grief that upward swelled
 Then briefly spoke · ' Your favours count,
 I question not the vast amount ,
 While memory lasts and pulses beat,
 The thought of Dido shall be sweet
 Now hear my plea, fair queen, in brief ,
 I hoped not, trust me, like a thief,
 By stealth to quit your coast
 I never lit the marriage flame,
 Nor gloried in a husband's name
 The covenant to which I came
 Spoke but of guest and host
 Would Fate indulge me at my will,
 My lot to mould, my cares to still,
 Old Troy should claim my chiefest pain-
 To wake to life its dear remains,
 And Priam's hall and Priam's tower
 Should nurse the vanquished into power
 But now Gryuean prophecies
 On Latium bid me fix my eyes ,
 For Latium Lycia's lots declare
 There is my heart, my home is there
 If, Tyrian born, you linger here,
 And find a Labyan city dear,
 Why grudge to Troy her Latian home ?
 We too have realms beyond the foam
 My sire, Anchises, oft as night
 Invests the world, and stars are bright,
 Warns me in sleep with wrathful frown,
 And scares me on my couch of down
 Yet louder pleads the injury done
 Each moment to my darling son,

Defrauded of Hesperia's reign,
 And barred from lands the fates ordain.
 Now too the messenger divine—
 I swear it by your life and mine—
 Comes down from Jove himself, to bear
 Heaven's mandato through the bounding air.
 I saw him pass the walls, and heard
 E'en with these ears his warning word
 • Then vex no more yourself and me :
 'T is Heaven, not I, that calls to sea '

Thus as he spoke, long time askance
 She marked him with quick-darting glance,
 Swept o'er his frame her silent eyes ;
 Then, blazing out in fury, cries
 ' No goddess bore you, traitorous man
 No Dardanus your race began
 No , 't was from Caucasus you sprung,
 And tigers nursed you with their young
 Why longer wear the mask, as though
 I waited for some heavier blow ?
 Heaved he one sigh at tears of mine ?
 Moved he those hard impassive eyne ?
 Did one kind drop of pity fall
 At thought of her who gave him all ?
 What first, what last ? Now, now I know
 Queen Juno's self has turned my foe
 Not c'en Saturnian Jove is just .
 No faith on earth, in heaven no trust
 A shipwrecked wanderer up and down,
 I made him share my home, my crown
 His shattered fleet, his needy crew
 From fire and famine's jaws I drew
 Ah, Furies whirl me ! now divine
 Apollo, now the Lycian shrine,

Now heaven's own herald comes, to bear
His grisly mandate through the air !
Aye, Gods above ply tasks like these .
Such cares disturb their life of ease —
I loathe your person, scorn your pleas
Go, seek your kingdom o'er the foam,
Hunt with the winds your Latian home
Yet, yet I trust, if Heaven do right,
That fate shall find you 'mid your flight,
Wrecked on some rock remote from shore
And calling Dido o'er and o'er
Dido shall fasten on her prey
In sulphurous fires, though far away
And when her life and limbs divide
Her ghost shall never quit your side .
Yes, blood for blood ! your cry of woe,
Base wretch, shall reach me down below '—
Her speech half done, she breaks away,
And, sickening, shuns the light of day,
 And tears her from his gaze,
While he, with thousand things to say,
 Still falters and delays
Her servants lift the sinking fair,
And to her marble chamber bear.

But good Æneas, though he fain
Would follow and console her pain
With many a groan, his mighty breast
Shaken all o'er with love suppressed,
Bows ne'ertheless to Heaven's command
And swiftly hies him to the strand
Roused by the sight, the Trojan train
Haul down their navy to the main
The smooth keel floats from neighbouring wood
They bring them oars, unshaped and rude,

And timber leafy as it grew,
 In zeal to fly, the eager crew
 You see them hurry to the shore
 And forth from all the city pour
 Even as when ants industrious toil
 Some mighty heap of corn to spoul,
 And mindful of the cold to come
 Convey their new-won booty home
 There moves the column long and black,
 And threads the grass with one thin track.
 Some labouring with their shoulders strong
 Heave huge and heavy grains along
 Some force the stragglers into file.
 The pathway seethes and glows the while
 What felt you, Dido, in that hour?

What groans escap'd you then,
 Beholding from your lofty tower
 The coast alive with men,
 And all the port before your eyes
 One tumult of conflicting cries?
 Curs'd Love! what lengths of tyrant scorn
 Wreak'st not on those of woman born?
 Once more affection's tear must start,
 Once more must prayers essay their art,
 Once more that high and haughty soul
 Must suppliant stoop to love's control,
 Lest aught of aid untried remain,
 And Dido rush on death in vain.

' See, Anna, how their crews collect,
 O'er all the shore they crowd
 The sails are spread, the stems are decked
 With festal garlands proud
 Enough, my heart foresaw this ill,
 And, sister, I shall bear it still

Yet once, but once your succour lend :
 'T was you the wretch would make his friend,
 To you his secret thoughts confide -
 You only know his softer side
 Go now, my sister, suppliant go,
 And thus accost our haughty foe
 Not I with Greece at Aulis joined
 To sweep his Trojans from mankind ,
 I sent no fleet to Ilium's coast,
 Nor vexed Anchises' buried ghost ;
 Why should he change his ears to stone,
 And close their portals on my moan ?
 One boon I sue for , let him bide
 Till fair the breeze and smooth the tide
 Not now I ask him to restore
 The ancient marriage he forswore,
 Resign his lovely L utian town,
 Or abdicate Italia's crown
 My prayer is for a transient grace,
 To give this madness breathing-space,
 Till fortune's discipline shall school
 My vanquished heart to grieve by rule.
 Vouchsafe this aid, the last I crave,
 And take requital from my grave '

So pleads she : and her woful prayers
 Again, again her sister bears .
 He stands immovable by tears,
 Nor tenderest words with pity hears.
 Fate bars the way a hand above
 His gentle ears makes deaf to love.
 As some strong oak, the mountain's pride,
 Fierce Alpine blasts on either side
 Are striving to o'erthrow .
 It creaks and strains beneath the shock,
 And from the weather-beaten stock
 Thick leaves the ground bestrow .

Yet firm it stands ; high as its crown
Towers up to heaven, so deep goes down
 Its root to worlds below
So in this storm of prayers the chief
Thrills through and through with manly grief.
Unchanged his heart's resolves remain,
And falling tears are idle rain.

Then, maddened by her destiny,
 Unhappy Dido prays to die.
'T is weary to look up and see
 The overarching sky
It chanced, to fortify her heart
And steel her purpose to depart,
Before the altar as she stands
 She sees a blackness gather o'er
The chalice mantling in her hands,
 And wine—O horror!—turns to gore.
Not e'en into her sister's ear
She dared to breathe that tale of fear
Beside, within her courts a fane
There stood, of marble's purest grain,
Where oft she wont to render vows
The chapel of her ancient spouse,
Wreathed with white wool and sacred boughs ;
Thence, when the dark was over all,
There came a sighing and a call,
 As in the dead man's tone
And midnight's solitary bird,
Death-boding, from the roof was heard
 To make its long, long moan
And prophecies of bygone seers
Ring terror in her wildered ears.
Æneas with unpitied face
Still hounds her in a nightly chase :

And still companionless she seems
 To tread the wilderness of dreams,
 And vainly still her Tyrians seek
 Through desert regions, ah, how bleak !
 Like frantic Pentheus when he sees
 The dragon-eyed Eumenides,
 And two red suns appear to rise,
 And Thebes looks double to his eyes -
 Or as the Atridan matricide

Runs frenzied o'er the scene,
 What time with snakes and torches plied
 He flies the murdered queen,
 While at the threshold of the gate
 The sister-fiends expectant wait

So when, resolved on death, she pressed
 That thought of frenzy to her breast,
 The time and manner she decides :
 Then in her look the purpose hides,
 And, calling hope into her cheeks,
 Her sorrowing sister thus bespeaks
 ' My Anna, I have found a way
 (Rejoice o'er Dido's love !)
 My spell upon his sense to lay,
 Or his from mine remove
 On ocean's marge, where suns descend,
 A spot there lies, the Ethiops' end,
 Where Atlas on his shoulders rears
 The starry fabric of the spheres.
 Men show me there, in that far place,
 A priestess of Massylian race,
 Who kept the Hesperian temple's pale,
 And gave the dragon his regale,
 Guarding the tree's immortal boughs
 With honey-dew and poppy-drowse

Her charms can cure what souls she please,
 Rob other hearts of healthful ease,
 Turn rivers backward to their source,
 And make the stars forget their course,
 And call up ghosts from night
 The ground shall bellow 'neath your feet.
 The mountain-ash shall quit its seat,
 And travel down the height
 By heaven I swear, and your dear life,
 Unwillingly these arts I wield.
 And take, to meet the coming strife,
 Enchantment's sword and shield
 You in the inner court prepare
 A lofty pile 'neath open air
 There duly be the armour placed
 Left by the traitor in his haste,
 The doffed apparel of our foe,
 The bridal bed that wrought my woe
 Whate'er was his is doomed to fire
 So magic bids, and I desire.
 She paused a paleness as of death.
 • Her ghastly features dyes
 Yet Anna dreams not that beneath
 These rites a funeral lies
 The frenzy-pitch of love and pride
 She knows not, dreams not worse may tide
 Than in the hour Sychæus died.
 So on her bidding hies.

And now within, beneath the sky,
 The pile was rising, heaped on high
 With oak and pinewood tree
 The queen enwreathes it round, and weaves
 Long chaplets of funereal leaves
 There lays, devoted to the fire,
 The sword forgot, the doffed attire,

And chief, the traitor's effigy,
 Well knowing what should be.
The blazing altars stand around
The priestess, with her hair unbound,
 Three hundred gods proclaims,
Grim Erebus and Chaos old,
And Hecat-Dian, power threefold,
 Three faces and three names.
Around the lustral stream she flings,
Drawn, so she feigns, from Stygian springs
And poison-plants by moonlight shorn
 She fetches, not unsought
And love's mysterious token, torn
From forehead of a foal new-born,
 Ere by the mother caught
Before the altars Dido stands
With ritual rake and stainless hands,
One foot unshod, unchecked by bands
 Her vesture's ample flow
There calls on heaven, or ere she die,
And on the starry host on high
 That fate's deep counsels know.
And makes her passionate appeal
To gods, if gods there be, that feel
 For ill-matched lovers' woe

'T is night earth's tired ones taste the balm,
 The precious balm of sleep,
And in the forest there is calm,
 And on the savage deep
The stars are in their middle flight
 The fields are hushed each bird or beast
That dwells beside the silver lake
Or haunts the tangles of the brake
 In placid slumber lies, released,
From trouble by the touch of night!

All but the hapless queen to rest
 She yields not, nor with eye or breast
 The gentle night receives -
 Her cares redouble blow on blow
 Love storms, and, tossing to and fro,
 With billowy passion heaves
 And thus she breathes the thoughts that roll
 Tumultuous through her lonely soul
 'What shall I do?' make proof once more
 Of those who sought my love before,
 In supplicance to the Nomads turned,
 Whose proffered hand so oft I spurned?
 Or shall I tread the Trojan deck,
 A menial slave at each one's beck?
 As though of gratitude they reck,
 Or think of favours done!
 Nay, though I wished, what haughty lord
 Would take a humbled queen on board?
 And know you not, ah wretch forlorn,
 The treachery of the seed forsworn
 Of false Laomedon?
 Then shall I join the shouting crew
 Alone, or with my Tyrians true
 Attach me to their train,
 And hurry those, whom scarce I tore
 From Sidon's town, to tempt once more
 The perils of the main?
 No, die as you deserve, and heal
 This anguish with the sharp sure steel
 'T was you, my sister, first, who, swayed
 By my weak tears, my peace betrayed
 And gave me to the foe
 Ah! had I lived estranged from love,
 Like some wild ranger of the grove,
 Nor tampered with this woe,
 Or kept at least the faith I vowed
 To my Sychæus' funeral shroud!

Such plainings burst from that lone heart:
 Æneas, ready to depart,

Slept, in his vessel laid,
 When Mercury in his dreams was seen
 Returning with the self-same mien,
 And this monition made
 (The voice, the hair, the blooming cheek,
 The graceful limbs the god bespeak)
 'What ? with such perilous deed in hand,

Infatuate, can you sleep,
 Nor see what dangers round you stand,
 Nor hear the Zephyrs from the land
 Blow fair upon the deep ?

She, bent on death, fell crime conceives,
 And with tempestuous passion heaves
 And fly you not the net she weaves,

While yet 't is time for flight ?
 With vessels all the sea will swarm,
 And all the coast with flame be warm,
 And fiercely glare the blazing brand,
 If, lingering on this Punie land,
 You meet the morning light
 Away to sea ! a woman's will
 Is changeful and uncertain still '
 He said, and mixed with night

The phantom broke Æneas' sleep
 From bed he springs with sudden leap,

And wakes his weary men -
 'Quick, rouse you, gallants ! catch the gale -
 Sit to the oar, unfurl the sail !
 A god, commissioned from on high,
 Commands us cut our cords and fly
 Behold him yet again !
 Yes, gracious Power ! whate'er thy style,
 We gladly follow and obey :

O cheer us with propitious smile,
 And send fair stars to guide our way !'
 He said . his flashing sword outflew,
 And shears the mooring-ropes in two
 From man to man the flame flies fast
 They scour, they scud and now the last
 Has parted from the shore
 You cannot see the main for ships
 With emulous stroke the oar-blade dips,
 And sweeps the water o'er

Now, rising from Tithonus' bed,
 The Dawn on earth her freshness shed .
 The queen from off her turret height
 Perceives the first dim streak of light,
 The fleet careering on its way,
 And void and sailless shore and bay ,
 She smites her breast, all snowy fair,
 And rends her golden length of hair ,
 ' Great Jove ! and shall he go ? ' she cries,
 ' And leave our realm a wanderer's mock ?'
 Quick, snatch your arms and chase the prize,
 And drag the vessels from the dock !
 Fetch flames, bring darts, ply oars ! yet why ?
 What words are these, or where am I ?
 Why rave I thus ? Those impious deeds—
 Poor Dido ! now your torn heart bleeds.
 Too late ! it should have bled that day
 When at his feet your sceptre lay
 Lo here, the chief of stainless word,
 Who takes his household gods on board,
 Whose shoulders safe from sword and fire
 Conveyed his venerable sire !
 O had I rent him limb from limb
 And cast him o'er the waves to swim,
 His friends, his own Ascanus killed,
 And with the child the father filled !

Yet danger in the strife had been —

Who prates of danger here ?

A death-devoted, desperate queen,

What foe had I to fear ?

No, I had sown the flame broadcast,

Had fired the fleet from keel to mast,

Slain son and sire, stamped out the race,

And thrown at length with stedfast face

Myself upon the bier

Eye of the world, majestic Sun,

Who see'st whate'er on earth is done,

Thou, Juno, too, interpreter

And witness of the heart's fond stir,

And Hecate, tremendous power,

In cross-ways howled at midnight hour,

Avenging fiends, and gods of death

Who breathe in dying Dido's breath,

Stoop your great powers to ills that plead

To heaven, and my petition heed

If needs must be that wretch abhorred

Attain the port and float to land ;

If such the fate of heaven's high lord,

And so the moveless pillars stand ;

Scourged by a savage enemy,

An exile from his son's embrace,

So let him sue for aid, and see

His people slain before his face,

Nor, when to humbling peace at length

He stoops, be his or life or land,

But let him fall in manhood's strength

And welter tombless on the sand

Such malison to heaven I pour,

A last libation with my gore

And, Tyrians, you through time to come

His seed with deathless hatred chase

Be that your gift to Dido's tomb .

No love, no league 'twixt race and race.

Rise from my ashes, scourge of crime,
Born to pursue the Dardān horde
To-day, to-morrow, through all time,
Oft as our hands can wield the sword -
Fight shore with shore, fight sea with sea,
Fight all that are or e'er shall be !'

She ceased, and with her heart debates
How best to leave the life she hates.
Then to Sychæus' nurse she cried
(For hers crowhile at Tyre had died),
' Good nurse, my sister Anna bring
O'er face and body bid her fling
Pure drops from lustral bough
So sprinkled come, and at her side
The victims lead you too provide
A fillet for your brow
A sacrifice to Stygian Jove
I here perform, to ease my love,
And give to flame the fatal bed
Which pillowed once the Trojan's head '
Thus she . the aged dame gives heed,
And, feebly hurrying, mends her speed

Then, maddening over crime, the queen,
With bloodshot eyes, and sanguine streaks
Fresh painted on her quivering cheeks,
And wanning o'er with death foreseen,
Through inner portals wildly fares,
Scales the high pile with swift ascent,
Takes up the Dardan sword and bares,
Sad gift, for different uses meant
She eyed the robes with wistful look,
And, pausing, thought awhile and wept
Then pressed her to the couch, and spoke
Her last goodnight ere she slept.

' Sweet relics of a time of love,
When Fate and Heaven were kind,
Receive my life-blood, and remove
These torments of the mind
My life is lived, and I have played
The part that Fortune gave,
And now I pass, a queenly shade,
Majestic to the grave
A glorious city I have built,
Have seen my walls ascend,
Chastised for blood of husband spilt
A brother, yet no friend.
Blest lot ! yet lacked one blessing more,
That Troy had never touched my shore.'
Then, as she kissed the darling bed,
' To die ! and unrevenged ! ' she said,
' Yet let me die . thus, thus I go
Rejoicing to the shades below
Let the false Dardan feel the blaze
That burns me pouring on his gaze,
And bear along, to cheer his way,
The funeral presage of to-day '

Thus as she speaks, the attendant train
Behold her writhing as in pain,
Her hands with slaughter sprinkled o'er,
And the fell weapon spouting gore
Loud clamours thrill the lofty halls
Fame shakes the town, confounds, appals
Each house resounds with women's cries,
And funeral wails assault the skies
E'en as one day should war o'erthrow
Proud Carthage or her parent Tyre,
And fire-flood stream with furious glow
O'er roof, and battlement, and spire.

Her sister hears, and, wild with fears,
 All breathless through the throng she
 flies
 Rends cheek of rose, beats breast of snows,
 And loud on dying Dido cries.
 ' Ah sister ! was it this you meant,
 And am I trapped by guile ?
 Was this the innocent intent
 Of altar-fire and pile ?
 What first arraign when all is drear ?
 And might not Anna tarry near
 Her Dido's dying bed ?
 You should have bid me share your doom.
 One pang had borne us to the tomb,
 One hour the twain had sped
 Nay, with these hands the pile I reared
 And called the gods our father feared,
 That you might lay you down to die,
 And I be absent, heartless I !
 See here, yourself and me foredone,
 Town, people, princes, all in one !
 • Bring water from yon running wave
 These bleeding wounds I yet can lave,
 And fondly catch whate'er of breath
 Is flickering on the lips of death '
 She spoke, and speaking mounts the stair,
 Clasps to her breast the expiring fair,
 Enfolds her in her robe, and dries
 The purple that her bosom dyes
 The dull eyes ope, as drowsed by sleep,
 Then close the death-wound gurgles deep
 Thrice on her arm she raised her head,
 Thrice sank exhausted on the bed,
 Stared with blank gaze aloft, around
 For light, and groaned as light she found.

Then Juno, pitying her long pain,
And all that agony of death,
Sent Iris down to part in twain
The clinging limbs and struggling breath
For since she perished not by fate,
Nor fell by alien stroke deserved,
But rushed on death before her date,
By sudden spasm of frenzy nerved,
Not yet Proserpina had shred
The ringlet from her auburn head,
Whose severance man from earth withdraws.
And yields him up to Pluto's laws.
So down from Heaven fair Iris flies
On saffron wings impearled with dews,
That flash against the sunlit skies
A thousand variegated hues ;
Then stands at Dido's head, and cries
' This lock to Dis I bear away
And free you from your load of clay . '
So shears the lock · the vital heats
Disperse, and breath in air retreats.

BOOK V

MEANTIME Æneas in his bark

Sails on, his purpose firm and fast,
And cuts the billows, glooming dark
Beneath the wintry northern blast
Oft to the town he turns his eyes,
Whence Dido's fires already rise
What cause has lit so fierce a flame
They know not but the pangs of shame
From great love wronged, and what despair
Can make a baffled woman dare,
All this they know, and knowing tread
The paths of presage, vague and dread

The ships had passed into the main,
And land no longer met the eye,
On every side the watery plain,
On every side the expanse of sky ,
When o'er his head a cloud there stood,
With night and tempest in its womb,
And all the surface of the flood
Was ruffled by the incumbent gloom.
E'en Palinure his fear confessed,
As from the stern he cries,
' Ah ' why do clouds so dark invest
The compass of the skies,
Or what has Neptune sire in store ? '
This said, he makes them ply the oar,

And brace each rope himself the sail
Turns edgewise to the driving gale,
Then thus resumes · ‘My gallant lord,
Though Jove himself should pledge his word,
I could not look to stem the seas
To Italy ’neath skies like these
The winds are changed, and cross our path
The West is darkening into wrath,
The dull air lowers in thickest mist,
Nor can we struggle or resist,
Come, let us bow to Fortune’s sway,
And, as she beckons, shape our way
Not distant far, I judge, there lies

 Your brother Eryx’ friendly shore,
Sicania’s port, if right my eyes

 Retrace the stars they watched before’
Æneas spoke ‘Long since ’t is plain
The wind gives law, your toil is vain

 Let go the sheet and turn.
What country can I hold so sweet,
So welcome to my weary fleet,
As where Acestes lives and reigns,
True Trojan, and my sire’s remains

 Are resting in their urn?’
Thus said, they haste them to the bay
The favouring Zephyrs speed their way
Swift rides the navy o’er the main,
And soon the well-known strand they gain.

 From mountain-top Acestes marks
The coming of the friendly barks,
And hies him down, in woodland trim
Of hunting-spear and bearskin grim,
Born of a dame of Trojan blood
From union with Crimæus’ flood.

His fathers quicken in his veins
 He hails his kinsmen, come once more,
 With rustic splendour entertains,
 And cheers them from his friendly store

Soon as the morrow's dawning light
 Had put the vanquished stars to flight,
 Æneas thus from grassy mound
 Bespeaks his comrades gathering round -
 ' Brave Dardans, born of heavenly line,
 A year its round of months has made
 Since in the sepulchre we laid
 The relics of my sire divine,
 And mourning altars reared.
 And now that day has come, to me
 For evermore, by Heaven's decree,
 Embittered and endeared
 That day, though in Gætulan wild
 It found me outcast and exiled,
 Though tossing o'er the Ægean foam
 Or lurking in an Argive home,
 • That sacred day I still would keep
 And high with gifts the altars heap
 And now, as time and place conspire,
 Even at the ashes of my sire,
 Not unconducted by the hand
 Of favouring Gods, to-day we stand.
 Then join we gladly in the rite -
 Invoke the winds to speed our flight,
 And pray that he we hold so dear
 May take our offerings year by year,
 Soon as our promised town we raise,
 In temples sacred to his praise
 Accstes, Troy's descendant true,
 Bestows to-day on every crew
 Two fair and stately steers :

Invite we then, the feast to grace,
The home-gods of our own proud race,
 And those our host reveres
Moreover, if the dawn dispense
Her light to earth nine morrows hence,
First for the Teucrians be decreed
A rivalry of naval speed
Whose feet are swift to run the course,
Whose arm is nerved with manly force
To aim the dart and shaft aright
Or raw-hide gauntlets wield in fight,
Come all, bold hearts and eager eyes,
And he that earns, expect the prize
Now hush your tongues from idle speech,
And take you garlands, all and each '

Thus having said, he wreathes his brow
With his maternal myrtle-bough
So too does Helymus, and so
Acestes with his locks of snow,
And young Ascanius and the rest
Obey the example and behest
Then to the tomb he moves along,
The centre of a circling throng
There, mindful of the rite divine,
Two cups he pours of purest wine,
Two of new milk, and two of gore
From victims, on the grassy floor,
And scatters flowers of dazzling red,
And thus salutes the mighty dead
' Hail, sacred father ! hail again,
Blest shade, blest ashes, snatched in vain
 From foe, and fire, and sea !
Not mine with you the Italian shore
And Latian Tiber to explore,
 Whoe'er that Tiber be ! '

He ceased, when from the tomb below
A serpent, clad in glittering scales,
Seven coils, seven giant volnmes trails,
Winds smoothly round the mound of green,
And glides the altar-fires between,
His long back dappled with a glow
Half green, half golden, like the bow
That flashes 'gainst the sunlit skies
A thousand variegated dyes
Then, as amazed *Æneas* stood,
 'Twixt bowl and cup the reptile wound,
Took tithing of the sacred food,
 And harmless vanished 'neath the mound.
With zeal renewed the dutcons son
Applies him to the rite begun,
Unknowing in his wondering awe
How best to name the shape he saw,
The genius of the spot they tread,
Or menial follower of the dead.
At once he slays two fatted swine,
Two youngling sheep, two sable kine,
Pours out the sacrificial wine,
And on his mighty father calls,
The shade whom *Pluto* disenthalls
Each from his store, the *Trojans* gay
Present their gifts, their victims slay,
Set on and heat the brumming brass,
Then stretch them careless on the grass :
Strow 'neath the spits a fiery bed,
And roast the flesh on embers red

And now the expected day is here :
The ninth fair morn in lustre clear
Is driving o'er the sky :

Acestes' name and rumour wide
Have summoned all the country-side -
They crowd the coast through breadth and
length,
To see the feats of Trojan strength,
And some their own to try
There in the midst the gifts are seen,
Rich tripods, meet for sacrifice,
And garlands of luxuriant green,
And sprays of palm, the conqueror's prize,
With arms, and purple robes of state,
And gold and silver, talent-weight
And from a mound the trump proclaims
The festal onset of the games

First for the naval prize compete
Four ships, the flower of all the fleet
With stroke of oarsmen swift and strong
Brave Mnestheus speeds his Shark along,
Mnestheus, one day Ausonia's grace,
The founder of the Memmian race.
Chimæra moves in Gyas' charge,
Huge bulk, a city scarce so large,
With Dardan rowers in triple bank,
The tiers ascending rank o'er rank -
Sergestus, whence the Sergian name,
Commands the Centaur's mighty frame ;
While Scylla is Cloanthus' care,
Cluentius his Italian heir.
Far in the sea a rock there lies,
And fronts the spray-beat coast :
High o'er its top the billows rise
And whelm it deep, what time the skies
In wintry storms are lost -
When wind and wave are laid to sleep,
It stands above the moveless deep,

A level, on whose ample breast
The basking sea-birds love to rest.
Thereon an oak with leafy bole
Æneas plants, to form a goal,
That helmsman's eye the spot may mark
And prompt his hand to turn the bark
Each takes the place his lot assigns
Proud on the stern each captain shines
 With gold and purple dyo
The crews are wreathed with poplar green.
Their naked shoulders oil makes sheen
And now on rowing-bench they sit
Bend to the oar their arms close knit,
And straining watch the sign to start,
While generous trembling thrills each heart
 And thirst for victory
Then, at the trumpet's piercing sound,
All from their barriers onward bound
Upsoars to heaven the oarsman's shout
The upturned billows froth and spout
In level lines they plough the deep
All ocean yawns, as on they sweep,
And three-toothed beak and plashing oar
Tear from its base the marble floor.
Less swift in heady two-horse race
The chariots scour the field apace,
 When from their base they dash
Less eager o'er the tossing manes
The charioteer flings out the reins, .
 And bends him o'er the lash
With plaudits loud and clamorous zeal
Echoes the woodland round .
The pent shores roll the thunder-peal.
 The stricken hills rebound
'Mid hurry and tumultuous shout
First Gyas issues from the rout,
 And holds the foremost place :

Cloanthus next : his oarsmen row
 More featly but his bark is slow,
 And checks him in the race
 Behind, at equal distance, strain
 Centaur and Shark the lead to gain ·
 And now the Shark darts forth, and now
 The Centaur has advanced her bow
 And now the twain move side by side,
 Their long keels trailing through the tide

At length the rock before them lay
 The goal was in their reach ·
 When Gyas, conqueror of the way,
 His helmsman thus, Menœtes gray,
 Plies with upbraiding speech ·
 ‘ Why to the right so blindly push ?
 Here, take a narrower sweep ·
 Hug close the shore, nor fear its crush ·
 The cliff’s left hand our oars should brush
 Let others hold the deep ’
 So Gyas but Menœtes fears
 The hidden rocks, and seaward steers
 ‘ What ? swerving still ? ’ he shouts once
 more ·
 ‘ The shore, Menœtes ! seek the shore ! ’
 And backward as he turns his eyes,
 O death !—Cloanthus he descries
 Close following, nearer and more near,
 And all but springing on his rear
 ‘ Twixt Gyas and the rocky shoal
 The rival deftly glides,
 Shoots to the forefront, turns the goal,
 And gains the safer tides
 Grief flashed to flame in Gyas’ soul
 Tears from his eyes were seen to roll :

All reckless of his own true pride
And his imperilled crew,
He seized the dilatory guide
And from the vessel threw -
Himself assumes the helm, and cheers
His merry men, and shoreward steers
But old Menestes, when the main
Gave him at length to light again,
Landward with feeble motion swims,
His wet clothes clinging to his limbs,
Ascends the rock, and sits on high
There on the summit, safe and dry
To see him fall the Trojans laughed
They laughed to see him float,
And laugh, as now the briny draught
He sputters from his throat

Now Mnestheus and Sergestus feel
A dawning hope, a new-born zeal,
Chimæra to outstrip
The choice of way Sergestus gets,
And toward the rock his holm he sets
Not first by all his length of bark,
First but by part, a part the Shark
Just covers with her tip
But Mnestheus, pacing through and through
His vessel, cheers the eager crew
'Now, now, my men, now ply your oar,
Who fought at Hector's side of yore,
Whom in the day of Troy's despair
I chose my destiny to share
Call up the valour in your souls
That made you thread Gætuhian shoals,
Defy the Ionian man, and scape
The waves that buffet Malca's cape.

'T is not the palm that Mnestheus seeks -
No hope of victory fires his cheeks
Yet O that thought !—but conquer they
To whom great Neptune wills the day
Not to be last—make that your aim,
And triumph by averting shame '
Onward with vehement zeal they bound
Beneath them vanishes the ground

The mailed ship labours with their blows
Thick pantings all their members shake,
And parching heats their dry lips bake,
While sweat in torrents flows.

Thus as they struggle, fortune's freak
Accords them the success they seek
For while Sergestus, blindly rash,
Drives to the rock his vessel's head
And staves the perilous pass to thread,
On jutting crags behold him dash !
Loud crash the oars with shivering shock
The wedged prow hangs upon the rock
With shout and scream npstart the crew,
Condemned to halt where late they flew.
Ply steel-tipped poles and pointed staves,
And pick the crushed oars from the waves
But joyous Mnestheus, made more keen
By vantage offering unforeseen,
With all his oars in rapid play
And winds to waft him on his way,
Darts forth into the shelving tides,
And o'er the sea's broad bosom glides
So all at once a startled dove,
Who builds her nest in rocky cove,
Bursts forth, and in her wild affright
Loud flaps her fluttering wings for flight :

Then launched in air, the smooth deep skims,
Nor stirs a pinion as she swims
So Mnestheus · so his vessel flees
Along the residue of seas
The very impulse of its flight
Conveys it on, how swift, how light !
And first Sergestus in the rear
He leaves, still struggling to get clear,
While vainly succour he implores,
And tries to row with shattered oars
Chimæra next he puts in chase
Her helmsman lost, sho yields the race
Cloanthus now alone remains

Just finishing the course ;
Whom to o’ertake he toils and strains
With all ambition’s force
The cheers redouble from the shore ,
Heaven echoes with the wild uproar
Those blush to lose a conquering game,
And fain would peril life for fame
These bring success their zeal to fan ,
They can because they think they can
And now perchance with vessels paired
The rivals twain the prize had shared,
When with his palms to ocean spread
Cloanthus breathed a prayer, and said :
‘ Ye Gods who o’er the deep have sway,
Whose watery realm I plough,
Before your altar in the bay
A milk-white bull I stand to slay,
Amereed in this my vow,
Cast forth the entrails o’er the brine,
And pour a sacred stream of wine ’
He said there heard him ’neath the sea
The Nereid train and Panope,

And with his hand divinely strong
Portunus pushed the bark along
Swifter than wind or shaft it flies
To land, and in the haven lies

Æneas then, assembling all,
Proclaims aloud by herald's call
Cloanthus victor of the day,
And wreaths his conquering brows with bay.
Three goodly bulls he bids him chooso
(Such boon is given to all the crews)
With wine, and to his vessel bear
A silver talent, for its share
The chiefs themselves receive beside
Rich gifts of more conspicuous pride
A gold-wrought scarf of rare device

Upon the conqueror he bestows,
Around whose field meandering twice

A stream of Grecian purple flows.
Inwoven there the princely boy
Along the wooded hills of Troy
Is following on the flying deer
With eager foot and lifted spear,
So keen, his pants are all but heard.—
Down swoops the thunder-bearing bird,
And from the mountain bears away
In taloned claws the beautiful prey
His aged guardians raise on high
Their hands the fierce hounds bay the sky.
But he whose prowess in the race
Won for his bark the second place,
To him he gives a shirt of mail,
A three-piled work of golden scale,
Which from Demoleos' breast he tore
Victorious once on Simois' shore,

A garniture of glorious show,
Nor fitted less to ward a blow
Beneath that burden staggering strain
Two stalwart squires of Mnestheus' train,
Wherewith Demolcos erst endued
Troy's scattered sons on foot pursued
With caldrons twain the third is graced,
And silver bowls with figures chased.

The meeds were given ; the rivals proud
Were moving stately through the crowd,
Each glorying in his several boon,
And wreathed with purple-bright festoon,
When lo ! unhonoured and forlorn,
Scarce from the rock with effort torn,
One tier destroyed, 'mid gibes and jeers
His wavering bark Sergestus steers
E'en as a snake that on the way
Some wheel has mangled as it lay,
Or passer-by with stone well-aimed
Has left half-dying, crushed and maimed
In slow retreat without avail
It strives its lengthening coils to trail
One half erect the foe defies
With hissing throat and fiery eyes ,
One, lame and wounded, backward holds
The surging spires and gathering folds
So rows the bark on her slow way,
Yet sets her sail, and gains the bay.
Not less her chief receives his due
For ship brought back and rescued crew,
A Cretan slave, expert to spin,
And at her bosom children twin

When ended now the naval race,
Æneas seeks a grassy space,

Which winding hills encompass round,
 Their shaggy tops with forests crowned;
 There, as the deepening vale descends,
 A rustic theatre extends,
 Where, ringed with thousands round, he
 sate

On high-heaped throne in rural state.
 Whoe'er in speed of foot would vie
 He here invites, their chance to try
 And earn reward · from diverse parts
 They come, swift limbs and generous hearts,
 Trojan and Sicel interspersed:
 Euryalus and Nisus first ·

That for his beauty and his youth
 Conspicuous 'mid the sons of Troy.

This for his pure affection's truth ·

 Concentred on the lovely boy.

Diores next them takes his place,
 A princely branch of Priam's race ·
 Salus and Patron too succeed,
 The one of Acarnanian breed,
 While Togeia gave the other birth,
 And Arcady his parent earth ·
 Then Helymus and Panopes,
 Trinacria's youthful offspring these,
 Trained in the woods to chase the boar
 And comrades of Acestes hoar:
 With many a candidate besides
 Whom dim-eyed fame in darkness hides
 Whom, as around his seat they pressed,
 Æneas thus in brief addressed:
 ' Vouchsafe your audience, and receive
 My words with glad regard.
 None of this train the field shall leave
 Unguerdoned by reward:

Two polished darts of Gnossian craft,
 An axe with silver-studded haft,
 Such boon be each one's share :
 The three who prove them first in speed
 Shall boast a more conspicuous meed,
 And olive chaplets wear
 First to the victor of the day
 A horse be given with trappings gay :
 A quiver shall the second grace,
 True Amazon, with shafts from Thrace,
 A belt withal of broad bright gold
 With jewelled clasp to clench its hold :
 These for the second on the third
 This Argive helmet be conferred '

He said at once they take their place,
 And at the sign begin the race,
 Pour from their base like rain-cloud dark,
 And strain their eyes the goal to mark
 First, far before each flying form,
 Comes Nisus rushing like the storm ,
 Then, nearest him where none are near,
 Young Salus strains in full career ,
 Then with brief interval of space
 Euryalus, the third in place ,
 Then Helymus - behind him, lo !
 Diorea, touching heel with toe,
 Close hangs upon his rear,
 And, had they run but few roods more,
 Had passed him, shooting on before,
 And made the vantage clear.

And now the race was all but o'er,
 And panting to the goal they drew,
 When Nisus trips in slippery gore
 Chance-sprinkled on the grassy floor
 From beasts the sacrificers slew ;

So late the conqueror, blithe and bold,
 He fails to keep his foot's sure hold,
 And falls in prone confusion flung
 'Mid victim blood and loathly dung.
 E'en then affection claims its part -
 Euryalus is in his heart :
 Uprising from the sodden clay,
 He casts himself in Salius' way,
 And Salius tripped and sprawling lay
 Euryalus like lightning flies
 'Mid plaudits and assenting cries,
 And through his friend attains the prize
 Next Helymus, and next comes in
 Dioces, thus the third to win
 Salius aloud his wrong proclaims
 To all who sit to view the games :
 Fills with his shouts the foremost seat,
 Claims back the prize, and brands the cheat.
 But more Euryalus finds grace
 So well tho tears beseech his face,
 And worth appears with brighter shine
 When lodged within a lovely shrine.
 Dioces swells the general strain,
 Just ranged within the conquering list,
 An empty preference, all in vain,
 Should Salius have the prize he missed.
 Aeneas thus 'Your rights are yours.
 None stirs the palm my word assures :
 Let me be suffered to extend
 Compassion to a hapless friend '
 So speaking, Salius he consoled
 With lion's hide, its claws of gold.
 Outspoke bold Nisus 'If defeat
 Such vast requital needs must meet,
 And falls win friends, what boon of grace
 Were large enough for Nisus' case,
 Whose merit made him first in place ?

But Fortune, with malicious glee,
That baffled Salus, baffled me '
And saying thus, his face he reared,
And showed his limbs with ordure smeared.
The good sire smiled, and bade be brought
A shield by Didymaon wrought,
A Danaan spoil, which erst he tore
From Grecian Neptune's temple door
Then to the gallant youth presents
The guerdon, and his heart contents

The foot-race done, the meeds assigned,
' Now for the prompt collected mind,
Stout heart, and watchful eye
Stand forth, your wrists with gauntlets bind,
And lift your arms on high '
He said, and for the boxing-fray
Two prizes he proposed .
A bull for him that wins the day,
Its horns with gold enclosed
A shining helmet and a glaive
To reassure the beaten brave
At once, gigantic, broad, and strong,
Amid the plaudits of the throng
Uprises Dares, who alone
With Paris' skill dared match his own
Nay, at the tomb where Hector lies,
The champion Rutes, vast of size,
Who plumed him on an athlete's breed
From Amycus' Behrycian seed,
Fell, stricken by his conquering hand,
And gasped expiring on the sand.
Such Dares in the lists appears,
His lofty head defiant rears,
The compass of his shoulders shows,
His arms by turns before him throws,
And on the air expends his blows.

His match is sought, but sought in vain .
Not one of all that mighty train
Has nerve the champion to defy
And round his hands the gauntlets tie
So, filled with overweening might,
And thinking all declined the fight,
Before the chief he takes his stand,
Lays on the bullock's horn his hand,
And thus in triumph cries -

' Why, goddess-born, this vain delay ?
If none dare venture on the fray,
How long shall justice be deferred ?
'T were decent now to give the word
And bid me take the prize '
With shouts the Trojan host agreed
And claimed their champion's promised meed

Now with rebuke Acestes plies
Entellus, who beside him lies
Upon the grassy sward
' Entellus, whom erewhile we thought
Our bravest hero, all for nought,
And will you then the strife forego,
And see borne off without a blow
The champion's proud reward ?
Where now the pupil's loyal pride
In mighty Eryx deified,
The fame that spread Trinacria o'er,
The trophies hanging from your door ? '
' Nay,' cries the chief, ' no coward dread
Has made ambition hide her head .
But strength is slack in limbs grown old,
And aged blood runs dull and cold
Had I the thing I once possessed,
Which makes yon braggart rear his crest,

Had I but youth, no need had been
Of gifts to lure me to the green :
No, though the bull were twice as fair,
'T is not the prize should make me dare '
Then on the ground in open view
Two gloves of giant weight he threw,
Which Eryx once in combat phed
And braced him with the tough bull-hide.
In speechless wonder all behold -
Seven mighty hides with fold on fold
Enwrap the fist. and iron sewed
And knobs of lead augment the load.
E'en Dares starts in sheer dismay,
And shuns the desperate essay ,
The gauntlets' weight Æneas tries,
And handles their enormous size
Then fetching speech from out his breast
The veteran thus his mind expressed
' What if the gauntlets you had seen
Alcides wore that day,
Had stood on this ensanguined green
And watched the fatal fray ?
These gloves your brother Eryx wore,
Still stained, you see, with brains and gore
With these 'gainst Hercules he stood
With these I fought, while youthful blood
Supplied me strength, nor age had shed
Its envious winter on my head.
But if the arms Sicilians wield
Deter the Trojan from the field,
If so Æneas' thoughts incline,
And so my chief approves,
Let both be equal, side and side :
I spare you Eryx' grim bull-hide :
Dismiss that terror, and resign
In turn your Trojan gloves.'

He said, and from his shoulders throws
The robe he wont to use,
His mighty frame's contexture shows,
His mighty arms and thews,
And in the middle of the sand
In giant greatness takes his stand.

Then good Anchises' son supplies
Two pairs of gauntlets matched in size,
Equips the combatants alike,
And sets them front to front to strike
Raised on his toes each champion stands,
And fearless lifts in air his hands.
Their heads, thrown back, avoid the stroke ;
Their mighty arms tho fight provoke.
That on elastic youth relies,
This on vast limbs and giant size ;
But the huge knees with age are slack,
And fitful gasps the deep chest rack
Full many a wound the heroes rain
Each on the other, still in vain :
Their hollow sides return the sound,
Their battered chests the shock rebound :
'Mid ears and temples come and go
The wandering gauntlets to and fro
The jarred teeth chatter 'neath the blow.
Firm stands Entellus in his place,
A column rooted on its base ;
His watchful eye and shrinking frame
Alone avoid the gauntlet's aim
Like leaguer who invests a town
Or sits before a hill-fort down,
The younger champion tasks his art
To find the bulwark's weakest part,

This way and that unwearied scans,
And vainly tries a thousand plans.
Entellus, rising to the blow,
Puts forth his hand : the wary foe
Midway in air the mischief spied,
And, deftly shifting, slipped aside.
Entellus' force on air is spent:
Heavily down with prone descent
He falls, as from its roots uprent
A pine falls hollow, on the side
Of Erymanth or lofty Ide.
Loud clamouring from their seats arise
Troy's and Trinacria's sons -
The shouts mount upward to the skies :
And first Acestes runs,
And tenderly from earth uprears
His ancient friend of equal years.
But not disheartened by his foil
The champion rises from the soil :
With wrath he goads his sluggard might,
And turns him fiercer to the fight -
The smouldering mass is stirred to flame
By conscious worth and glowing shame :
Ablaze with fury he pursues
The Trojan o'er the green,
And now his right hand deals the bruise,
And now his left as keen.
No pause, no respite . fierce and fast
As hailstones rattle down the blast
On sloping roofs, with blow on blow
He buffets Dares to and fro
But good Æneas suffered not
The strife to rage too far :
Or ere Entellus waxed more hot,
He bade him cease the war,

Delivered Dares, sore distressed,
And thus with soothing words addressed :
' Alas ! what frenzy of the mind
Has made you, hapless friend, so blind ?
Perceive you not the powers have changed,
And left the side where once they ranged ?
Give way to Heaven ' Such speech he made,
And as he spoke the combat stayed.
But Dares by a friendly throng
All helplessly is dragged along,
Trailing his knees his weight beneath,
Swaying his head from side to side,
While clotted gore and loosened teeth
Pour from his mouth in mingled tide
They bear him to the ships away,
Then at a call receive
The helm and sword the bull and bay
They with Entellus leave.
With triumph kindling in his eyes
And glorying in the bull, his prize,
The victor to the concourse cries :
' Learn, goddess-born, and Ithum's host,
What strength my youthful arm could boast,
And what the death from whose dark door
Your rescued Dares you restore '
He spoke, and stood before the bull,
Swung back his arm, and planted full
Between its horns the gauntlet's blow.
The brain came through the shattered skull .
Prone, quivering, dead, the beast lies low .
While words like these the veteran said
In consecration of the dead :
' This better substitute I pay,
Eryx, to thee, for Dares' life,
And here renounce, as conqueror may,
The gauntlets and the strife.'

The champions next, who would compete
In archer skill with arrow fleet,
Æneas summons, and ordains
The gifts that shall reward their pains.
His mighty hand erects a mast
 Plucked from Serestus' bark,
And to its top a dove makes fast
 To be the bowman's mark.
The rivals gather to the spot -
A brazen helm receives each lot -
And first amidst applauding cries
Hippocoon's name to daylight flies
Next Mnestheus, wreathed with olive crown,
Mnestheus, whose vessel earned renown.
Third in the list Eurytion came,
Thy brother, Pandarus, mighty name,
Whose arrow, charged to break the peace,
First fluttered through the ranks of Greece
Last at the bottom of the casque
 Acestes' lot appears,
He too adventuring to the task
 . That matches younger years

They bend their bows like men of worth,
And from the case their shafts draw forth
And first from off the twanging string
Hippocoon's feathered dart takes wing,
Achieves the passage, and sticks fast
Full in the centro of the mast
The stout tree quivers - the scared bird
Flaps, and applauding peals are heard
Then Mnestheus raises toward the sky
His bow, and levels shaft and eye :
But ah ! the dove he might not wound :
 His arrow cuts the flaxen ties

Which to the mast had held her bound ;
 And forth into the clouds she flies.
 With shaft already aimed for flight,
 Eurytion to his brother vowed :
 Triumphant as she wings the height,
 He strikes the dove beneath a cloud.
 Pierced to the heart, she leaves behind
 Her life to mingle with the wind,
 And as she tumbles to the ground,
 The weapon in her side is found.

And now, of victory bereft,
 Acestes at the end is left -
 Yet still he shoots in air, to show
 His veteran skill and sounding bow :
 When sudden lo ! the gazers see
 A sign of mightiest augury -
 The dire event the truth revealed,
 And secrets too late their warnings pealed.
 E'en in the mid expanse of skies
 The arrow kindles as it flies,
 Behind it draws a fiery glare,
 Then wasting, vanishes in air -
 So stars, dislodged, athwart the night
 Career, and trail a length of light
 In wonder either nation gazed,
 Their souls to Heaven in prayer upraised
 Nor great Æneas dared disown
 The omen by the gods foreshown ;
 Acestes to his heart he pressed,
 With presents heaped, and thus addressed
 ' Take this, my father ! 't is decreed
 That yours should be a special meed :
 So speak these signs above
 This bowl, enchased with figures, take,
 And keep it for Anchises' sake -

A gift which Cissens, lord of Thrace,
Once gave my sire of his dear grace,
In token of their love.'
Then round Acestes' temples hoar
He bound the wreath of bay,
And hailed him all his peers before
Tho conqueror of tho day ·
Nor good Eurytion grudged to see
Tho veteran's claim preferred,
Albeit that he, and none but he,
Struck down tho soaring bird
Next him who cut the cord, and last
The champion's turn who struck the mast

But good *Æneus*, e'en before
The archers' rivalry was o'er,
In private summoned to his side
The young Iulus' trusted guide,
Old Periphas Epytides,
And gently whispered words like these
' Go now, and if *Ascanius*' band
Of boyish knights is here at hand,
Bid him on this his grandsire's day
Himself and them in arms display.'
This said, he bids tho company
Retire, and leave the circus free
They enter, glittering side by side,
And rein their steeds with youthful pride,
As 'neath their fathers' eyes they ride,
While all *Trinacria*'s host and *Troy*'s
With plaudits greet the princely boys
Each has his hair by rule confined
With stripped-off leaves in garland twined
Some ride with shapely bows equipped ·
Two cornel spears they bear, steel-tipped .

And wreaths of twisted gold invest
 The neck, and sparkle on the breast.
 Three are the companies of horse,
 And three the chiefs that scour the course :
 Twelve gallant boys each chief obey,
 And shine in tripartite array.
 Young Priam first, Polites' heir,
 Well-pleased his grandsire's name to bear,
 Leads his gay troop, himself decreed
 To raise up an Italian seed.
 He prances forth, all dazzling bright,
 On Thracian steed with spots of white :
 White on its fetlock's front is seen,
 And white the space its brows between
 Then Atys, next in place, from whom
 The Atian family descend
 Young Atys, fresh with life's first bloom,
 The boy Iulus' sweet boy-friend -
 Iulus last, in form and face
 Preenment his peers above,
 A courser rides of Tyrian race,
 Memorial gift of Dido's love
 Sicilian steeds the rest bestride
 From old Accstes' stalls supplied.
 The Dardauids with mingling cheers
 Relieve the young aspirants' fears,
 And gaze delighted, as they trace
 A parent's mien in each fair face

And now when all from first to last
 Beneath their kinsfolk's eyes had past,
 Before the assembled crowd,
 Epytides shrills forth from far
 His signal-shout, as if for war,
 And cracks his whip aloud.

In equal parts the bands divide,
And gallop off on either side :
Then wheeling round in full career
Charge at a call with levelled spear
Again, again, they come and go
Through adverse spaces to and fro ;
Circles in circles interlock,
And, sheathed in arms, the gazers mock
With mimicry of battle-shock
And now they turn their backs in flight,
Now put their spears in rest,
And now in amity unite,
And ride the field abreast
E'en as of old the Cretan maze
With blind blank walls its secret hid,
A tangle of a thousand ways,
Which whoso sought by signs to thrud
Went wandering, baffled and involved,
Through paths returnless and unsolved ,
Such tangle make the youths of Troy
As o'er the champaign they deploy,
And deftly weave in sportive play
A mingled web of fight and fray,
As dolphins at their sport with ease
The expanse of ocean sweep
'Twixt Libyan and Carpathian seas
And gambol o'er the deep.
This pageantry of mimic strife
Ascanius called again to life,
What time with wall and rampart strong
He girdled Alba, named the Long,
And to the elder Latins showed
The celebration and the mode
Which erst he practised when a boy,
And, 'neath his lead, the youth of Troy.

Young Alba learned the lesson set :
From Alba queenly Rome
Received the lore, and honours yet
The custom of her home,
And Troy's hereditary name
Still marks the players and the game.

Thus far the pageant rites were paid
To blost Anchises' hallowed shade
Now Fortune first with wayward guile
Changed for a frown her former smile
Fell Juno, while before the mound
The games perform their festal round,
Despatches Iris from the sky
And gives her wings of wind to fly,
Deep plotting ill, her ancient pride
Yet festering and unpacified
Adown her bow of myriad dyes,
Unseen of all, the maiden hies
The mighty concourse she surveys,

Then turns her to the sea
A port forsaken meets her gaze,
A fleet from tendance free
But on a sheltered beach alone
The dames of Troy are making moan
For their lost sire, and as they weep
Look wistful, woful o'er the deep.
O weary, weary length of foam !
O watery waste whereon to roam !

So, one and all, they cry -
A settled city they implore -
'T were pain and heaviness once more
The ocean's toils to try.

So now, not ignorant of harm,
The Goddess veils each heavenly charm,

And sudden stands before their eyes
In Beroë's simulated guise,
Beroë, Doryclius' aged dame,
Who once had children, place and name :
And thus transfigured she proclaims
Her presence to the assembled dames
' O wretches, whom in Ilium's day
The Argive conqueror spared to slay !
O race long exercised in ill !
For what extreme has Fortune's will
Preserved you living, suffering still ?
Now, since our country was no more,
Seven summers nigh have flown,
And we, still tossing ocean o'er,
'Mid reefs of cold bare stone,
O'erarched by alien stars above,
All homeless and unfriended rove,
While through the billows we pursue
Italia, flying from the view,
And down the tides are blown
Lo, here is Eryx' brother coast,
Acestes too, our kingly host
Why make not here our home, and bless
With city walls the cityless ?
O country ! O ye home-god powers
Snatched from the foe in vain !
Shall never town of Troy be ours
In all the world again ?
Xanthus and Simois, Hector's streams,
Shall I behold them but in dreams ?
Come, share my counsel, and conspire
To wrap these ill-starred ships in fire
E'en as I slept last night, methought
New-lighted brands Cassandra brought,
And ' Here,' she cried, ' conclude your quest :
Here find your Troy, your home of rest.'
This hour the deed demands

Shall man's supineness mock the skies ?
See, altars four to Neptune rise :
The God, the God himself supplies
The fury and the brands.'

She seized a torch, and o'er her head
Waved it with backdrawn arm, and sped.
With kindling hearts and senses dazed
The mothers of Dardania gazed
Then one, in reverend years the first,
Pyrgo, who Priam's sons had nursed :
' No Beroc, matrons, have you here :
Not this Doryclus' wife.
See, breathing in her face appear
Signs of celestial life
Observe her eyes, how bright they shine :
Mien, accent, walk, are all divine
Beroe herself I left but now
Sick and outworn, with clouded brow,
'That she alone should fail to pay
Due reverence to Anchises' day '

In doubt at first the matrons stand,
And scan the ships with eyes malign,
Divided 'twixt their present land
And that which beckons o'er the brine,
When lo! her wings the Goddess spread,
And skyward on her rainbow fled.
Then, all as one to madness driven
By portents manifest from heaven,
A shout of loud acclaim they raise,
Live embers snatch from hearths ablaze,
The fuel on the altars seize,
Hurl stocks and brands, and boughs of trees -
The fire-god darts from mast to keel
O'er bench, and oar, and figured deal.

Swift breaks Eumelus on the games
With tidings of the fleet in flames,
And, looking back, the gazers spy
The smoke-clouds blackening on the sky.
Ascanius first, as o'er the mead

He leads his young array,
Spurs to the camp his fiery steed,
Nor can his guardians, blown with speed,
His headlong impulse stay ·
And ' Wretched countrywomen ! whence,'
He cries, ' this rage that robs your sense ?
No Greek encampment you consume .
No , 't is your own dear hopes ye doom
Look ! your Ascanius speaks ! ' before

His feet upon the sand
He flung the helm he lately wore
While marshalling his band
Æneas and the Trojan host
Come hurrying, hasting to the coast
The guilty nations, winged with dread,
Along the devious shores are fled,
Hide in the tangles of the grove,
Or huddling seek some rocky cove ·

Their frenzied enterprise they rue,
And loathe the blessed light of heaven ,
With sobering eyes their friends they view,

And Juno from their souls is driven
Yet still with unabated power
The fire continues to devour ·
'Twixt the soaked timbers oozes slow
Thick vapour from the smouldering tow ;
The threads of pestilential flame
Steal downward through each vessel's frame ,
Nor all the efforts of the brave
Nor streaming floods avail to save.

In desperate grief Æneas rends
 His raiment, and his hands extends -
 ' Dread Siro, if Ithum's lorn estate
 Deserve not yet thine utter hate,
 If still thine ancient faithfulness
 Give heed to mortals in distress,
 O let the fleet escape the flame !
 O save from death Troy's dying name !
 Or, if my deeds the stroke demand,
 Then, Father, bare thy red right hand,
 Send forth thy lightning, and o'erwhelm
 The poor remainder of our realm ! '
 Scarce had he ended, when from high
 Pours down a burst of rain,
 And thunder rolling round the sky
 Shakes rising ground and plain .
 All heaven lets loose its watery store ,
 The clouds are massed, the south winds roar
 With blustering rain the ships are drenched,
 Till every spark at last is quenched,
 And all the barks, save only four,
 Escape the fiery conqueror.

But good Æneas, all distraught
 By that too cruel blow,
 In dire perplexity of thought
 Alternates to and fro,
 Still doubting, should he take his rest,
 Unmindful of the Fates' behest,
 In Sicily, or seek once more
 To compass the Italian shore.
 Then Nautas, whose experienced mind
 Pallas made sage beyond his kind,
 Interpreting what Heaven's dread ire
 Might threaten, or the Fates require,

Breathes counsel in Æneas' ear,
And strives his anxious soul to cheer :
' My chief, let Fate cry on or back,
' T is ours to follow, nothing slack :
Whate'er betide, he only cures
The stroke of Fortuno who endures.
Lo here Acestes the divine,
Himself a prince of Dardan line -
Invite his counsel, bid him share
(He will not grudge) your load of care
Give to his charge the homeless band
That erst our four lost vessels manned,
Whoe'er from high emprise recoils
And sickens to partake your toils,
Old men and wayworn dames, and all
That faunts and shrinks at danger's call ;
Here let the weary set them down,
And build them a Sicilian town :
Let courtesy assert her claim,
And give the place Acestes' name.'

With kindling soul he meditates
The counsel of his friend,
And fiercer still the dire debates
His troubled bosom rend.
Now sable night invests the sky,
When lo ! descending from on high
The semblance of Anchises seemed
To give him counsel as he dreamed -
' My son, more dear, while life remained,
E'en than that life to me,
My son, long exercised and trained
In Ilium's destiny,
My errand is from Jove the sire,
Who saved your vessels from the fire,

And sent at last from heaven above
 The wished-for tokens of his love.
 Hear and obey the counsel sage
 Bestowed by Nautes' reverend age:
 Picked youths, the bravest of the brave,
 Be these your comrades o'er the wave,
 For haughty are the tribes and rude
 That Latium has to be subdued.
 But ere you yet confront the foe,
 First seek the halls of Dis below,
 Pass deep Avernus' vale, and meet
 Your father in his own retreat.
 Not Tartarus' prison-house of crime
 Detains me, nor the mournful shades:
 My home is in the Elysian chime,
 With righteous souls, 'mid happy glades
 The virgin Sibyl with the gore
 Of sable sheep shall ope the door.
 Then shall you learn your future line,
 And what the walls the Fates assign
 And now farewell dew-sprinkled Night
 Has sealed Olympus' topmost height.
 I catch their panting breath from far,
 The steeds of Morning's cruel star
 He said, and vanished out of sight,
 Like thinnest smoke, and mixed with night;
 While 'Whither now?' Æneas cries
 'What makes thee hurry thus apace?
 Whom fleest thou? what constraint denies
 A father to his son's embrace?'
 With that he wakes the slumbering fire,
 Adores the home-god of his sire,
 And worships Vesta's awful power
 With frankincense and wheaten flour

At once he summons to his side
Acestes and his comrades tried,
Jove's mandate and his sire's unfolds,
And how at length his purpose holds.
No long debates the deed delay,
Nor good Acestes says him nay
Forthwith the matrons they enrol,
First dwellers in the new-plann'd town,
And disembark each weary soul
That thirsts no more for high renown
Themselves the fire-charied planks renew,
The benches and the decks repair,
Equip with oars each vessel's crew,
And rig the masts with studious care,
A gallant band, in number few,
In spirit resolute to dare

Meantime Æneas draws the lines
Of the new town, its homes assigns :
Each place receives a name to bear,
And here 'tis Troy, and thence there
Acestes, genuine son of Troy,
Assumes the sovereignty with joy,
Holds trial of each doubtful cause,
And gives the infant senate laws
On Eryx' top a fane they raise,
To mate the stars, in Venus' praise,
And with a priest and grove they grace
Anchises' hallowed resting-place

And now the nine days' feast is o'er,
The sacred rites complete ,
The hushed gales smooth the watery floor ;
The south-wind, freshening from the shore,
Invites the lingering fleet

Along the winding coast arise
Loud sounds of grief and tearful cries.
Locked in each other's arms they stay,
And clog the wheels of night and day.
Nay, e'en the matrons, e'en the crew
Who shuddered at the ocean's view
And loathed its name, now fain would flee
And brave the hardships of the sea.
With kindness of gentle speech
The good Æneas comforts each,
And to their kinsman prince commends
With tears his subjects and his friends
Three calves to Eryx next he kills;
A lambkin's blood to Tempest spills,
 And bids them loose from land.
With olive-leaves he binds his brow,
Then takes his station on the prow,
 A charger in his hand,
Flings out the entrails on the brine,
And pours a sacred stream of wine.
Fair winds escort them o'er the deep.
With emulous stroke the waves they sweep

But Venus, torn by many a fear,
Thus breathes her plaint in Neptune's ear.
'Fell Juno's persecuting ire,
Still raging with unsated fire,
Compels me, Neptune, to abase
My pride, and humbly sue for grace.
No lapse of time, how long soe'er,
Nor all the force of duteous prayer,
Nor hest of Jove, nor will of Fate
That changeless rancour can abate.
'Tis not enough to have devoured
A queenly city, walled and towered,

And made the wretched captives drain
E'en to its dregs the cup of pain :
She still pursues the flying ront,
And strives to stamp the last spark out ;—
Strange mystery of hatred, known
To none but to herself alone !
Thyself wast there when lately she
Raised tumult in the Libyan sea ,
Thou saw'st in what confusion blent
She mingled main and firmament,
Armed with Æolian storms in vain,
In bold defiance of thy reign
Now, working on the Trojan dames,
She foully wraps our fleet in flames,
And drives the crews, their vessels lost,
To settle on an unknown coast
Thus then, for what remains, I crave
Thine own safe conduct o'er the wave,
That so, emerging from the main,
Laurentian Tiber they may gain,
If what I ask is ruled in Heaven,
If there the city Fate has given '
Great Ocean's lord replied ' 'Tis just
Cythera's queen my realm should trust,
Which erst her being gave -
And oft-times too has Neptune won
Her confidence by service done
In calming wind and wave
Nor e'en on earth (let Xanthus speak
And Simois) has my arm been weak
Thy gallant son to save
When fierce Achilles from the coast
Drove to their walls Troy's panting host,
While the choked rivers gasped for breath,
And gave whole multitudes to death,

And labouring Xanthus strove in vain
To roll his waters to the main.
Then, as Æneas, undismayed,
With weaker strength and feebler aid
Pelides met, I barred the fray,
And bore him in a cloud away,
Though all my will was to destroy
My own creation, perjured Troy.
And now as then my heart is set
To work him good thy fears forget.
Avernus' haven he shall see
In safety, where he fain would be
One life alone shall glut the wave ,
One head shall fall the rest to save '

Thus having soothed the Goddess' cares,
His fiery steeds the Father pairs,
With foamy bit each fierce mouth checks,
Then flings the reins upon their necks.
Along the surface of the tides
His sea-green chariot smoothly glides :
Hushed by his wheels the billows lie ,
The storm-clouds vanish from the sky
His vassals follow in his wake,
Sea-monsters of enormous make,
Palæmon, child of Ino's strain,
With Glaucus' venerable train,
And Tritons, swift to cleave the flood,
And Phorcus' finny multitude.
Then Thetis comes, and Melite,
Nesæe, Spio, Panope,
Thalia and Cymodoce.

A pleasing joy succeeds to fear
In good Æneas' mind :

He bids them all their masts uprear,
And spread their sails to wind.
All at the word throughout the fleet
Stretch out the canvas on the sheet;
Now left, now right, alike they shift:
'The gales are kind, the barks fly swift;
First Palinurus leads the way,
The rest observe him, and obey.
Now Night's fleet coursers almost reach
The summit of the sky.
The weary oarsmen, all and each,
Along the benches lie,
When lo! false Sleep, on pinions light,
Drops down from heaven and cleaves the night,
Sad dreams to thee beneath his wings,
Unhappy Palinure, he brings,
Lights on the stern in Phorbas' guise,
And thus with soft enticement phes.
'See, Palinure, the vessels glide
Even with the motion of the tide,
The breeze with steady current blows,
The very hour invites repose
Rest your tired head, and for awhile
Those hard-tasked eyes of toil beguile,
Myself will take, for that short space,
The rudder, and supply your place'
Scarce lifting from the heaven his eyes,
The wary Palinure replies.
'What? I the dupe of Ocean's wiles?
I trust this fiend that fawns and smiles?
Commit Æneas to the gale,
Who oft have proved how false its tale?'
Thus as he speaks, his hand and eye
Cleave to the rudder and the sky;
When lo! the god a slumberous bough
With dews of Styx and Lethe wet

Shakes gently o'er the watcher's brow,
And seals those eyes, so firmly set.
Scarcely had the loosening limbs given way,
The demon falls upon his prey,
And hurls him, dragging wood-work rent
And rudder in his prone descent,
With headlong ruin to the main,
Invoking friendly aid in vain :
Himself resumes his wings, and flies
Aloft into the buoyant skies
Yet still the fleet by Neptune's aid
Floats onward, safe and undismayed,
Till as they near the Sirens' shore,
A perilous neighbourhood of yore
And white with mounded bones,
Where the hoarse sea with far-heard roar
Keeps washing on the stones,
The good chief feels the vessel sway,
No steersman to direct its way,
And takes himself the helm, and guides
Their progress through the darkling tides
Full many a heart-fetched groan he heaved,
Thus of his hapless friend bereaved
' Ah fatal confidence, too prone
To trust in sea and sky '
A naked corpse on shores unknown
Shall Palmyrus lie ! '

BOOK VI.

So cries he while the tears run down,
And gives his fleet the rein,
Till, sailing on, the Eubœic town
Of Cumæ they attain
Toward the sea they turn their prores;
Each weary bark the anchor moors.
The crooked sterns invest the shores
With buoyant hearts the youthful band
Leap out upon the Hesperian strand,
Some seek the fiery sparkles, sown
Deep in the veins of cold flint-stone
Some fell the silvan-haunted woods,
And point with joy to new-found floods

But to the height Æneas hies
Where Phœbus holds his seat,
And seeks the cave of wondrous size,
The Sibyl's dread retreat,
The Sibyl, whom the Delian seer
Inspires to see the future clear,
And fills with frenzy's heat:
The grove they enter, and behold
Above their heads the roof of gold

Sage Dædalus, so runs the tale,
From Minos bent to fly,
On feathery pinions dared to sail
Along the untravelled sky,

Flies northward through the polar heights,
Nor stays till he on Cumæ lights
First landed here, he consecrates
 The wings whereon he flew
To Phœbus' power, and dedicates
 A fane of stately view.

Androgeos' death the gates portray :

 Then Cecrops' sons appear,
Condemned the price of blood to pay,
 Seven children year by year ,

There, standing by the urn, they wait

The drawing of the lots of fate

Emergent on the othor side

The isle of Gnossus crests the tide ;

Pasiphae shows her sculptured face,

And Minotaur, of mingled race,

Memorial of her foul disgraco

There too develops to the gaze

The all inextricable maze ;

But Dædalus, with pity moved

For her who desperately loved,

Himself his own dark riddle read,

And gave a clue to guide the tread

Thou too, poor Icarus, there hadst filled

No narrow room, if grief had willed

Twice strove the sire thy tale to tell

Twice the raised hands grew slack and fell

So had they viewed the sculptures o'er,

But now Achates, sent before,

 Returned, his errand done,

And at his side Deiphobe,

Phœbus and Dian's priestess she,

 Who thus her speech begun :

‘ Not thus the time, like idle folk,

 The hungry gaze to feed :

Haste, doom ye to the victim-stroke
 Seven bulls, unconscious of the yoke,
 Seven cows of choicest breed.'

This to Æneas, nor his band
 Neglects the priestess' high command;
 And now she bids the Tencrian train
 Attend her to the lofty fane
 Within the mountain's hollow side
 A cavern stretches high and wide
 A hundred entries thither lead;
 A hundred voices thence proceed,
 Each uttering forth the Sibyl's rede
 The sacred threshold now they trod.
 'Pray for an answer! pray! tho God,'
 She cries, 'the God is nigh!'
 And as before the doors in view
 She stands, her visage pales it hue,
 Her locks dishevelled fly,
 Her breath comes thick, her wild heart glows,
 Dilating as the madness grows,
 'Her form looks larger to the eye,
 Uncarthy peals her deep-toned cry,
 As breathing nearer and more near
 The God comes rushing on his scer
 'So slack,' cries she, 'at work divine?
 Pray, Trojan, pray! not else the shrine
 Its spell-bound silence breaks.'
 A shudder through the Dardans stole.
 Their chieftain from his inmost soul
 His supplication makes

'Phœbus, who ever hadst a heart
 For Ilium's woe to feel,
 Who guided Paris' Dardan dart
 True to Achilles' heel,

So many seas round shores spread wide
Beneath thy conduct have I tried,
Massylian tribes, the ends of earth,
And climes which Libyan sands engirth ;
Now scarce at last we lay our hand
On Italy's receding land :
Suffice it, Troy's malignant star
Has followed on our path thus far !
You too, ye Gods, may now forbear
And these our hapless relics spare,
Whom Ilum in her prosperous hour
Affronted with o'er-weening power
And thou, dread maiden, who canst see
The vision of the things to be,
Vouchsafe the boon for which I sue—
My fates demand no lighter due—
That Troy and Troy's lorn gods may find
In Latium rest from wave and wind
Then to thy patron gods a fane
Of solid marble's purest grain
My hand shall build, and festal days
Preserve in life Apollo's praise.
Thce too in that my promised state
August observances await
For there thy words I will enshrine
Delivered to my race and line,
And chosen ministers ordain,
Custodians of the sacred strain.
But O commit not, I implore,
To faithless leaves thy precious lore,
Lest by the wind's wild eddies tost
Abroad they fly, their sequence lost.
Thyself the prophecy declare.'
He said, and speaking closed his prayer.

Tho seer, impatient of control,
Raves in the cavern vast,
And madly struggles from her soul
The incumbent power to cast .
He, mighty Master, ples the more
Her foaming mouth, all chafed and sore,
Tames her wild heart with plastic hand,
And makes her docile to command.
Now, all untouched, the hundred gates
Fly open, and proclaim the fates
' O freed at length from toils by sea !
But worse on land remain
The warrior-sons of Dardany
Lavinium's realm shall gain ;
That fear dismiss , but Fortune cross
Shall make them wish their gain were loss
War, dreadful war, and Tiber flood
I see incarnadined with blood
Sunois and Xanthus and the plain
Where Greeco encamped shall rise again :
A new Achilles, goddess-born,
• The destinies provide,
And Juno, like a rankling thorn,
Shall never quit your side,
While you, distressed and desolate,
Go knocking at each city's gate
The old, old cause shall stir the strife,
A stranger bed, a foreign wife.
Yet still despond not, but proceed
Along the path where Fate may lead
The first faint gleam that gilds your skies
Shall from a Grecian city rise '

Such presages of doom divine
Shrills forth the priestess from her shrine,

And wraps her truth in mystery round,
 While all the cave returns the sound ;
 Still the fierce power her hard mouth wrings,
 And deep and deeper plants his stings
 Soon as the frenzy-fit was o'er,
 And foamed the savago lips no more,
 The chief begins · ' No cloud can rise
 Unlooked for to Æneas' eyes :
 My prescient soul has all forecast,
 And seen the future as the past.
 One boon I cravo . since here, ' tis said,
 Tho path leads downward to the dead,
 Where Achoron's brumming waters spread.
 There let me go, and see the face
 Of him, the father of my love ;
 Thyself the dubious journey trace,
 And tho dread gates remove
 Him through the fire these shoulders bore,
 And from the heart of battle tore ·
 Ho shared my travel, braved with me
 The menaces of every sea,
 The ocean's roar, the tempest's rage,
 With feeble strength transcending age
 Nay, 't was his voice that bade me seek
 Thy presence, and thine aid bespoak
 O pity son and father both,
 Blest maid ! for nought to thee is hard,
 Nor vainly sworn was Dian's oath
 That placed thee here, these shades to
 guard.
 If Orpheus back to light and life
 Could summon his departed wife,
 Albeit he owned no other spell
 Than the soft breathings of his shell ;
 If Pollux ransomed from the tomb
 His brother's shade, and halved his doom,

And trod and trod again the way—
Why talk of Theseus ? why
Of great Alcides ? I, as thoy,
Descend from Jove most high.'

So spoke he, hand on altar laid .
The priestess took the word, and said .
' Inheritor of blood divine,
Preserver of Anchises' line,
The journey down to the abyss
Is prosperous and light
The palace-gates of gloomy Dis
Stand open day and night
But upward to retrace the way
And pass into the light of day,
There comes the stress of labour ; this
May task a hero's might
A few, whom Heaven has marked for love
Or glowing worth has throned above,
Themselves of seed divine conceived,
The desperate venture have achieved
Besides, the interval of ground
Is clothed with thickest wood,
And broad Cocytus winds around
Its dark and sinuous flood
But still should passionate desire
Stir in your soul so fierce a fire,
Twice o'er the Stygian pool to swim,
Twice look on Tartarus' horrors dim,
If nought will quench your madman's thirst,
Then learn what duties claim you first.
Deep in a mass of leafy growth,
Its stem and foliage golden both,
A precious bough there lurks unseen,
Held sacred to the infernal queen .

Around it bends the whole dark grove,
 And hides from view the treasure-trove.
 Yet none may reach the shades without
 The passport of that golden sprout.
 For so has Proserpine decreed
 That this should be her beauty's meed
 One plucked, another fills its room,
 And burgeons with like precious bloom
 Go, then, the shrinking treasure track,
 And pluck it with your hand :
 Itself will follow, nothing slack,
 Should fate the deed command
 If not, no weapon man can wield
 Will make its dull reluctance yield
 Then, too, your comrade's breathless clay
 (Alas ! you know not) taints the day
 And poisons all your fleet,
 While on our threshold still you stay
 And Heaven's response entreat.
 Him to his parent earth return
 Observant, and his bones urn.
 Lead to the shrine black cattle : they
 Will cleanse whate'er would else pollute
 Thus shall you Acheron's banks survey,
 Where never living soul finds way '
 She ended, and was mute.

With downcast visage, sad and grave,
 Æneas turns him from the cave,
 And ponders o'er his woe
 Still by his side Achates moves,
 Companion to the chief he loves,
 As musingly and slow
 Much talked they on their onward way,
 Debating whose the senseless clay
 That claims a comrade's tomb ;

When on the naked shore, behold,
They see Misenus, dead and cold,
 Destroyed by ruthless doom;
The son of Æolus, than who
None o'er more skilled the trumpet blew,
To animate the warrior crew
 And martial fire relume
Once Hector's comrade, in the fray
He mingled, proud the spear to sway
 Or bid the olarion sound
When Hector 'neath the conqueror died,
He joined him to Æneas' side,
 Nor worse allegiance found
Now, as he sounds along the waves
His shell, and Heaven to conflict braves,
'Tis said that Triton heard his boast
And 'mid the billows on the coast
 Sunk low his drowning head
So all the train with cries of grief
Assailed the skies, Æneas chief
Then, as the Sibyl bade, they ply
Their mournful task, and heap on high
With timber rising to the sky
 The altar of the dead.

First to the forest they repair,
The silvan prowler's leafy lair
The pitch-tree falls beneath the stroke;
The sharp axe rings upon the oak
Through beechen core the wedge goes deep.
The ash comes rolling down the steep,
Æneas stirs his comrades' zeal,
And foremost wields the workman steel.
In moody silence he surveys
The boundless grove: at last he prays.

' Ah ! would some God but show me now
In all that wood the golden bough !
My poor, poor friend ! in thee, alas,
The Sibyl's words have come to pass '
Searce had he said, when lo ! there flow
Two snow-white doves before his view,
 And on the sward took rest ;
His mother's birds the hero knew,
 And joyful prayer address -
' Hail, gentle guides ! before me fly,
And mark my pathway on the sky :
So lead me where the bough of gold
Glooms rich above its parent mould.
And thou, my mother, aid my quest,
Nor leave me doubtful and distress '
He stayed his steps, intent to know
What signs they give, which way they go
By turns they feed, by turns they fly,
Just in the range of human eye ;
Till when they scent the noisome gale
Which dark Avernus' jaws exhale
Aloft they rise in rapid flight
Then on the tree at once alight
Where flashing through the leaves is seen
The golden bough's contrasted sheen.
As in the depth of winter's snow
The parasitic mistletoe
Bursts with fresh bloom, and clothes anew
The smooth bare stems with saffron hue .
So 'mid the oak's umbrageous green
The gleam of leafy gold was seen
So 'mid the sounds of whispering trees
The thin foil tinkled in the breeze.
At once Æneas grasps the spray
His haste o'ercomes its coy delay,

And laden with the new-won prize
Beneath the Sibyl's roof he hies

Nor less meanwhile the Trojans pay
To dead Misennus' thankless clay

The last memorial rite :

And first a giant pile they raise
With oak and fir to feed the blaze,
With dark-leaved boughs its sides enlace,
Sad cypresses before it place,

And deck with armour bright
Some fix the caldron, heat the wave,
And oil the corpse which first they lave.
Loud wails are heard · then on his bed,
The weeping done, they stretch the dead,
And heap above, the cold limbs o'er,
The purple robes tho living wore .
Some lend their shoulders to the bier,
A ministration sad and drear,
And, as their fathers wont, apply
The firebrands with averted eye ·
While streaming oil and offered spice
Blaze up with flesh of sacrifice.
And now, when sank the embers down,

And ceased the flame to burn,
The smouldering heap with wine they drown,
And Corynæus from the pyre
Collects the bones, charred white by fire,

And stores in brazen urn ·

Then to his comrades thrice he gave
Lustration from the flowing wave,
With showery dew and olive bough
Besprinkling each polluted brow.

And spoke the last acclaim.

But good Æneas bids arise
A funeral mound of mighty size ;

There plants the arms the warrior bore,
The trumpet and the shapely oar,
Beneath a mountain high in air,
Which bears, and evermore shall bear
From him Miscnus' name.

Thus done, he hastens to fulfil
The dictates of the Sibyl's will
Before his eyes a monstrous cave
Expands its yawning womb,
Protected by the lake's dark wave
And forest's leafy gloom :
O'er that dread space no flying thing
Unjeoparded could ply its wing ,
Such noisome exhalations rise
From out its darkness to the skies
Here first the priestess sets in view
Four goodly bulls of sable hue,
And 'twixt their horns pours forth the wine
The topmost hairs she next plucks out,
That bristling on the forehead sprout,
An offering to the flame divine ;
On Hecate the while she cries,
The Mighty One of shades and skies.
Some 'neath the throat thrust in the knife
And catch in cups the stream of life
To Earth, and Night, the Furies' dam,
Æneas slays a black ewe-lamb,
And bids a barren heifer bleed,
For thee, dread Proserpine, decreed.
To Pluto then he sets alight
High altars, flaming through the night,
And on the embers lays
Whole bulls, denuded of their hide,
Still pouring oil in copious tide
To feed the surging blaze.

When lo, as morning's orient red
 Just brightens o'er the sky,
 The firm ground bellows 'neath their tread,
 The wooded summits rock and sway,
 And through the shade the hell-hounds' bay
 Proclaims the Goddess nigh
 'Back, ye unhallowed,' shrieks the scer,
 'And leave the whole wide forest clear :
 Come, great Æneas, tread the way,
 And keep your falchion bared -
 Now for a heart that scorns dismay :
 Now for a soul prepared '
 This said, with madness in her face
 She plunged into the cave
 He with her lengthening stride keeps pace,
 As fearless and as brave

Eternal Powers, whose sway controls
 The empire of departed souls,
 Ye too, throughout whose wide domain
 Black Night and grisly Silence reign,
 Hear Chaos, awful Phlegethon,
 What ear has heard let tongue make known
 Vouchsafe your sanction, nor forbid
 To utter things in darkness hid

Along the illimitable shade
 Darkling and lone their way they made,
 Through the vast kingdom of the dead,
 An empty void, though tenanted -
 So travellers in a forest move
 With but the uncertain moon above,
 Beneath her niggard light,
 When Jupiter has hid from view
 The heaven, and Nature's every hue
 Is lost in blinding night.

At Orcus' portals hold their lair
Wild Sorrow and avenging Care,
And pale Diseases cluster there,
And pleasureless Decay,
Foul Penury, and Fears that kill,
And Hunger, counsellor of ill,
A ghastly presence they :
Snffering and Death the threshold keep,
And with them Death's blood-brother, Sleep
Ill Joys with their seducing spells
And deadly War are at the door ;
The Furies couch in iron cells,
And Discord maddons and rebels ;
Her snake-locks hiss, her wreaths drip
gore.

Full in the midst an aged elm
Broods darkly o'er the shadowy realm :
There dream-land phantoms rest the wing,
Men say, and 'neath its foliage cling.
And many monstrous shapes beside
Within the infernal gates abide,
There Centaurs, Scyllas, fish and maid,
There Briareus' hundred-handed shade,
Chimæra armed with flame,
Gorgons and Harpies make their den,
With the foul pest of Lerna's fen,
And Geryon's triple frame
Alarmed, Æneas grasps his brand
And points it at the advancing band ;
And were no Sibyl there
To warn him that the goblin swarm
Are empty shades of hollow form,
He would be rushing on the foe,
And cleaving with intrenchant blow
The unsubstantial air.

The threshold passed, the road leads on
To Tartarus and to Acheron.
At distance rolls the infernal flood,
Secthing and swollen with turbid mud,
And into dark Cocytus pours
The burden of its oozy stores
Grim, squalid, foul, with aspect dire,
His eye-balls each a globe of fire,
The watery passage Charon keeps,
Sole warden of those murky deeps.
A sordid mantle round him thrown
Girds breast and shoulder like a zone
He plies the pole with dexterous ease,
Or sets the sail to catch the breeze,
Ferrying the legions of the dead
In bark of dusky iron-red,
Now scamed with ago, but heavenly powers
Have fresher, greener eld than ours
Towards the ferry and the shore
The multitudinous phantoms pour,
Matrons, and men, and heroes dead,
And boys and maidens, yet unwed,
And youths who funeral fires have fed
 Before their parents' eye
Dense as the leaves that from the tree
Float down when autumn first is keen,
Or as the birds that thickly massed
Fly landward from the ocean vast,
Driven over sea by wintry blast
 To seek a sunnier sky
Each in pathetic supplicance stands,
 So may he first be ferried o'er,
And stretches out his helpless hands
 In yearning for the further shore:
The ferryman, austere and stern,
Takes these and those in varying turn,

While other some he scatters wide,
And chases from the river side.

Æneas, startled at the scene,
Cries, ' Tell me, priestess, what may mean
This concourse to the shore ?'

What cause can shade from shade divide
That these should leave the river side,
Those sweep the dull waves o'er ?'

The ancient seer made brief reply
' Anchises' seed, of those on high

The undisputed heir,
Cocytus' pool and Styx you see,
The stream by whose dread majesty

No God will falsely swear
A helpless and unburied crew
Is thus that swarms before your view
The boatman, Charon whom the wave
Is carrying, these have found their grave
For never man may travel o'er
That dark and dreadful flood, before

His bones are in the urn
E'en till a hundred years are told
They wander shivering in the cold
At length admitted they behold

The stream for which they yearn '
In deep thought paused Anchises' seed
And pondered o'er their cruel need.
Tombless and sad, there meet his view
Leucaspis and Orontes true

Who Lycia's navy led :
With him they left their Eastern home ;
The southwind whelmed them 'neath the foam,
And men and bark were sped

Lo ! pilot Palinurus' ghost
Was wandering restlessly,

Who, voyaging that fatal night,
While on the stars he bent his sight,
Was tumbled headlong from his post
And flung upon the sea.

Scaree in the gloom the godlike man
His lost friend knew, then thus began :
' Ah Palinure ! what God was he
That snatched you from my fleet and me
And plunged you in the deeps ?

Apollo, true in all beside,
Here only has his word belied,
He promised you should 'scape and reach
In safety the Ausonian beach,

Lo ! thus his faith he keeps ! '

Then he ' Nor false was Phœbus' shrine,
Nor godhead whelmed me in the brine
I slipped the helm by which I steered
Still to my tightening grasp adhered,
Broke off, and with me fell

The ruthless powers of ocean know
'T was not my fate that feared me so,
Alest your ship, of help forlorn,
Her pilot lost, her helm down-torn,
Should fail in such a swell

Three long cold nights 'neath southwinds'
sweep

I drifted o'er the unmeasured deep :
Scarce on the fourth dim dawn I sight
Italia from the billow's height
Stroke after stroke I swam to shore,
And peril now was all but o'er,
When, as in cumbering garments wet
I grasped the steep with talon clutch,
With swords the barbarous natives set
On my poor life, my gear to touch

Now o'er the ocean am I blown,
Or tossed on shore from stone to stone.
O, by the genial light of day,
By those soft airs on earth that play,
By your loved sire I make my prayer,
By the sweet promise of your heir,
Respect our friendship give relief
From these my ills, unconquered chief
And either heap, as well you can,
Some earth upon a wretched man—
'T will cost you but to measure back
To Velia's port your watery track—
Or if perchance some way be known,
Some path by your blest mother shown,
For not unhelped of heaven, I trow,
O'er those dread floods you hope to go,
Vouchsafe the pledge my misery craves,
And take me with you o'er the waves,
That so in resting-place of peace
My wandering life at length may cease '
His piteous plaint was scarcely done
When thus the prophetess begun .
' Whence, Palinure, this wild desire ?
What, still unburied, you aspire
To see the stream that Furies guard,
And tread, unbid, the bank's pale sward ?
No longer dream that human prayer
The will of Fate can overbear.
Yet take and in your memory store
This cordial for your sorrow sore.
For know, that cruel country-side,
Alarmed by portents far and wide,
Shall lay your spirit, raise a mound,
And send down offerings underground .
And all the coast, while time endures,
Shall link its name with Palinure's.'

He hears, and feels his grief no more,
But glories in the namesake shore

Once more upon their way they go
And near the stream of sulphurous flow.
Whom when the gloomy boatman saw
Still nigher through the forest draw
And touch the bank, with warning tone
He hails the visitants unknown
' Whoe'er you are that sword in hand
Our Stygian flood approach,
Your errand speak from where you stand,
Nor further dare encroach
These climes the spectres hold of right,
The home of Sleep and slumberous Night,
My laws forbid me to convey
Substantial forms of breathing clay
'T was no good hour that made me take
Alcides o'er the nether lake,
Nor found I more auspicious freight
In Theseus and his daring mate,
Yet all were Heaven's undoubted heirs,
And prowess more than man's was theirs
That from our monarch's footstool dragged
The infernal watchdog, bound and gagged -
These strove to force from Pluto's side
Our mistress, his imperial bride'
Then briefly thus the Amphrysian seer
' No lurking stratagems are here,
Dismiss your qualms the sword we draw
Imports no breach of Stygian law
Still let your porter from his den
Scare bloodless shades that once were men
With baying loud and deep -
Let virtuous Proserpine maintain
Her uncle's bed untouched by stain,
And still his threshold keep.

'T is Troy's Æneas, brave and good,
To see his sire would cross the flood.
If nought it soften you to see
Such pure heroic piety,
This branch at least '—and here she showed
The branch within her raiment stowed—
' You needs must own.' At once the swell
Of anger in his bosom fell
He answers not, but eyes the sheen
Of the blest bough, so long unseen,
Turns round the vessel, dark as ink,
And brings it to the river's brink ;
Then bids the shadowy spectres flit
That up and down the benches sit,
Frees from its load the bark's deep womb,
And gives the great Æneas room
Groans the strained craft of cobbled skin,
And through rent seams the ooze drinks in.
At length wise seer and hero brave
Are safely ferried o'er the wave,
And landed on the further bank,
'Mid formless slime and marshweed dank

Lo ! Cerberus with three-throated bark
Makes all the region ring,
Stretched out along the cavern dark
That fronts their entering
The seer perceived his monstrous head
All bristling o'er with snakes uproused,
And toward him flings a sop of bread
With poppy-seed and honey drowsed
He with his triple jaws disspread
Snaps up the morsel as it falls,
Relaxes his huge frame as dead,
And o'er the cave extended sprawls.

The sentry thus in slumber drowned,
Æneas takes the vacant ground,
And quickly passes from the side
Of the irremcable tide

Hark ! as they enter, shrieks arise,
And wailing great and sore,
The souls of infants uttering cries
At ingress of the door,
Whom, portionless of life's sweet bliss,
From mother's breast untimely torn,
The black day hurried to the abyss
And plunged in darkness soon as born.
Next those are placed whom slander's breath
By false arraignment did to death.
Nor lacks e'en here the law's appeal,
Nor sits no judge the lots to deal.
Sage Minos shakes the impartial urn,
And calls a court of those below,
The life of each intent to learn
And what the cause that wrought them
 . woe
Next comes their portion in the gloom
Who guiltless sent themselves to doom,
And all for loathing of the day
In madness threw their lives away
How gladly now in upper air
Contempt and beggary would they bear,
And labour's sorest pain !
Fate bars the way around their keep
The slow unlovely waters creep
And bind with ninefold chain.

Next come, wide stretching here and there,
The Mourning Fields such name they bear.

Here those whose being tyrant love
 With slow consumption has devoured
 Dwell in secluded paths, embowered
By shade of myrtle grove
Not e'en in death may they forget
Their pleasing pain, their fond regret
Phædra and Procris here are seen,
And Eriphyle, hapless queen,
Still pointing to the death-wound made
By her fell son's unbated blade.
Evadne and Pasiphæ too
Within that precinct meet the view
Laodamia there is found,
 And Cæneus, woman now, once man,
Condemned by fate's recurrent round
 To end where she began

'Mid these among the branching tree
Sad Dido moved, the Tyrian queen,
Her death-wound bleeding yet and green
Soon as Æneas caught the view
And through the mist her semblance knew,
Like one who spies or thinks he spies
Through flickering clouds the new moon rise,
The teardrop from his eyelids broke,
And thus in tenderest tones he spoke
'Ah Dido' rightly then I read
The news that told me you were dead,
 Slain by your own rash hand !
Myself the cause of your despair !
Now by the blessed stars I swear,
By heaven, by all that dead men keep
In reverence here 'mid darkness deep,
Against my will, ill-fated fair,
 I parted from your land

The Gods, at whose command to-day
 Through these dim shades I take my way,
 Tread the waste realm of sunless blight,
 And penetrate abysmal night,
 They drove me forth nor could I know
 My flight would work such cruel woe
 Stay, stay your step awhile, nor fly
 So quickly from Æneas' eye
 Whom would you shun ? this brief space o'er,
 Fate suffers us to meet no more '
 Thus while the briny tears run down
 The hero strives to calm her frown,
 Still pleading 'gainst disdain
 She on the ground averted kept
 Hard eyes that neither smiled nor wept,
 Nor bated more of her stern mood
 Than if a monument she stood
 Of firm Marpesian grain
 At length she tears her from the place
 And lies her, still with sullen face,
 Into the enbowering grove,
 Where her first lord, Sychæus, shares
 In tender interchange of cares,
 And gives her love for love ,
 Æneas tracks her as she flies,
 With bleeding heart and tearful eyes

Then on his journey he proceeds :
 And now they gain the furthest meads,
 The place which warriors haunt ,
 There sees he Tydeus, and the heir
 Of the Arcadian nymph, and there
 Adrastus pale and gaunt
 These Trojan ghosts in battle slain,
 Whose dirge was loud in upper sky :

The chieftain knows the shadowy train,
 And heaves a melancholy sigh -
 Glaucus and Medon there they meet,
 Antenor's offspring, famed in war,
 Thersilochus, and Polyphete
 Who dwelt in Ceres' hallowed seat,
 And old Idæus, holding yet
 The armour and the car
 They cluster round their ancient friend ;
 No single view contents their eye
 They linger and his steps attend,
 And ask him how he came, and why
 But Agamemnon's chivalry,
 When gleaming through the shade
 The hero and his arms they see,
 Are wildered and dismayed -
 Some huddle in promiscuous rout
 As erst at Troy they sought the fleet
 Some feebly raise the battle-shout ,
 Their straining throat the thin tones flout,
 Unformed and incomplete.

Now Priam's son confronts his sight,
 Deiphobus, in piteous plight,
 His body gashed and torn,
 His hands cut off, his comely face
 Seamed o'er with wounds that mar its grace,
 Ears lopped, and nostrils shorn
 Him, as he cowered, and would conceal
 The ravage of the cruel steel,
 The chief scarce knew then, soon as known,
 He hails him thus in friendly tone -
 ' Deiphobus armipotent,
 Of mighty Teucer's high descent,
 What foe has had his will so far
 Your person thus to maim and mar ?

Fame told me that with slaying tired

Upon the night of Troy's last sleep,

You sank exhausted on a heap

Of Grecian carnage, and expired

Then I upon Rhœtean ground

Upraised an empty funeral mound

And called your shade thrice o'er

Your name, your arms the spot maintain

Yourself, poor friend, I sought in vain,

To give you, ere I crossed the main,

A tomb on Ilium's shore'

'Nay, gentle friend,' said Priam's son,

'Your duty nought has left undone

Deiphobus's dues are paid

And satisfied his mournful shade

No, 't was my fate and the foul crime

Of Sparta's dame that plunged me here

She bade me bear through after time

These memories of her dalliance dear

In what a dream of false delight

We Trojans spent our latest night

You know nor need I idly tell

What recollection mends too well

When the fell steed with fatal leap

Sprang o'er Troy's wall and scaled the steep,

And brought in its impregnate womb

The armed host that wrought our doom,

An orgie dance she chose to feign,

Led through the streets a matron train,

And from the turret, torch in hand,

Gave signal to the Grecian band

I, wearied out, had laid my head

On our unhappy bridal bed,

Sunk in a lethargy of sleep,

Most like to death, so calm, so deep

Meantime my virtuous wife removed
 All weapons from the house away ,
 My sword, so oft in need approved,
 She took from where the bolster lay
 Then opes the palace-door, and calls
 Her former lord within the walls,
 Thinking, forsooth, so fair a prize
 Would blind a dazzled lover's eyes,
 And patriot zeal might thus efface
 The memory of her old disgrace
 Why lengthen out the tale ? they burst
 The chamber-door, that twain accurst,
 Æolides his comrade, still
 The ready counsellor of ill.
 Ye gods, to Greeco the like repay,
 If pious are these lips that pray !
 But you, what chance, I fain would know,
 Has led you living down below ?
 Come you by ocean-wanderings driven,
 Or sent by warning voice from heaven ?
 What stress of fortune brings you here
 Through sunless regions, waste and drear ? '

Thus while they talked, day's car on high
 Had passed the summit of the sky ,
 And so perchance had worn away
 The period of the travellers' stay,
 But the good Sihyl thus in brief,
 As comrade might, bespoke the chief -
 ' Æneas, night approaches near :
 While we lament, the hours career
 Here, at the spot where now we stand,
 The road divides on either hand ,
 The right, which skirts the walls of Dis,
 Conducts us to the fields of bliss

The left gives sinners up to pain,
 And leads to Tartarus' guilty reign '
 ' Dread seer,' Deiphobus replies,
 ' Forgive, nor let thine anger rise.
 The shadowy circle I complete,
 And seek again my gloomy seat.
 Pass on, proud boast of Ilum's line,
 And find a happier fate than mine '
 Thus he , and as the words he said
 He turned, and in an instant fled

Sudden Æneas turns his eyes,
 When 'neath the left-hand cliff he spies
 The bastions of a broad stronghold,
 Eugirt with walls of triple fold
 Pierce Phlegethon surrounds the same,
 Foaming aloft with torrent flame,
 And whirls his roaring rocks -
 In front a portal stands displayed,
 On adamantine columns stayed
 Nor mortal nor immortal foe
 Those massy gates could overthrow
 With battle's direst shocks
 An iron tower of equal might
 In air uprises steep
 Tisiphone, in red robes dight,
 Sits on the threshold day and night
 With eyes that know not sleep
 Hark ! from within there issue groans,
 The cracking of the thong,
 The clank of iron o'er the stones
 Dragged heavily along
 Æneas halted, and drank in
 With startled ear the fiendish din :

‘ What forms of crime are these ? ’ he cries,
‘ What shapes of penal woe ?
What piteous wails assault the skies ?
O maid ! I fain would know ’
‘ Brave chief of Troy,’ returned the seer,
‘ No soul from guilt’s pollution clear
May yon foul threshold tread
But me when royal Hecat made
Controller of the Avernian shade,
The realms of torture she displayed,
And through their horrors led
Stern monarch of these dark domains,
The Gnosian Rhadamanthus reigns .
He hears and judges each decent,
And makes the soul those crimes declare
Which, glorying in the empty cheat,
It veiled from sight in upper air
Swift on the guilty, scourge in hand,
Leaps fell Tisiphone, and shakes
Full in their face her loathly snakes,
And calls her sister band.
Then, nor till then, the hinges grate,
And slowly opes the infernal gate
See you who sits that gate to guard ?
What presence there keeps watch and ward ?
Within the Hydra’s direr shape
Sits with her fifty throats agape.
Then Tartarus with sheer descent
Dips ’neath the ghost-world twice as deep
As towers above earth’s continent
The height of heaven’s Olympian steep
’T is there the eldest born of earth,
The children of Titanic birth,
Hurled headlong by the lightning’s blast,
Deep in the lowest gulf are cast.

Aloeus' sons there met my eyes,
 Twin monsters of enormous size,
 Who stormed the gate of heaven, and strove
 From his high seat to pull down Jove
 Salmonæus too I saw in chains,
 The victim of relentless pains,
 While Jove's own flame he tries to mock
 And emulate the thunder-shock
 By four fleet coursers chariot-borne
 And scattering brands in impious scorn
 Through Elis' streets he rode,
 All Greece assisting at the show,
 And claimed of fellow-men below
 The honours of a God
 Fond fool ! to think that thunderous crash
 And heaven's inimitable flash
 Man's puny craft could counterfeit
 With rattling brass and horsehoofs' beat
 Lo ! from the sky the Almighty Sire
 The lightning-bolt's authentic fire
 'Mid thickest darkness sped
 (No volley his of pine-wood smoke),
 And with the inevitable stroke
 Despatched him to the dead.
 There too is Tityos the accurst,
 By earth's all-fostering bosom nursed
 O'er acres nine from end to end
 His vast unmeasured limbs extend :
 A vulture on his liver preys :
 The liver fails not nor decays
 Still o'er that flesh, which breeds new pangs,
 With crooked beak the torturer hangs,
 Explores its depth with bloody fangs,
 And searches for her food ,
 Still haunts the cavern of his breast,
 Nor lets the filaments have rest,
 To endless pain renewed.

Why should I name the Lapith race,
 Pirithous and Ixion base ?
 A frowning rock their heads o'ertops,
 Which ever nods and almost drops
 Couches where golden pillars shine
 Invite them freely to recline,
 And banquets smile before their eyne
 With kingly splendour proud
 When lo ! fell *mahee* in her mien,
 Beside them lies the Furies' queen ·
 From the rich fare she bars their hand,
 Thrusts in their face her sulphurous brand,
 And thunders hoarse and loud
 Here those who wronged a brother's love,
 Assailed a sire's grey hair,
 Or for a trustful client wove
 A treachery and a snare,
 Who went on hoarded wealth to brood,
 In sullen selfish solitude,
 Nor called their friends to share the good
 (The most in number they),
 With those whom vengeance robbed of life
 For guilty love of other's wife,
 And those who drew the unnatural sword,
 Or broke the bond 'twixt slave and lord,
 Await the reckoning-day
 Ask not their doom, nor seek to know
 What depth receives them there below.
 Some roll huge rocks up rising ground,
 Or hang, to whirling wheels fast bound ·
 There in the bottom of the pit
 Sits Theseus, and will ever sit
 And Phlegyas warns the ghostly crowd,
 Proclaiming through the shades aloud,
 ' Behold, and learn to practise right,
 Nor do the blessed Gods despite '

This to a tyrant master sold
His native land for cursed gold,
 Made laws for luere and unmade :
That dared his daughter's bed to climb :
All, all essayed some monstrous crime,
 And perfected the crime essayed
No, had I e'en a hundred tongues,
A hundred mouths, and iron lungs,
Those types of guilt I could not show,
Nor tell the forms of penal woe.'

So spoke the wise Amphrysian dame .
' Now to the task for which we came
 Come, make we speed,' she cries
' I see the work of Cyclop race
The archway fronts us, face to face,
Where custom wills that we should place
 Our precious golden prize.'
She ended side by side they pace
 Along the region drear,
Pass swiftly o'er the mediate space,
 And to the gate draw near.
Æneas takes the entrance-way,
Grasps eagerly the lustral spray,
With pure dew sprinkles limbs and brow,
And on the door sets up the bough

Thus having soothed the queen of Dis,
They reach the realms of tranquil bliss,
Green spaces, folded in with trees,
A paradise of pleasancess
Around the champaign mantles bright
The fulness of purpureal light ,
Another sun and stars they know,
That shine like ours, but shine below.

There some disport their manly frames
 In wrestling and palestra games,
 Strive on the grassy sward, or stand
 Contending on the yellow sand :
 Some ply the dance with eager feet
 And chant responsive to its beat
 The priest of Thrace in loose attire
 Makes music on his seven-stringed lyre ,
 The sweet notes 'neath his fingers trill,
 Or tremble 'neath his ivory quill
 Here dwell the chiefs from Teucer sprung,
 Brave heroes, born when earth was young,
 Ilus, Assaracus, and he
 Who gave his name to Dardany
 Marvellous, Æneas sees from far
 The ghostly arms, the shadowy car
 Their spears are planted in the mead -
 Frec o'er the plain their horses feed -
Whate'er the living fount of charms
 In chariot and refulgent arms,
 Whate'er their care to tend and groom
 Their glossy steeds, outhives the tomb.
 Others along the sward he sees
 Reclined, and feasting at their ease,
 With chanted Pæans, blessed souls,
 Amid a fragrant bay-tree grove,
 Whence rising in the world above
 Eridanus 'twixt bowering trees
 His breadth of water rolls.

Here sees he the illustrious dead
 Who fighting for their country bled ,
 Priests, who while earthly life remained
 Preserved that life unsoiled, unstained ,
 Blest bards, transparent souls and clear,
 Whose song was worthy Phœbus' ear ,.

Inventors, who by arts refined
 The common life of human kind,
 With all who grateful memory won
 By services to others done
 A goodly brotherhood, bedight
 With coronals of virgin white.
 There as they stream along the plain
 The Sibyl thus accosts the train,
 Musæus o'er the rest, for he
 Stands midmost in that company,
 His stately head and shoulders tall
 O'ertopping and admired of all
 ' Say, happy souls, and thou, blest seer,
 In what retreat Anchises bides
 To look on him we journey here,
 Across the dread Avernan tides '

And answer to her quest in brief
 Thus made the venerable chief ;
 ' No several homo has each assigned ,
 We dwell where forest pathways wind,
 Haunt velvet banks 'neath shady trees,
 And meads with rivulets fresh and green
 But climb with me this ridgy hill,
 Yon path shall take you where you will '

He said, and led the way, and showed
 The fields of dazzling light .
 They gladly choose the downward road,
 And issue from the height

But ~~see~~ Anchises 'neath the hill
 Was calmly scanning at his will
 The souls unborn now prisoned there,
 One day to pass to upper air ,
 There as he stood, his wistful eye
 Marked all his future progeny,

Their fortunes and their fates assigned,
 The shape, the mien, the hand, the mind
 Soon as along the green he spied
 Æneas hastening to his side,
 With eager act both hands he spread,
 And bathed his cheeks with tears, and said
 ' At last ! and are you come at last ?
 Has filial tenderness o'erpast
 Hard toil and peril sore ?
 And may I hear that well-known tone,
 And speak in accents of my own,
 And see that face once more ?
 Ah yes ! I knew the hour would come :
 I pondered o'er the days' long sum,
 Till anxious care the future knew .
 And now completion proves it true
 What lands, what oceans have you crossed !
 By what a sea of perils tossed !
 How oft I feared the fatal charm
 Of Libya's realm might work you harm !'
 But he ' Your shade, your mournful shade,
 Appearing oft, my purpose swayed
 To visit this far place
 My ships are moored by Tyrrhene brine .
 O father, link your hand with mine,
 Nor fly your son's embrace !'
 He said, and sorrow, as he spoke,
 In torrents from his eyelids broke
 Thrice strove the son his sire to clasp ;
 Thrice the vain phantom mocked his grasp,
 No vision of the drowsy night,
 No airy current, half so light.

Meantime Æneas in the vale
 A sheltered forest sees,
 Deep woodlands, where the evening gale
 Goes whispering through the trees,

And Lethe river, which flows by
Those dwellings of tranquillity
Nations and tribes, in countless ranks,
Were crowding to its verdant banks
As bees afield in summer clear
Beset the flowerets far and near
And round the fair white lilies pour
The deep hum sounds the champaign o'er.
Æneas, startled at the scene,
Asks wondering what the noise may mean,
What river this, or what the throng
That crowds so thick its banks along
His sire replies 'The souls are they
Whom Fate will reunite to clay
There stooping down on Lethe's brink
A deep oblivious draught they drink
Fain would I muster in review
Before your eyes that shadowy crew,
That you, their sire, may joy with me
To think of new-found Italy'
'O father! and can thought conceive
That happy souls this realm would leave,
And seek the upper sky,
With sluggish clay to reunite?
This direful longing for the light,
Whence comes it, say, and why?'
'Learn, then, my son, nor longer pause
In wonder at the hidden cause,'
Replies *Anchises*, and withdraws
The veil before his eye

'Know first, the heaven, the earth, the main,
The moon's pale orb, the starry train,
Are nourished by a soul,
A bright intelligence, whose flame
Glows in each member of the frame
And stirs the mighty whole.

Thence souls of men and cattle spring,
And the gay people of the wing,
And those strange shapes that ocean hides
Beneath the smoothness of his tides
A fiery strength inspires their lives,
An essence that from heaven derives,
Though clogged in part by limbs of clay,
And the dull "vesture of decay"
Hence wild desires and grovelling fears,
And human laughter, human tears
Immured in dungeon-seeming night,
They look abroad, yet see no light
Nay, when at last the life has fled,
And left the body cold and dead,
E'en then there passes not away
The painful heritage of clay,
Full many a long contracted stain
Perforce must linger deep in grain
So penal sufferings they endure
For ancient crime, to make them pure
Some hang aloft in open view
For winds to pierce them through and through,
While others purge their guilt deep-dyed
In burning fire or whelming tide
Each for himself, we all sustain
The durance of our ghostly pain,
Then to Elysium we repair,
The few, and breathe this blissful air:
Till, many a length of ages past,
The inherent taint is cleansed at last,
And nought remains but ether bright,
The quintessence of heavenly light
All these, when centuries ten times told
The wheel of destiny have rolled,
The voice divine from far and wide
Calls up to Lethe's river-side,

That earthward they may pass once more
Remembering not the things before,
And with a blind propension yearn
To fleshly bodies to return.'

Anchises spoke, and with him drew
Æneas and the Sibyl too

Amid the shadowy throng,
And mounts a hillock, whence the eye
Might form and countenance descry

As each one passed along
'Now listen what the future fame
Shall follow the Dardanian name,

What glorious spirits wait
Our progeny to furnish forth
My tongue shall name each soul of worth,
And show you of your fate.

See you yon gallant youth advance
Leaning upon a headless lance ?

He next in upper air holds place,
First offspring of the Italian race
Commixed with ours, your latest child
By Alban name of Silvius styled,
Whom to your age Lavinia fair
In silvan solitude shall bear,

King, sire of kings, by whom comes down
Through Trojan hands the Alban crown.
Nearest to him see Procas shine,

The glory of Dardania's line,
And Numitor and Capys too,
And one that draws his name from you,
Silvius Æneas, mighty he
Alike in arms and piety,
Should Fate's high pleasure e'er command
The Alban sceptre to his hand.

Look how they bloom in youth's fresh flower !
What promise theirs of martial power !
Mark you the civic wreath they wear,
The oaken garland in their hair ?
These, these are they, whose hands shall crown
The mountain heights with many a town,
Shall Gabii and Nomentum rear,
There plant Collatia, Cora here,
And leave to after years their stamp
On Bola and on Inuus' camp.
Names that shall then be far renowned,
Now nameless spots of unknown ground
There to his grandsire's fortune clings
 Young Romulus, of Mars' true breed ;
From Ilia's womb the warrior springs,
 Assaracus' authentic seed
See on his helm the double crest,
The token by his sire unpressed,
That marks him out betimes to share
The heritage of upper air
Lo ! by his hat called to birth
 Imperial Rome shall rise,
Extend her reign to utmost earth,
 Her genius to the skies,
And with a wall of girdling stone
Embrace seven hills herself alone—
Blest in an offspring wise and strong
So through great cities rides along
 The mighty Mother, crowned with towers,
Around her knees a numerous line,
A hundred grandsons, all divine,
 All tenants of Olympian bowers.

Turn hither now your ranging eye
Behold a glorious family,
Your sons and sons of Rome :

Lo ! Cæsar there and all his seed,
Iulus' progeny, decreed
 To pass 'neath heaven's high dome.
This, this is he, so oft the theme
Of your prophetic fancy's dream,
 Augustus Cæsar, god by birth,
Restorer of the age of gold
In lands where Saturn ruled of old
O'er Ind and Garamant extreme
 Shall stretch his reign, that spans the earth
Look to that land which lies afar
Beyond the path of sun or star,
Where Atlas on his shoulder rears
The burden of the incumbent spheres
Egypt e'en now and Caspia hear
The muttered voice of many a seer,
And Nile's seven mouths, disturbed with fear,
 Their coming conqueror know
Alcides in his savage chase
No'er travelled o'er so wide a space,
What though the brass-hoofed deer he killed,
And Erymanthus' forest stilled,
And Lerna's depth with terror thrilled
 At twanging of his bow
Nor stretched his conquering march so far,
Who drove his ivy-harnessed car
From Nysa's lofty height, and broke
The tiger's spirit 'neath his yoke
And shrink we in this glorious hour
From bidding worth assert her power,
Or can our craven hearts recoil
From settling on Ausonian soil ?

But who is he at distance seen
With priestly garb and olive green ?
That reverend beard, that hoary hair
The royal sage of Rome declare,

Who first shall round the city draw
 The liminary lines of law,
 Called forth from Cures' petty town
 To bear the burden of a crown.
 Then he whose voice shall break the rest
 That lulled to sleep a nation's breast,
 And sound in languid ears the cry
 Of Tullus and of victory
 Then Ancus, all too fain to sail
 E'en now before a favouring gale
 Say, shall I show you face to face
 The monarchs of Tarquinian race,
 And vengeful Brutus, proud to wring
 The people's fasces from a king?
 He first in consul's pomp shall lift
 The axe and rods, the freeman's gift,
 And call his own rebellious seed
 For menaced liberty to bleed
 Unhappy father! how we'er

The deed be judged by after days,
 His country's love shall all o'erbear,
 And unextinguished thirst of praise
 There move the Decii, Drusus here,
 Torquatus too with axe severe,
 And great Canullus - mark him show
 Rome's standards rescued from the foe!
 But those whom side by side you see

In equal armour bright,
 Now twined in bonds of amity
 While yet they dwell in night,
 Alas! how terrible their strife,
 If e'er they win their way to life,
 How fierce the shock of war,
 This kinsman rushing to the fight
 From castellated Alpine height,

That leading his embattled might
 From furthest morning-star !
 Nay, children, nay, your hate unlearn,
 Nor 'gainst your country's vitals turn
 The valour of her sons
 And thou, do thou the first refrain ;
 Cast down thy weapons on the plain,
 Thou, born of Jove's Olympian strain,
 In whom my lifeblood runs !

One, victor in Corinthian war,
 Up Capitol shall drive his car,
 Proud of Achæans slain -
 And one Mycenæ shall o'erthrow,
 The city of the Atreidæ foe,
 And e'en Æacides destroy,
 Achilles' long-descended boy,
 In vengeance for his sires of Troy,
 And Pallas' plundered fane
 Who, mighty Cato, Cossus, who
 * Would keep your names concealed ?
 The Gracchi, and the Scipios two,
 The levins of the field,
 Serranus, o'er his furrow bowed,
 Or thee, Fulvius, poor yet proud ?
 Ye Fabii, must your actions done
 The speed of panting praise outrun ?
 Our greatest thou, whose wise delay
 Restores the fortune of the day
 Others, belike, with happier grace
 From bronze or stone shall call the face,
 Plead doubtful causes, map the skies,
 And tell when planets set or rise -
 But, Roman, thou, do thou control
 The nations far and wide :

Be this thy genius, to impose
 The rule of peace on vanquished foes,
 Show pity to the humbled soul,
 And crush the sons of pride '

He ceased ; and ere their awe was o'er,
 Took up his prophecy once more
 ' Lo, great Marcellus ! see him tower
 With kingly spoils, in conquering power,
 The warrior host above !
 He in a day of dire debate
 Shall 'stablish firm the reeling state,
 The Carthaginian bands o'erride,
 Break down the Gaul's insurgent pride,
 And the third trophy dedicate
 To Rome's Feretrian Jove '
 Then spoke Æneas, who beheld
 Beside the warrior peer
 A youth, full-armed, by none excelled
 In beauty's manly grace,
 But on his brow was nought of mirth,
 And his fixed eyes were dropped on earth —
 ' Who, father, he, who thus attends
 Upon that chief divine ?
 His son, or other who descends
 From his illustrious line ?
 What whispers in the encircling crowd
 The portance of his steps how proud '
 But gloomy night, as of the dead,
 Flaps her sad pinions o'er his head '
 The sire replies, while down his cheek
 The teardrops roll apace :
 ' Ah son ! compel me not to speak
 The sorrows of our race '
 That youth the Fates but just display
 To earth, nor let him longer stay .

With gifts like these for aye to hold,
 Rome's heart had e'en been overbold.
 Ah ! what a groan from Mars's plan
 Shall o'er the city sound !
 How wilt thou gaze on that long train,
 Old Tiber, rolling to the main
 Beside his new-raised mound !
 No youth of Ithum's seed inspires
 With hope as fair his Latian sires -
 Nor Rome shall dandle on her knee
 A nursing so adorned as he
 O piety ! O ancient faith !
 O hand untamed in battle seath !
 No foe had lived before his sword,
 Steamed he on foot the war's red tide
 Or with relentless rowel gored
 His foaming charger's side
 Dear child of pity ! shouldst thou burst
 The dungeon-bars of Fate accurst,
 Our own Marcellus thou !
 Bring hies here, in handfuls bring
 Their lustrous blooms I fain would fling :
 Such honour to a grandson's shade
 By grandsire hands may well be paid
 Yet O ! it 'vails not now !'

Mid such discourse, at will they range
 The mist-clad region, dim and strange
 So when the sire the son had led
 Through all the ranks of happy dead,
 And stirred his spirit into flame
 At thought of centuries of fame,
 With prophet power he next relates
 The war that in the future waits,
 Italia's fated realm describes,
 Latinus' town, Laurentum's tribes,

And tells him how to face or fly
Each cloud that darkens o'er his sky —
Sleep gives his name to portals twain.
 One all of horn, they say,
Through which authentic spectres gain
 Quick exit into day,
And one which bright with ivory gleams,
Whence Pluto sends delusive dreams
Conversing still, the sire attends
 The travellers on their road,
And through the ivory portal sends
 From forth the unseen abode.
The chief betakes him to the fleet,
Well pleased again his crew to meet
Then to Caieta's port sets sail,
 Straight coasting by the strand
The anchors from the prow they hale :
 The sterns are turned to land

BOOK VII

THOU too, Æneas' nurse of yore,
In death hast glorified our shore,
 Caieta, honoured dame :
Still memory haunts thy place of rest •
Marked by thy name, thy relics blest
In the great country of the west
 Repose—if that be fame
But good Æneas, soon as paid
Due tribute to the well-loved shade
 And funeral mound upreared,
Waits till the seas grow calm at eve,
Then spreads his sail, constrained to leave
 The haven, thus endeared
The breezes freshen toward the night,
Nor doth the moon refuse
Her guiding lamp its tremulous light
 The glancing deep bestrews
Next, skirting still the shore they run
 Fair Circe's magic coast along.
Where she, bright daughter of the sun,
 Her forest fastness thrills with song,
And for a nightly blaze consumes
Rich cedar in her stately rooms,
While, sounding shrill, the comb is sped
From end to end adown the thread.

Thence hear they many a midnight roar :
The lion strives to burst his cell .
The raging bear, the foaming boar
Alternate with the gaunt wolf's yell .
Whom from the human form divine
For malice' sake the ruthless queen
Had changed by pharmacy malign
To bristly hide and bestial mien
So lest the pious Trojan train
Such dire enormity sustain,
The harbour should they reach, or land
On that inhospitable strand,
The Ocean-god inflates their sails
With breath of favourable gales,
And speeds their flight, and bears them safe
Where angry waves no longer chafe.

The sea was reddening with the dawn .
The queen of morn on high
Was seen in rosy chariot drawn
Against a saffron sky,
When on the bosom of the deep
The Zephyrs dropped at once to sleep
And, struck with calm, the tired oars strain
Against the smooth unmoving main
Now from the deep Æneas sees
A mighty grove of glancing trees
Embowered amid the silvan scene
Old Tiber winds his banks between,
And in the lap of ocean pours
His gulfy stream, his sandy stores
Around, gay birds of diverse wing,
Accustomed there to fly or sing,
Were fluttering on from spray to spray
And soothing ether with their lay.

He bids his comrades turn aside
And landward set each vessel's head,
And enters in triumphant pride
The river's shadowy bed

Be with me, Goddess, while I tell
What chiefs bore rule, what deeds befel,
What Latium's early time, before
The stranger landed on her shore,
And wake the memory of the feud
Which first her arms in blood imbued
O be the poet's guide, and aid
His recollection, heavenly maid !
I sing of war's tempestuous tide,
Of kings who perished in their pride,
The Tyrrhene chivalry, and all
Hesperia roused by battle's call
A lottier task the bard essays
The horizon broadens on his gaze

Latinus, old at length and grey,
O'er town and realm held peaceful sway,
Born of a nymph of Latian race
From kindly Faunus' loved embrace
Picus was Faunus' sire, and he,
Great Saturn, owes his birth to thee
No manly heir, so Heaven decreed,
Preserved in life the royal seed,
Even as it rose, in youth's fair day
That progeny was reft away
One daughter stood to guard the throne,
To bindul age already grown
Full many a prince from Latian land
And all Ausonia sought her hand,
Young Turnus chief, to kings allied
And comelier far than all beside,

Much favoured of the queen, who strove
With earnest zeal to speed his love :
But prodigies with dire alarms
Deny the maiden to his arms.
Within the palace' centre bred
 An ancient tree of laurel stood
Long years of reverential dread
 Had gathered round its sacred wood :
Men say 'twas by Latinus found
When first he traced the castle's bound .
He reared it from his native sod,
Devoted to the Delphian god,
And taught his settlers thence to claim
For their new town Laurentum's name
To its high top a swarm of bees
Came warping on the summer breeze
And, linking feet with feet, they sway
In pendent cluster from the spray
'A stranger comes,' exclaimed the seer,
'A foreign host . I see them near .
The same the quarter of their flight,
The same the region where they light :
E'en now in plentitude of power
They hold the city's topmost tower '
Then too, as standing by her sire
Lavinia tends the altar-fire,
Her tresses—prodigy untold—
Catch the fierce flame with eager hold,
And on her beauteous head-tire preys
The crackling stream of torrent blaze .
Her royal locks are all alight,
Her coronal, with jewels bright .
Till, wrapt in smoke and glare, she showers
Lave sparkles through the palace bowers.
With mingled wonder and affright
The boding seers proclaimed the sight :

Her fame, they said, should proudly blaze
A streaming light to after days,
But dim should be the nation's star,
O'erclouded by a mighty war.

The king by prodigies distraught,
His father Papius' temple sought,
A sacred grove displayed to sight
Beneath Albanus's frowning height,
Which echoes with a brawling stream,
And breathes aloft sulphureous steam
Hither Etruria's tribes repair.
To seek Heaven's help in man's despair
Then, when the minister divine
Has placed the offering on the shrine,
And, seeking sleep, at midnight lam
On the stripped skins of cattle slum,
Strange shapes before his eyes appear,
Strange voices whisper in his ear,
He communes with the sons of bliss,
Or talks with Acheron's dark abyss
So now, when king Latinus came
His parent god's response to claim,
A hundred sheep he slew, and lay
Stretched on their wool till night's decay,
When sudden from the grove's deep gloom
Burst on his ear the voice of doom.
• Ambition not, my son, to pair
With Latin prince thy royal heir,
Nor satisfy an easy quest
With nuptial bowers already drest.
Lo! foreign bridegrooms come, whose fame
To heaven shall elevate our name.
The sons who from their loins have birth
Shall see one day the whole broad earth,

From main to main, from pole to pole,
 Beneath them bow, beneath them roll.
 These words, at night's still hour address,
 Latinus locks not in his breast
 Along Ausonia's country side
 The voice of fame had spread them wide
 Already when the Trojans moored
 Their fleet on Tiber's river-board.

Æneas and the chiefs of Troy,
 And Ilium's hope, the princely boy,
 Their weary limbs at leisure laid
 Under a tree's alluring shade,
 Set forth the banquet, and bespread
 The sward beneath with cakes of bread
 (Jove gave the thought), and heap with store
 Of wilding fruit their wheaten floor.
 So when, all else consumed, at last
 The failure of their scant repast
 Compelled the wanderers to devour
 Their slender garniture of flour,
 Attack the fated round, nor spare
 The impress of the sacred square,
 'What! eating up our boards beside!'
 In merry vein Iulus cried
 That word at once dissolved the spell
 The father caught it as it fell,
 With warning look all utterance stilled,
 And marvelled at the sign fulfilled.
 Then 'Hail, auspicious land,' he cries,
 'So long from Fate my due!
 All hail, ye Trojan deities,
 To Trojan fortunes true!
 At length we rest, no more to roam:
 Here is our country, here our home.

For well I mind, my sire of old
This secret of the future told
‘Whene’er on unknown shores you eat
Your very boards for lack of meat,
Then count your home already found
There build your town and bank it round’
Aye, thus the lack his words forecast,
And these the horrors of that fast,
Which waited all the while, to close
Our dreary catalogue of woes
Come then, and with the morrow’s ray
Explore we each his diverse way,
The natives who, and what the place,
And where the city of the race
Now with full cups libation pour
To mighty Jove, whom all adore,
Invoke Anchuses’ blessed soul,
And once again set on the bowl’
Thus having said, he wreaths his brow
With cincture of a leafy bough,
Invokes the Genius of the spot,
And Earth, of Gods the first begot,
The Nymphs and Floods as yet unknown,
And Night and Stars that gem her throne,
And Ida’s monarch Jove,
And the great Mother, Phrygia’s fear,
And last, his own two parents dear,
One nether, one above
Thence as he prayed, from azure skies
The Thunderer pealed aloud,
And flushing shook before their eyes
A red and golden cloud.
Through Ilium’s ranks the flame flies fast,
The day has come shall found at last
Their city’s promised towers

Exulting in the mighty sign.
They spread the board, set on the wine,
And crown the cup with flowers.

Soon as the morn at earliest birth
Diffused her lustre o'er the earth,
Each by a different path explores
The town, the frontier, and the shores .
And here they find Numicius' spring,
Here Tiber flows, here dwells the king.
This done, the monarch's graces to gain,
Æneas sends a goodly train,
A hundred chiefs of each degree,
With wool-wreathed boughs from Pallas' tree,
Rich presents to their hand commends,
And bids them crave the dues of friends
At once the ambassadors obey
Their hasty steps despatch the way
Himself with narrow trench defines
The rampart's meditated lines,
And camp-like girds his city round
With palisade and sloping mound
And now the chiefs, the way o'ercome,
Before them rising tall
See roofs and towers, the Latins' home,
And pass beneath the wall
Before the town the youth at play
In mimic contests speed the day,
Direct the rapid car, or train
The courser on the dusty plain,
With vigour bend the pliant bow,
Or to its mark the javelin throw,
Ply the swift foot, or plant the blow :
When riding up in full career
A herald to the monarch's ear

Reports that valiant chiefs are here
Attired in garb unknown
He, hearing, gives the word to call
The strangers to the audience-hall,
And seats him on his throne

Upon the city's highest ground,
With hundred columns compassed round,
There rose a fane sublime ;
'T was Pien's palace long ago,
And sacred woods around it throw
The awe of elder time
Here wont the monarchs to receive
The royal staff the fasces heave,
An omen of their reign
Here met the council of debate,
Here on high days the seniors sate
At lengthening tables ranged in state
To feast on cattle slain
There, formed of ancient cedar wood,
A line of old forefathers stood ,
Here Italus, Sabinus here
Who taught them first the vine to rear
(The mimic semblance still preserved
The hook for pinning deftly curved) ,
There ancient Saturn holds his place,
And Janus with his double face,
And many another hoary king
E'en from the nation's earliest spring,
And many a warrior, strong and brave,
Who poured his blood his land to save
There too were spoils of bygone wars
Hung on the portals, captive cars,
Strong city-gates with massy bars,
And battle-axes keen,

And plummy cones from helmets shorn,
And beaks from vanquished vessels torn,

And darts, and bucklers sheen
There with his bowed augural wand
And scanty robe with purple band,
The sacred buckler in his hand,

Sat Picus, horseman king,
Who stirred of old the jealous flame
Of Circe, wonder-working dame,
And by her potent drugs became

A bird of dappled wing
Such was the fane within whose walls
The king enthroned the Trojans calls,
And, thronging round him as they stand,
With tranquil men accosts the band .

‘ Say, Dardans, for we know your name,
Nor sail ye hither strange to Fame,
What need has power to waft you o’er
Such length of seas to this our shore ?
If stress of wind, or way mista’en,
Or other suffering on the main,
Has made you thread our stream, and moor
Your vessels from its pleasant shore,
Disdain not this our Latin cheer,
But know the race to Saturn dear,
Not righteous by constraint or fear,
But freely virtuous, self-controlled
By memory of the age of gold
Aye, now I mind, in earlier day
Auruncan elders wont to say
’T was hence that Dardanus your king
For Phrygian land of old took wing,
And reached the towns at Ida’s base
And northern Samos, styled of Thrace

From Corythus he went, and now
He suns him on Olympus' brow,
And when to heaven our altars fume,
'Mid other powers he claims his room.'

'Great King,' Ilioneus made reply,
'Sage Faunus' princely progeny,
We come not to your friendly coast
By random gale o'er ocean tost,
Nor land nor star has made us stray
From our determined line of way
Of steady purpose one and all
We flock beneath your city wall,
Driven from an empire, greater none
Within the circuit of the sun
Jove is our sire to Jove's high race
We, Dardans born, our lineage trace
Jove's seed, the monarch we obey,
Æneas, sends us here to-day
How fierce a storm from Argos sent
On Ida's plains its fury spent,
How Fate in dire collision hurled
The eastern and the western world,
E'en he has heard, whom earth's last verge
Just separates from the circling surge,
And he who, to his kind unknown,
Dwells midmost 'neath the torrid zone.
Swept by that deluge o'er the foam
For our loins gods we ask a home
A belt of sand is all we crave,
And man's free birthright, air and wave.
We shall not shame your Latin crown,
Nor light shall be your own renown,
Nor time obliterate the debt,
Nor Italy the hour regret
When Troy with outstretched arms she met.

I swear it by *Æneas'* fate,
 By that right hand which makes him great,
 In peace and war approved alike
 A friend to aid, a foe to strike,
 Full oft have mighty nations—nay,
 Disdain not that unsought we pray,
 Nor deem that wreaths and lowly speech
 The grandeur of our name impeach—
 Full oft with zeal and earnest prayers
 Have nations wooed us to be theirs,
 But Heaven's high fate, with stern command,
 Impelled us still to this your land
 Here Dardanus was born, and here
 Apollo bids our race return
 To Tyrrhene Tiber points the seer
 And pure Numicius' hallowed urn.
 These presents too our hands convey,
 Scant relics of a happier day,
 From burning Ilium snatched away
 From this bright gold before the shrine
 His sire Anchises poured the wine
 With these adornments Priam sate
 'Mid gathered crowds in kingly state,
 The sceptre and the diadem
 Troy's women wrought the vesture's hem '

Thus as *Ilioneus* moves his suit,
Latinus' face is fixed and mute;
 He sits as rooted to the ground,
 And turns his eyes in wonder round.
 Not Priam's crown nor purple wrought
 So deeply stirs his princely thought
 His daughter's bed—on that he dwells,
 And *Faunus'* riddle spells and spells:
 Aye, this the chief the Fates prepare
 From foreign parts his throne to share,

And hence the warrior race, whose sway
Should make a subject world obey
At length with gladness he exclaims -
' Speed, gracious Heaven, a parent's aims
And thine own sign ! I grant your prayer,
Kind guest, nor scorn the gifts you bear
You shall not lack, while mine the throne,
Rich soil and plenty like your own
Let but Æneas, if he feel
For us and ours so warm a zeal,
Would he be friend and firm ally,
Approach, nor shun our kindly eye
I know, that treaty may not stand
Where king greets king and joins not hand
Now list, and to your monarch take
What further answer here I make.
A maiden child is mine, whose hand
May mate with none of this our land,
Thus Heaven declares with many a sign,
And voices from my father's shrine -
Our fate, they say, has yet in store
A bridegroom from a foreign shore,
Whose mingling blood shall raise our name
Above the empyrean frame
That he, your chief, is Fortune's choice,
So speaks my heart, my hope, my voice '
He ceased, and bade be brought for all
Fleet horses from his royal stall -
Three hundred in the stable stood
With glossy coat and fiery blood -
The servants hear, and straightway lead
For every chief a gallant steed
A purple cloak each courser decks,
And golden pottrels grace their necks -
For Venus' son the monarch's care
Provides a car and princely pair,

Twin horses of *etherial seed*,
 Their nostrils breathing flames of fire,
 Derived from that clandestine breed
 By *Circe* stolen from her sire
 So, cheered with gifts and courteous phrase,
 The *Trojans* take their homeward ways,
 And, mounted as they ride, report
 A friendly welcome from the court

Meantime from *Argos* journeying
 The consort of the almighty King,
 O'er far *Pachynus* as she flies,
 Looks down in prospect from the skies
 She sees them in their hour of joy,
Aeneas and the crews of *Troy*
 Already at their walls they toil,
 And trust them to the friendly soil,
 And leave the fleet behind -
 She halts, by keenest anguish stung,
 Shakes her dark brows, and thus gives tongue
 To her infuriate mind
 'O thrice abhorred, accursed brood !
 O *Phrygian* fates, with mine at feud !
 And fell they on *Sigean* plain
 Those all innumerable slain ?
 And were the captives truly ta'en,
 And were the bondmen bound ?
 The flame that fell on *Ilium's* tower,
 Say, could it *Ilium's* sons devour ?
 Through circling fires and steely shower
 Their passage have they found
 Aye, sooth, my arts have spent their strength,
 My hate, full gorged, has slept at length—
 I, who could hound them o'er the foam
 When tossed and shaken from their home
 On every sea, 'neath every sky,
 Where'er they turned them, there was I.

The armouries of air and main
Were loosed on Troy, and loosed in vain.
What vantaged me those powers of hurt,
Charybdis, Scylla, and the Syrt ?
In Tiber's port they ride at ease
And laugh at Juno and her seas
Yet Mars could sweep from earth's wide face
All vestige of the Lapith race -
Old Calydon the eternal Sire
Surrendered to Diana's ire
What sin so grievous had they done,
The Lapith race or Calydon ?
But I, the Thunderer's awful bride,
Who left, poor wretch, no art untied,
Who dared a thousand arms to wield,
Must yield, and to Æacus yield.
If strength like mine be yet too weak,
I care not whose the aid I seek
What choice 'twixt under and above ?
If Heaven be firm, the shades shall move
Grant that I cannot bar the way
That leads him to his Latian sway,
That fixed in destiny must stand
The promise of Lavinia's hand
Yet just it were events so great
For slow accomplishment should wait,
Yet may I make the monarchs twain
Each mourner for a nation slain
So let them give and take them wives,
The wedding's cost their people's lives
Behold your marriage dower, fair maid !
In Latium's blood and Troy's 't is paid
Bellona at the appointed hour
Shall light you to your bridal bower.
Not Hecuba the only dame
Whose womb was quick with nuptial flame -

In the dear son that Venus bore
Paris shall come to life once more,
A torch rekindled to destroy
E'en now the second birth of Troy '

This said, with vengeance in her eyes
From heaven to earth the Goddess flies,
And from the Furies' Stygian halls
Alecto's baleful presence calls,
To whom grim war and jealous strife
And treacheries are the breath of life
E'en Pluto hates his offspring, e'en

Her sister fiends the monster dread,
So multi-form her hideous mien,

So thick the serpents round her head
Whom Juno then for aid entreats
With words that kindle fiercer heats
'Vouchsafe me, virgin child of Night,
This boon for my peculiar right,

A service all thine own,
Lest Juno's praise and worship fall
From their exalted pedestal,
Should Troy Italia's bounds beset
And weave her hymeneal net

About Latinus' throne
Thou canst in hostile arms array
Two brothers of one will,
With rancorous hate and burning fray
A peaceful homestead fill :

Scourges are thine and funeral flames .
Thou gloriest in a thousand names,
A thousand means of ill.

Stir up thy breast, with malice rife,
Break the formed league, sow seeds of strife .
Let youth and age with one accord
Desire, demand, and seize the sword '

Then, steeped in venom's direst gall,
 Allecto spreads her wing
 For Iatium and the stately hall
 Of the Laurentian king,
 Alights, and sits her down before
 Amata's silent chamber-door.
 Who, musing on the new-come host
 And Turnus' hopes malignly crossed,
 Was seething o'er, unhappy queen,
 With woman's passion, woman's spleen.
 The Goddess snatched a serpent, bred
 'Mid the dark ringlets of her head,
 And hurled it at the dame,
 That she, made frantic by the smart
 Deep working in her inmost heart,
 Might set the house on flame
 In glides the snake, unseen, unfelt,
 Thin robe and ivory breast between,
 And breathing in its poisonous breath,
 Enwraps her in a dream of death.
 Now with her golden necklace blends,
 Now from her fillet's length depends,
 With serpent gold her tresses binds,
 And smoothly round her person winds.
 So, when the viperous influence
 Is first distilling o'er the sense,
 Nor yet the soul has caught entire
 The fever of contagious fire,
 Gently, as mother might, she speaks,
 The hot tears rolling down her cheeks,
 Tears for her hapless daughter shed
 And Phrygia's hated bridal bed.
 ' And shall a Dardan fugitive,
 O father, with Lavinia wife ?
 And will you not compassion take
 For daughter's, sire's, or mother's sake ?

Aye, well I know, the first fair gale
 Shall see the faithless pirate sail,
 And bear from home the weeping maid,
 The prize of his triumphant raid.
 Not thus, forsooth, the Phrygian swain
 Made stealthy progress o'er the main,
 To Sparta won his way, and bore
 Fair Helen to the Idæan shore
 Where now your sacred promise ? where
 The love you wont your own to bear,
 Or where that hand, whose friendly grasp
 The hand of Turnus oft would clasp ?
 If nought will serve for Latium's need
 But bridegroom sprung from foreign seed,
 And father Faunus' solemn hest
 Sits heavy on your anxious breast,
 All climes that own not our command,
 So read I Fate, are foreign land
 And Turnus, if enquiry trace
 The first beginnings of his race,
 Counts with his grandsires Argive kings,
 And from Mycenæ's midmost springs '

But when, essaying oft, she sees
 Latinus proof against her pleas,
 And now the deadly poison thrills
 Her veins, and all the woman fills,
 Then, maddened with its furious heats,
 She rages through the crowded streets,
 Like top that whirling 'neath the thong,
 Is scourged by eager boys along

Bent on their gamesome strife .
 With eddying motion it careers
 Round empty courts in circling spheres ,
 The beardless troop in strange amaze
 Upon the winged boxwood gaze ,
 The lashes lend it life.

So wildly, furiously she flies
 Through peopled towns 'neath wolfish eyes.
 Nay more, with fiercer frenzy spurred,
 She feigns herself by Bacchus stirred,
 Betakes her to the woods, and hides
 The maid in leafy mountain-sides,
 To balk the Trojans and delay
 The dreaded nuptial day
 And 'Evoc Bacchus' thou alone'
 (So shrills her wild ecstatic tone)

 'Art worthy of the fair
 For thee she wields the ivied wand,
 For thee leads forth the dancers' band,
 For thee she tends her hair'
 Swift flies the heraldry of fame,
 And many another frenzied dame
 Comes forth, her spirit all on flame

 A new abode to seek
 Their ancient homes they leave behind,
 Spread hair and shoulders to the wind,
 Or clad in skins from fawns new doffed
 Their vine-branch javelins raise aloft,

 With shrill ear-piercing shriek
 She in the midst with frantic hand
 Uplifts a blazing pine-wood brand,
 And hymns aloud in solemn lay
 Her child and Turnus' marriage day,
 Then rolling red her bloodshot eyes,
 'Ho, Latian mothers' fierce she cries,

 'Give ear, whate'er ye be
 If, still to poor Amata kind,
 A mother's wrongs ye bear in mind,
 The fillet from your brows unbind,

 And rove the woods with me'
 Thus, armed with Bacchus' handspears keen,
 Allecto goads the ill-starred queen,

And drives her far from home of men,
'Mid silvan haunt and wild-beast's den.

So when she sees the seeds of ill
Have thriven obedient to her will,
The royal house, the royal thought,
Alike to dire confusion brought,
On dusky wings the Goddess flies
Where the bold Daunian's ramparts rise,
The town which Danaë built of yore,
By headlong tempest blown ashore
Ardea the name that bygone race
Bestowed upon their dwelling-place,
And Ardea's name is honoured yet,
But Ardea's sun in gloom is set.
There in his home at midnight deep
Was Turnus lying wrapped in sleep.
At once the crafty fiend lays by
All signs of baleful deity
No Fury now, she makes her own
The likeness of a wrinkled crone,
Binds with a fillet tresses grey,
And twines them round with olive spray
She stands transformed to Calycè,
Priestess of Juno's temple she,
And thus in simulated guise
Presents her to the warrior's eyes -
'Can Turnus rest and see his pain,
His generous toil bestowed in vain ?
Lie still and see his kingly sway
To Dardan settlers signed away ?
Latinus robs you of the fair,
Withholds perforce her blood-bought
dower,
And searches out a foreign heir
To throne him in the seat of power.

Go, fight your fights that win no thanks,
 Seek scorn amid the embattled field;
 Go, mow them down, the Tuscan ranks,
 And Latium's tribes with safety shield.
 These words Saturnia bade me shrill
 In your drowsed ear when all was still
 Come, sound the glad alarm, and call
 The youth to arms without the wall,
 Consume the Phrygian ships, that ride
 At anchor in our pleasant tide
 'T is Heaven's high will that gives command,
 And prompts to fight your ready hand.
 Nay, let Latinus' self, if yet
 He grudge the fair, nor own his debt,
 From late experience learn, and feel
 The might of Turnus, sheathed in steel'

With scornful laughter in his eye
 The haughty youth thus made reply
 'The fleet arrived in Tiber's stream
 Has not escaped me, as you deem
 Why feign these terrors? well I ween
 Turnus is watched by Juno queen
 'T is you, good dame, effete and old,
 Whom purblind age, o'ergrown with mould,
 Bemocks with visions of alarms
 Amid the clang of monarchs' arms
 Yours is the task to tend the shrine
 And make your image look divine,
 But leave to men, whose care they are,
 The mysteries of peace and war'

These taunts enkindled into fire
 The furnace of Allecto's ire
 Or ere he ceased, a trembling takes
 His frame, his eyes are fixed as stone,

So dire the hissing of her snakes,
 So ghastly grim the features shown ,
She thrusts him back with angry glare
 As, faltering, further speech he tries,
Uprears two serpents from her hair,
 And cracks her scorpion whip, and cries -
' Behold the dame, grown o'er with mould,
Whom dotage, impotent and old,
Bemoeks with visions of alarms
Amid the clang of monarchs' arms '
My home is with the infernal king,
And death and war in hand I bring.'

 A fire-brand at the youth she throws
Lodged in his breast the pine-wood glows
 With lurid light and dim
A giant terror breaks his sleep,
And, bursting forth, big sweat-drops steep
 His body, bone and limb.
' My sword ! my sword ! ' he madly shrieks ,
His sword he through the chamber seeks
 And all the mansion o'er
Burns the fierce fever of the steel,
The guilty madness warriors feel,
 And jealous wrath yet more -
As when piled high a caldron round
The wood-fire sends a crackling sound,
And makes the waters start and bound,
In wild turmoil with smoke and steam
Seethes, hisses, froths the imprisoned stream,
Till the vexed wave o'erleaps control,
And vaporous clouds to heaven uproll
So, proudly trampling treaties down,
He sounds a march to Latium's town :
To king Latinus he will go,
Protect the realm, expel the foe

Though Latium's force unite with Troy's,
Himself will bring the counterpoise.
This said, to Heaven he makes appeal
The Rutule hosts with emulous zeal
 Their martial rage inflame
And one the chier's young beauty fires,
One kindles at his hero sires,
 One at his deeds of fame

While Turnus thus to fury fans
 The Rutules' warlike might,
Alecto on her Stygian vans
 Turns to Troy's camp her flight.
New cunning in her breast, a place
 She in the distance eyed,
Where young Iulus led the chace
 Along the river-side
Then sudden to his hounds' keen smell
Presents the lure they know so well,
 A gallant stag to start
'T was thence a nation's sorrow flowed,
And kindling into madness glowed
 • The savage rustic heart
Of beauteous form and branching head
A stag in human haunts was bred,
 From mother's milk withdrawn,
By Tyrrheus and his children reared,
Tyrrheus, who ruled the royal herd,
 The ranger of the lawn
Fair Sylvia, daughter of the race,
Its horns with wreaths would interlace,
Comb smooth its shaggy coat, and lave
Its body in the crystal wave
Tame and obedient, it would stray
Free through the woods a summer's day.

And home again at night repair
E'en of itself, how late soe'er
So now 't was wandering when the pack
Gave tongue and followed on its track,
As sheltered from the noontide beam
It floated listless down the stream.
Ambition fired Ascanius too,
The shaft he aimed, the bow he drew
Fate guides his hand with whirring speed
Through flank and belly flies the reed
Homeward the wounded creature fled,
Took refuge in the well-known shed,
And bleeding, crying as for aid,
Through all the house its moaning made.
With flat hand smiting on each arm
Poor Silvia gives the first alarm,
And calls the rural folk -
They—for the fury-pest unscen
Is lurking in the woodland green—
Or ere she deems, are close at hand ;
One grasps a charred and hardened brand,
And one a knotted oak .
Whate'er the seeker's haste may find
Does weapon's work for fury blind
Stout Tyrrheus, as he splits in four
With wedge on wedge a tree's tough core,
Leaps forth, his hatchet still in hand,
And, breathing rage, arrays his band
The Goddess from her vantage tower
Perceives, and seizes mischief's hour,
Flies to the summit of the stall,
And thence shrills out the shepherd's call,
With harsh Tartarean voice in air
Pitching on high the horn's hoarse blare
That sound the forest line convulsed :
The long vibration throbbed and pulsed
Through all the depth of wood ;

'T was heard by Trivia's lake afar,
 Heard by the sulphurous waves of Nar
 And Velia's fountain flood ;
 And terror-stricken mothers pressed
 Their children closer to their breast.

Now, gathering at the hideous sound,
 The rustics from the country round,
 Snatch up their arms and run
 The Trojan youth, their gates displayed,
 Stream forth to give Ascanius aid,
 And battle is begun
 No longer now 't is village feud,
 Waged with seared stakes and truncheons rude
 Another game they try -
 'T is two-edged iron swords and spears
 Bristle the field with spiky ears
 Responsive to the sun's appeal
 Flash glittering brass and burnished steel,
 And fling their rays on high
 As when beneath the wind's first sweep
 The white foam gathers on the deep,
 The waters gradual rise,
 High and more high the billows grow,
 Till from the very depth below
 They mount into the skies
 Young Almo, Tyriheus' hen till then,
 Falls mid the foremost fighting men,
 By whizzing shaft laid low
 Deep in his gullet lodged the death
 And choked the ways of voice and breath
 With lifeblood's gushing flow
 Around him many a warrior bleeds,
 And old Galæsus, as he pleads
 In vain for peace no juster son
 Had fair Ausonia, richer none .

Each night within his cotes were penned
 Five flocks of sheep, five herds of cows,
 And his broad lands from end to end
 Were furrowed by a hundred ploughs

While these are killing thus and killed,
 The hend, her promise now fulfilled,
 Soon as the first hot blood is drawn
 And war in thunder 'gins to dawn,
 Up from Hesperia flies,
 And riding on the rack of cloud,
 Thus with triumphant voice and proud
 'To mighty Juno cries -
 'Behold, 't is finished' strife full-blown
 Has issued forth in fight -
 Now bid the hosts their hate atone
 And friendly treaty plight
 The hands of Troy, thou seest, are dyed
 Deep in Ausonian blood,
 A guerdon I will add beside,
 If so thy will holds good
 The neighbouring cities I will fill
 With thick-sown rumours rife,
 And wake in each unruly will
 The frantic lust of strife,
 Till and they bring from every side,
 And battle's seeds be scattered wide -
 Juno returns - Enough is spread
 Of treachery and panic dread
 The roots of war are firmly set
 The fight is raging hilt to hilt
 The arms that chance supplied are wet
 With taint of carnage newly spilt
 Such be the hymeneal ties
 That Venus' son shall solemnize
 With Latium's easy king!

For thee, heaven's monarch may not bear
That longer thou in upper air

Shouldst ply thine errant wing
Give place if further chance betide,
Myself the circumstance will guide.'

Saturnia spoke the Fury spread

Her serpent wings for flight,
Dives to the regions of the dead,

And leaves the upper light

In mid Italia lies a place

Retiring 'neath a mountain's base,

Amsanctus' vale, pent in between

Two wooded slopes of dusky green,

While in the midst a torrent raves,

As 'twixt the rocks it winds its waves

An awful cavern there men show,

The very gorge of Dis below,

And gulfs whence Acheron bursts to sight

Ope jaws of pestilential night

There plunged the hateful fiend beneath,

And earth and sky again took breath

• Juno takes up the unfinished plan

And perfects what the fiend began

Straight to the city from the plain

The shepherds speed, and bear the slain,

Young Aino in his comely grace

And old Galanus' mangled face,

Make street and home with clamour ring,

Implore the gods, adjure the king

Fierce Turnus takes the tide at flood

His loud voice swells the city for blood

That blazes up to heaven

' Strange ships defile the royal stem

The Phrygians share the diadem,

Himself from Latium driven '

Then they whose dames are footing still
 In Bacchic frenzy wood and hill
 (Such power is in Amata's name)
 Come forth, and fan the martial flame.
 'Gainst omens flashed before their eyes,
 'Gainst warnings thundered from the skies,
 They cry for war, and early and late
 Besiege Latinus' palace-gate.
 Like rock engirdled by the sea,
 Like rock immovable is he

Before the roaring tide .

The wild waves bark about its base
 Its mass sustains it still in place :
 Crags echo round it gives no heed .
 And scattered foam and rent seaweed

Fall from its rugged side

Powerless at length their rage to check,
 As things whirl on at Juno's beck,
 Appealing oft to soulless skies
 And deaf dumb gods, the father cries
 'Alas ! the destinies prevail :
 Wo drift and drift before the gale .
 Ah wretched children ! yours the guilt,
 And yours the blood must needs be spilt
 Thee, Turnus, thee the grim fiends wait
 Thine agonizing vows too late
 Shall knock at heaven's relentless gate.
 For me, my rest is all assured,
 My bark within the haven moored
 The shock that parts my aged breath
 But robs me of a happy death.'
 He speaks, and in his chamber hides,
 While from his hand the sceptre slides

In Latium's old Hesperian day
 An ancient rule of yore had sway ;

To Alba's citics thence it passed ;
 Now Rome, earth's mistress, holds it fast,
 Whether 'gainst Thrace they turn their spears,
 Or bring the Arab blood and tears,
 Or, following on the daystar's track,
 From Parthia claim the standards back
 Two gates there stand of War—'t was so
 Our fathers named them long ago—
 The war-god's terrors round them spread
 An atmosphere of sacred dread
 A hundred bolts the entrance guard,
 And Janus there keeps watch and ward
 These, when his peers on war decide,
 The consul, all in antique pride
 Of Gaius' emecture deftly tied

And purple-striped attire,
 With grating noise himself unbars,
 And calls aloud on Father Mars
 The warrior train takes up the cry,
 And horns with brazen symphony
 Their hoarse assent conspire
 'T was thus they bade the king proclaim
 Fierce war against the Trojan name,

And ope the gates of doom -
 The good old sire with hand and eye
 Shrank from the hated ministry

And deeper plunged in gloom
 When lo' in person from above
 Descends the imperial spouse of Jove,
 Smote the barred gates, and backward rolled
 On jarring hinge each bursten fold
 Ansonia, all met before,
 Takes fire and blazes to the core
 And some on foot then march essay,
 Some, mounted, storm along the way,
 To arms ' cry one and all

With unctuous lard their shields they clean
And make their javelins bright and sheen,
Their axes on the whetstone grind,
Look how that banner takes the wind !

Hark to yon trumpet's call !
Five mighty towns, with anvils set,
In emulous haste their weapons whet -
Crustumium, Tibur the renowned,
And strong Atina there are found,
And Ardea, and Antemne crowned

With turrets round her wall
Steel caps they frame their brows to fit,
And osier twigs for bucklers knit
Or twist the hauberk's brazen mail
And mould them greaves of silver pale
To these has passed the homage paid
Enwhele to ploughshare, scythe, and spade
Each brings his father's battered blade

And smelts in fire anew
And now the clamours pierce the skies
From rank to rank the watchword flies
This tears his helmet from the wall,
That drags his war-horse from the stall,
Dons three-piled mail and ample shield,
And girds him for the embattled field
With falchion tried and true

Now, Muses, ope your Helicon,
The gates of song unfold,
What chiefs, what tribes to war came on
In those dim days of old,
What sons were then Italia's pride,
And what the arms that blazed so wide
For ye are goddesses . full well
Your mind takes note, your tongue can tell .

The far-off whisper of the years
Source reaches our bewildered ears

Mæcæntius first from Tyrrhene coast,
Who mocks at heaven, arrays his host,
And braves the battle's storm
His son, young Lausus, at his side,
Excelled by none in beauty's pride,
Save Turnus' comely form
Lausus, the tamer of the steed,
The conqueror of the silvan breed,
Leads from Agylla's towers in vain
A thousand youths, a valiant train
Ah happy, had the son been blest
In hearkening to his sire's behest,
Or had the sire from whom he came
Had other nature, other name !

Next drives along the grassy meads
His palm-crowned car and conquering steeds
Fair Aventinus, princely heir
Of Hercules the brave and fair,
And for his proud escutcheon takes
His father's Hydra and her snakes
'T was he that priestess Rhea bare,
A stealthy birth, to upper air,
'Mid shades of woody Aventine

Mingling her own with heavenly blood,
When triumph-flushed from Geryon slain
Aleides touched the Latian plain,
And bathed Iberia's distant line

In Tuscan Tiber's flood
Long pikes and poles his bands uprear,
The shapely blade, the Sabine spear
Himself on foot, with lion's skin,
Whose long white teeth with ghastly grin
Clasp like a helmet brow and chin,

Joins the proud chiefs in rude attire,
And flaunts the emblem of his sire.

From Tibur's walls twin brothers came,
The town that bears Tiburtus' name,
Bold Coras and Catillus strong.
Through thick-rained darts they storm along,
The foremost in the fray.
As when two cloud-born Centaurs leap
Down Homole or Othrys' steep,
The forest parts before their sweep,
And crashing trees give way

Nor lacked there to the embattled power
The founder of Præneste's tower,
Brave Cæculus, by all renowned
As Vulcan's son, 'mid embers found
And monarch of the rustics crowned
Beneath him march his rural train,
Whom high Præneste's walls contain,
Who dwell in Gabian Juno's plain,
Whose haunt is Amo's chilly flood
And Hernic rocks, by streams bedowed,
Who till Anagnia's bosom green
Or drink of father Amasene.
Not all are furnished for the war
With ample shield or sounding car
Some sling lead bullets o'er the field,
Some javelins twain in combat wield.
A cap of fur protects their head
By spoil of tawny wolf supplied ;
Their left foot bare, on earth they tread ;
The right is cased in raw bull-hide.

Messapus, tamer of the steed,
The Ocean-monarch's mighty seed,

Whom none might harm, so willed his sire,
 With force of iron or of fire,
 Awakes his people's slumbering zeal
 Long time unused to war's appeal,
 And from the scabbard bares the steel
 With him Fescennia's armed train,
 The dwellers in Falern's plain,
 Who hold Soracte's lofty hill
 Or fair Flavinia's cornland till,
 Capena's woods their dwelling make
 Or Ciminus, its mount and lake.
 With measured pace they march along,
 And make their monarch's deeds their song,
 Like snow-white swans in liquid air,
 When homeward from their food they fare,
 And far and wide melodious notes
 Come rippling from their slender throats,
 While the broad stream and Asia's fen
 Reverberate to the sound again
 Sure none had thought that countless crowd
 A mail-clad company.
 It rather seemed a dusky cloud
 Of pugnant fowl, that, hoarse and loud,
 Press landward from the sea.

Lo! Clausus there, the Sabines' boast,
 Leads a great host, himself a host,
 Whence spread the Claudian race, since Rome
 With Sabine burghers shared her home
 With him the Amitermians came
 And Cures' sons of ancient name,
 The squadron that Eretum guards
 And green Mintusca's olive-yards,
 Those whom Nomentum's city yields,
 Who till Velinus' Rosean fields,
 Who Tetrica's rude summit climb
 Or on Severus sits sublime,

Or dwell where runs Himella by
 Casperia's walls and Fornh,
 Who Tiber haunt and Fabaris' banks,
 Whom Nursia sends to battle down
 From her cold home, Hortinian ranks
 And Latian tribes of old renown,
 With those whom Albia's stream ill-starred
 Flows through, dividing swaid from swaid
 Thick as the Libyan billows swarm
 When fell Orion sets in storm,
 Or as the sun-baked cars of grain
 In Hæmus' field or Lycia's plain,
 Their bucklers rattle, and the ground
 Quakes, startled by their footfall's sound.

Halæsus, Agamemnon's mate,
 Who hates all Troy with liegeman's hate,
 Yokes his swift horses to the car,
 And brings his hosts to Turnus' war,
 The rustic tribes whose ploughshare tills
 The vine-clad slopes of Massic hills,
 Sent from Auruncan heights, or bound
 From Sidicinian champagne-ground,
 Who fertile Cales leave behind
 Or where Vulturian waters wind,
 Saticule's tenants, rough and rude,
 And all the hardy Oscan brood.
 Spiked truncheons they are wont to fling,
 But fit them with a leathern string.
 A target shields the good left hand,
 And curved like pruner's hook the brand
 They wield when foot to foot they stand

Nor, Cebalus, shalt thou pass by
 Unnamed in this our minstrelsy,

Born to old Telon, Capreæ's king,
 By Naiad of Sebethus' spring,
 The son contemned his sire's domain,
 And stretched o'er neighbouring lands his reign
 Sarrastes' tribes his rule obey,
 And fields where Sarnus' waters play,
 Who Batulum and Rufre hold
 Or till Celennæ's fruitful mould,
 Or those whom fair Abella sees
 Down-looking through her apple-trees,
 All went in Teuton sort to throw
 Nail-studded maces 'gainst the foe,
 Their helm of bark from cork-tree peeled,
 Of brass their sword, of brass their shield

Thrice too steep Nerse sends to war,
 Brave Ufens, born 'neath happy star
 Hard as their clods the Æquan race,
 Inured to labour in the chase,
 In armour sheathed, they till their soil,
 Heap foray up, and live by spoil

Came too from old Marnvia's realm,
 An olive-garland round his helm,
 Bold Umbro, priest at once and knight,
 By king Archippus sent to fight,
 Who baleful serpents knew to steep
 By hand and voice in charmed sleep,
 Soothed their fierce wrath with subtlest skill,
 And from their bite drew off the ill
 But ah! his medicines could not heal
 The death-wound dealt by Dardan steel,
 His slumberous charms availed him nought
 Nor herbs on Marsian mountains sought
 And cropped with magic shears;

For thee Anguitia's woody cave,
 For thee the glassy Fucine wave,
 For thee the lake shed tears.

From green Aricia, bent on fame,
 Hippolytus' fair offspring came,
 In lone Egria's forest reared,
 Where Dian's shrine is loved and feared
 For lost Hippolytus, 't is said,
 By cruel stepdame's cunning dead,
 Dragged by his frightened steeds, to sate
 His angry sire's vindictive hate,
 Was called once more to realms above,
 By Pæon's skill and Dian's love
 Then Jove, incensed that man should rise
 From darkness to the upper skies,
 Tho leech that wrought such healing hurled
 With lightning down to Pluto's world
 But Trivia kind her favourite hides
 And to Egria's care confides,
 To live in woods obscure and lone,
 And lose in Virbius' name his own.
 'T is thence e'en now from Trivia's shrine

The horn-hoofed steeds are chased,
 Since, scared by monsters of the brine,
 The chariot and the youth divine

They tumbled on the waste.
 Yet ne'ertheless with horse and car
 His dauntless son essays the war.

In foremost rank see Turnus move,
 His comely head the rest above :
 On his tall helm the triple cone
 Chimæra in relief is shown ,
 The monster's gaping jaws expire
 Hot volumes of Ætnæan fire .

And still she flames and raves the more
The deeper floats the field with gore.
With bristling hide and lifted horns
Io, all gold, his shield adorns,

 E'en as in life she stood,
There too is Argus, warder stern,
And Inachus from graven urn,

 Her father, pours his flood.
A cloud of footmen at his back
And shielded hosts the plain made black,
Anruineaus, Argives, brave and bold,
Rutulians and Sicanians old,
Saceranians thrusting for the field,
Labiet with enamelled shield,
Who Tiber's lawns with furrow score
And pure Nunnicius' sacred shore,
Sabalne Rutulian slopes, and plough
Circenus' steep reluctant brow
Where Anxur boasts her guardian Jove
And greenly blooms Feronia's grove,
Where Saturna's unlovely mere
 In sullen quiet sleeps,
And Ufens gropes through marshland drear
 And hides him in the deeps

 Last marches forth for Latium's sake
 Camilla fair, the Volscian maid,
A troop of horsemen in her wake
 In pomp of gleaming steel arrayed,
Stern warrior queen ! those tender hands
 Ne'er phed Minerva's ministries
A virgin in the fight she stands
 Or winged wings in speed outvies.
Nay, she might fly o'er fields of grain
 Nor crush in flight the tapering wheat,

Or skim the surface of the main
Nor let the billows touch her feet
Where'er she moves, from house and land
The youths and ancient matrons throng,
And fixed in greedy wonder stand
Beholding as sho speeds along
In kingly dye that scarf was dipped -
'T is gold confines those tresses' flow
Her pastoral wand with steel is tipped,
And Lycian are her shafts and bow

BOOK VIII.

WHEN Turnus had war's ensign shown
From high Laurentum's tower,
And made the horns with hoarse harsh tone
Give forth their voice of power,
His fiery coursers chafed, and pealed
The din of battle on his shield,
Dull hearts are startled from their sloth,
All Latium joins in solemn oath,
And kindles in an hour
Messapus, Ufens, 'mid the first,
And fierce Mezentius, scoffer cursed,
Rise succour, and from cultured plains
Sweep to the camp the stately swains.
And Venulus betimes is sped
On embassy to Diomed,
To crave for help, and tell the tale
That Troy has entered Latium's pale
Æneas with his gods is there,
And boasts himself the kingdom's heir,
While many a nation joins his side,
And Latium feels his name spread wide
What prize he seeks from war, what end,
Should Fortune smile, his hopes intend,
King Diomed may fither scan
Than Turnus or Latinus can.

So Latium fares - the Trojan sees,
 And fluctuates in perplexities :
 By thousand warring cares distraught
 This way and that he whirls his thought.
 As flashes light upon the face
 Of water in a brazen vase

From sun or lunar rays :
 From spot to spot behold it dart,
 And now it takes an upward start

And on the ceiling plays.
 Night came all life was buried deep,
 Man, beast, and bird, in placid sleep
 The chief beneath the cope of heaven,
 His heart with thought of battle riven,
 His limbs beside the river throws
 And courts the quiet of repose
 When rising through the poplar wood
 Appears the genius of the flood .
 A grey gauze mantle wrapped him round ,
 With shadowy reed his brows were crowned .
 Then thus he spoke, and laid to rest
 The cares that racked the hero's breast

' O seed of Heaven, who bring once more
 Lost Pergamus to this our shore,

And keep old Troy in life,
 Long looked for on Laurentian ground,
 Behold your home, your mansion found,
 Nor fear though foemen hem you round
 With menaces of strife.

Heaven's anger is at length assuaged,
 And ceased the feud of Gods enraged.
 E'en now, lest haply you should deem
 My words the coinage of a dream,
 On woody banks before your eye
 A thirty-farrowed sow shall lie,

Her whole white length on earth stretched out,
 Her young, as white, her teats about,
 Sign that when thirty years come round
 White Alba shall *Ascanius* found.
 Not vain my song now, how to speed
 In prosperous sort your pressing need,
 'T is mine to tell and yours to heed
 Arcadians here, from *Pallas* born,
 To king *Evander's* service sworn.
 On mountain heights have built and walled
 A city, *Pallanteum* called.
 With *Latium* constant war they wage
 Make them your friends, their aid engage
 Myself will be your journey's guide
 And teach your oars to climb the tide
 Up, goddess-born, this instant use,
 And ere the starlight leaves the skies
 Make vows to *Juno* overbear
 Her angry soul with gift and prayer
 When conquest crowns you in the fight,
 I too will claim a patron's right
 'T is I whose brimming flood you see
 Gushing through the fruitful lea,
Cerulean Tiber, first in love
 And dearest to the Gods above.
 Be here, arising from my bed,
 My stately home, the nations' head '

He said, and sought the river's pit,
 While night and sleep *Æneas* quit
 Up starts the chief, and turns his eyes
 In reverence to the orient skies,
 In hollowed palm the water takes,
 And thus his supplication makes
 ' *Laurentian Nymphs*, from whose pure blood
 The rivers have their birth,

Thou, Tiber, with thy sacred flow,
 The beauty of the earth,
 Receive Æneas, and at length
 Abate the toils that waste his strength
 Whate'er the source where, calm and still,
 Thou giv'st a thought to this our ill,
 Where'er thou spring'st to life divine,
 My gifts, my worship shall be thine,
 Blest power, o'er each Italian stream
 The horned monarch crowned supreme
 Be near to succour us, and seal
 The omen that thy words reveal '
 This said, he chooses biremes two,
 Provides them oars, and arms the crew
 When lo ! a sudden prodigy

A milk-white sow is seen
 Stretched with her young ones, white as she,
 Along the margent green.

Æneas takes them, dam and brood,
 And o'er the altar pours their blood,
 To thee, great Juno, e'en to thee,

High heaven's majestic queen
 All night the Tiber calmed his flood,
 And stayed its onward course, and stood,
 That smooth might lie the watery floor,
 Nor aught impede the toiling oar
 So speed they on 'mid joyful cries,

The vessels lightly glide,
 And waves and woods with strange surprise
 See glittering steel and painted keel .

Advancing up the tide.
 Still rowing on, they wear away
 The energies of night and day,
 O'erpass full many a lengthy reach
 'Neath alder shade or spreading beech,

And gently wind thick groves between
 That lend the wave a deeper green.
 The sun was at his midday height,
 When tower and rampire loom in sight,
 And dwellings thinly strown
 Now to the skies Rome's power makes soar
 That city - then 't was scant and poor,
 Evander's humble throne.
 Soon as they see, to land they steer
 Their ships, and to the town draw near

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The Arcadian monarch chanced that day
 A high solemnity to pay
 Before the city, in a grove,
 To Hercules, the seed of Jove
 His rustic senators are there,
 And Pallas too, his kingdom's heir,
 With censers charged the spilt life-stream
 Sends up a sacrificial steam
 Soon as the gallant ships they saw
 'Mid the thick forest nearer draw
 In still swift cadence oared,
 A sudden terror takes their eyes
 In wild confusion all uprise
 And quit the banquet-board
 Bold Pallas chides their panic start,
 Takes in his hand a beamy dart,
 And from a mound afar,
 ' Speak, gallant youths! what cause,' he cries,
 ' Has driven you here on strange emprise?
 What seek you as your journey's aim?
 Say, what your home, your race, your name
 Or bring you peace, or war?'
 Æneas from the lofty stern
 With outstretched olive makes return.

' Born Trojans we . our warlike gear
 Your Latian enemies may fear .
 Driven from their coast by sword and spear
 Evander's court we seek
 Go, tell your king, Dardania's power
 Has sent us here, the nation's flower,
 His succour to bespeak '
 That mighty name struck Pallas dumb
 ' Whoe'er you are,' he answers, ' come,
 Speak with my father face to face,
 Our welcome take, our mansion's grace '
 With friendly grasp he took and pressed
 The hand of his illustrious guest -
 Advancing, through the grove they wind,
 And leave the river's bank behind.

And now with many a courteous word
 The prince of Troy his suit preferred
 ' Worthiest and best of Danaan race,
 Whom Fortune bids me sue for grace
 With signs of suppliant need,
 I feared not to approach you, I,
 Though sprung from Grecian Arcady,
 Allied to Atreus' seed
 Heaven's oracles and conscious worth,
 Your own fair fame, that fills the earth,
 And kindred ancestry—'tis these
 Have made us one in sympathies,
 And driven me to your royal gate,
 The willing instrument of fate
 Old Dardanus, Troy's founder styled,
 Declared by Greece Electra's child,
 To Teucer's nation came ,
 And Atlas was Electra's sire,
 Whose sinewy strength, unused to tire,
 Supports the starry frame.

Your sire is Mercury, whom of yore
Maia, his radiant mother, bore

In cold Cyllene's air :
But Maia, if report say true,
Her birth from that same Atlas drew

Whose shoulders heaven upbear
'T is thus one fountain-head contains
The stream that flows in either's veins
Thus armed, I made no first essay
By embassies to sound the way -
My life I jeopard'd, my own,
And came in person to your throne.
The Daunian hunts us as his prey,

Your own inveterate foe
If us they banish, nought, they say,
Shall save Hesperia from their sway ;
The upper sea shall soon obey,

And that which rolls below
Exchange we friendship martial powers,
Stout hearts, and practised arms are ours

Ho said Evander's keen eyes scan
Eyes, features, mien, and all the man
Then thus he speaks 'How great my joy
To hail you, bravest son of Troy !
How truly, fondly I recall
Anchises' look, voice, language, all !
I mind, when Priam came to see
His sister's realm, Hestione,
On to Arcadia's bounds he passed
And breathed our cold inclement blast.
A boy was I, a stripling lad,
My cheek with youth's first blossom clad .
I gazed at Priam and his train
Of Trojan lords, and gazed again :

But great Anchises, princely tall,
Was more than Priam, more than all
With boyish zeal I schemed and planned
To greet the chief, and grasp his hand.
I ventured, and with eager zest
To Phenœus brought my honoured guest.
A Lycian quiver he bestowed
At parting, with its arrowy load,
A gold-wrought scarf, and bridle reins
Of gold, which Pallas still retains
So now the troth you ask I plight,
And soon as morning lends her light
A troop shall lead you on your way
And ample stores your need purvey
Meanwhile, since happy chance invites
Your presence, share these annual rites
Which Heaven forbids us to postpone,
And make our friendly boards your own '
Once more he calls for wine and meats,
And sets the chiefs on grassy seats,
Æneas first on maple throne
With lion's shaggy hide bestrown ,
While youths attendant on the priest
Bring roasted flesh of victim beast,
Wrought Ceres' gifts in baskets pile,
And make the cups with Bacchus smile.
So, plied with food, the strangers dine
On entrails and on bullock's chine.

When hunger's rage at length was stayed,
And craving appetite allayed,
Evander speaks ' This solemn day,
The feast we serve, the rites we pay,
Not these the freaks of fancy strange,
Blind to the past and bent on change .
No, Trojan guest ; deliverance wrought
From direful ill the lesson taught :

The yearly honours we renew
But render thanks where thanks are due.
Behold yon beetling cliff o'erhung,
Those crags in wild confusion flung,
That mountain-dwelling, all forlorn,
And rocks from their foundations torn.
Beneath the hill a cavern ran
Where Cacus lived, half beast, half man -
 No sunbeam e'er came in
The wet ground reeked with fresh-spilt gore,
And human heads adorned the door
 With foul and ghastly grin
Dark Vulcan was the monster's sire.
He vomited Vulcanian fire,
And, glorying in so proud a birth,
Shook with his bulk the solid earth.
We, too, when yearning to be freed
Found heavenly succour in our need
At length a strong avenger came,
Alcides, in the glow of fame
 From Geryon spoiled and killed
His captured bulls he led this way
Victorious, and the stately prey
 Bank-side and valley filled.
But Cacus, spurred by Furies on,
To leave no wickedness undone,
Four bulls, four heifers, beauteous all,
Bears off in plunder from the stall -
And these, to hide their track, he trails
Back through the valley by their tails,
And thus, the footprints all reversed,
Conceals them in his lair accursed.
No sign, no mark the foray gave
To lead the seeker to the cave -
Till when at last Amphytrion's son
Removed his herd, their pasture done,
 And stood prepared to go,

The oxen at departing fill
With noisy utterance grove and hill,
 And breathe a farewell low
When hark ! a heifer from the den
Makes answer to the sound again,
 And mocks her wily foe
Black choler filled Alcides' heart -
He snatches club and bow and dart,
 And scales the mountain's height -
Then, nor till then, was Cacus seen
With quailing eye, and troubled mien
Swifter than swiftest wind he flies
At once, and to the cavern hies,
 While terror wings his flight.
Scarce had he gained the cavern door
And lowered the rock that hung before
Fixed by his father's art - the strain
Makes the stout doorposts start again
When lo ! the fierce Tiryntian came,
His vengeful spirit all on flame,
Darts here and there his blazing eye,
If haply entrance he may spy,
 And grinds for rage his teeth ;
And thrice the mountain he surveyed,
Thrice the blocked gate in vain essayed,
 Thrice rested, and took breath
A pointed rock, on all sides steep,
Rose high above that dungeon-keep,
Abrupt and craggy, fitted best
For noisome birds to build their nest
Thus, as it frowned above the tide,
He pushed from the remoter side,
 And from its socket tore -
Then hurled it down . the high heavens crack,
The river to its source runs back,
 And shore recoils from shore.

Then Cacus' mansion stood displayed,
The cave revealed its depth of shade;

As though by some strange might
Earth, parting to her inmost core,
Should show the realms that Gods abhor,
The vast abyss he bare to day,
And spectres huddle in dismay

At influx of the light

There as surprised with sudden glare
The monster, pent within his lair,

In hideous fashion roars,
Alecides plies him from on high
With all his dread artillery,

And trunk and millstone pours
He, powerless to elude or flee,
Black smoke disgorges, dire to see,

With darkness floods the room,
Blots out all prospect from the sight,
And makes another, deeper night,

Half lightning and half gloom
Alecides, chafing as for shame,
Dashed onward headlong through the flame,
Wave thickest spout the jets of smoke,
And blackest clouds the cavern choke
There, as in vain he fumed and hissed,

He locked him in a deadly twist,
And cleaving, clinging, throttling, strained
His starting eyes, his throat blood-drained
The victor now, the doors down-torn,

The loathsome den reveals,
Displays the oxen, late forsworn,
And the foul carcase drags in scorn
To daylight by the heels

The rustics view with wild surprise
The body o'er and o'er,

That shaggy breast, those dreadful eyes,
 Those jaws that flame no more
 Henceforth our tribes observance pay
 And keep with joy this solemn day,
 Potitius foremost, and the line
 Pinarian, warders of the shrine
 'T was here he fixed this altar-stone,
 In name and fact our greatest known
 Come then, in memory of such worth
 The garland don, the cup hold forth,
 Invoke the God we both revere,
 And pour the wine with hearty cheer '
 He ceased the poplar's sacred shade,
 The blended white and green,
 Hung from his brow the cup displayed
 High in his hand was seen
 With equal zeal his guests outpour
 The votive wine, the gods adore

Meantime the sun has stooped from high,
 And nears the downfall of the sky.
 Potitius and the priestly band
 Come, clad in skins, with torch in hand.
 Once more the banquet is restored ;
 Rich dainties grace the second board ,
 The victim's choicest parts, bestowed
 On bonding plates, the altars load
 The Sahan minstrels come, their brows
 Engarlanded with poplar boughs,
 Two bands, one old, one young :
 The deeds of Hercules they sing,
 How, o'er his stepdame triumphing,
 The serpents' neck he wrung ;

How mighty towns he overthrew,
Great Troy and great Œchalia too ;
 What countless tasks, assigned
By king Eurystheus, he fulfilled,
When haughty Juno, iron-willed,
 With Destiny combined
‘Thy conquering arm the cloud-born twain,
Hylæus, Pholus, both has slain,
Thou lay’st the Cretan monster low,
And that fell beast, that met his foe
 In Nemea’s mountain glen
The Stygian lake beheld and feared,
And Oïcus’ warder, blood-besmeared,
(growing o’er gory bones half-cleared
 Down in his gloomy den
No grisly shape thy soul could fright,
Nor e’en Typhoeus, as for fight
 In arms he towered erect,
No lack was thine of counsel shrewd,
When like a legion round thee stood
 The Hydra hundred-necked
All hail, great Jove’s authentic race,
Who e’en to heaven canst lend a grace !
Vouchsafe thy presence here to-day
To us and to the rites we pay ’
So mingle they their praise and prayer,
 And add, to crown his fame,
Grim Cacus in his robber-lair
 Outbreathing smoko and flame
The sacred forest, thrilled with sound,
Re-echoes and the hills rebound

And now the train, their worship o’er,
Back to the city wend once more.

Heavy with age, the king moves on,
And keeps Æneas and his son
Close at his side, while various talk
Makes light the burden of the walk
Admiringly the Trojan plies
From side to side his glancing eyes,
Feels every charm, and asks and hears
Each record of departed years.
Then spoke the venerable king,
From whom, O Rome, thy glories spring.
'This forest ground, from time's first dawn,
Was held by natives, Nymph and Faun,
Men who from stocks their birth had drawn
And oaks of hardest grain
No arts were theirs : they knew not how
To couple oxen to the plough,
To store their treasured goods or spare :
The teeming boughs supplied their fare
And beasts in hunting slain
Then from Olympus' height came down
Good Saturn, exiled from his crown
By Jove, his mightier heir
He brought the race to union first,
Erewhile on mountain-tops dispersed,
And gave them statutes to obey,
And willed the land wherein he lay
Should Latium's title bear.
That was the storied age of gold,
So peacefully, serenely rolled
The years beneath his reign ;
At length stole on a baser age,
And war's indomitable rage,
And greedy lust of gain
Ausonians and Sicauians came,
And Saturn's land oft changed her name :

Came too the monarchs, Tiberis grim,
The royal giant, large of limb,
Whose name thenceforth the river bore,
And Albula was known no more
Myself, an exile from my home,
Went wandering far along the foam.
Till mighty chance and destined doom

Constrained my errant choice
So came I to these regions, driven
By warning from my mother given
And Phoebus' awful voice.'

Then, as they take their onward ways,
A gate and altar he displays,

Rome's own Carmental gate
In after years such honour found
Evander's mother, nymph renowned,
Carmentis, first of seers who sung
The heroes from Æneas sprung

And Pallanteum's fate

Next at the grove their feet are stayed
Which Romulus the Asylum made .

Lupercal's gelid cave they see,
Nursed from the god of Arcady
Then shows he Argiletum's wood,
Appealing to the scene of blood,
And tells the tale of Argus' end,
Perfidious Argus, once his friend.

Then to Tarpeia's dread abode
And Capitol he points the road
Now all is golden , then 't was all
O'ergrown with trees and brushwood tall
E'en then rude hinds the spot revered .
E'en then the wood, the rock they feared
' Here in this grove, these wooded steeps
Some god unknown his mansion keeps :

Arcadia's children deem

Their eyes have looked on Jove's own form, '
When oft he summons cloud and storm,

And seen his ægis gleam.

See yon yon towers in hoar decay,

The relics and memorials grey

Of old ancestral fame ?

This Janus, that king Saturn walled,

And this Janiculum was called,

That bore Saturna's name '

So talking on, at length they come

To poor Evander's lowly home

There, where Carina's mansion shone,

Where spreads the Forum, lowed the knee

The palace reached, ' These gates,' he cried,

' Alcides entered in his pride,

This house the god contained

Thou too take courage, wealth despise,

And fit thee to ascend the skies,

Nor be a poor man's courtesies

Rejected or disdained '

He spoke, and through the narrow door

The great Æneas led,

And heaped a couch upon the floor

With leaves and bear-skin spread

Night falls, and earth and living things

Are folded in her sable wings

But Venus, with a mother's dread

At Latium's wild alarm,

To Vulcan on the golden bed

Spoke, breathing on each word she said

Sweet love's enticing charm -

' When Greece was labouring to destroy

The fated battlements of Troy,

No arms from thee I cared to ask

For Troy's unhappy race,

Nor chose, dear love, in vain to task
Thy labour or thy grace,
Though much to Priam's sons I owed,
And oft my tears of pity flowed
For my Æneas' ease
And now his foot, by Jove's command,
Is planted on Rutuhan land
Thus then behold me suppliant here,
Low at those knees I most revere
Behold a tender mother plead
Arms are the boon, her son's the need
Not vainly Nereus' daughter pled
Not vain the tears Amoræ shed
What nations, see, what towns combine,
To draw the sword 'gainst me and mine
She ceased, her snowy arms enwound
Her faltering husband round and round
The wonted fire at once he feels
Through all his veins the passion steals,
Swift as the lightning's fiery glare
Runs glimmering through the thunderous air
His spouse in conscious beauty smiled
To see his heart by love beguiled
Smitten to the core with heavenly fire
In fondling tone returns the sire
'Why stray so far thy pleas to seek?
Has trust in Vulcan grown so weak?
Had such, my queen, been then thy bent,
E'en then to Troy had arms been lent,
Nor Joy nor Fate refused to give
To Priam ten more years to live
And now, if war be in the air
And battle's need thy present care,
What molten gold or iron can
With fire to fuse and winds to fan,

All shall be thine · thy power confess,
 Nor seek by prayers to feign it less.'
 He said, and to his bosom pressed
 His beauteous queen, and sank to rest

The night had crowned the cope of heaven,
 And sleep's first fading bloom had driven

The slumber from men's eyes ,
 E'en at the hour when prudent wife,
 Who day by day, to eke out life,

Minerva's distaff plies,
 Relumes her fire, o'erreaching night,
 And tasks her maidens by its light,
 To keep her husband's bed from stain
 And for their babes a pittance gain ,
 So, nor less swift, at labour's claim
 Springs from his couch the Lord of flame
 Fast by Æolian Lipare

And fair Sicania's coast
 An island rises from the sea

With smoking rocks embossed ,
 Bencath, a cavern drear and vast,
 Hollowed by Cyclopean blast,

Rings with unearthly sound ,
 Bruised anvils clang their thunder-peal,
 Hot lissing glows the Chalyb steel,
 And fiery vapour fierce and fast

Pants up from underground ,
 The centre this of Vulcan's toil,
 And Vulcan's name adorns the soil
 Here finds he, as he makes descent,
 The Cyclops o'er their labour bent
 Brontes and Steropes are there,
 And gaunt Pyracmon, stripped and bare.
 The thunderbolt was in their hand,
 Which Jove sends down to scourge the land ;

A part was barbed and formed to kill,
 A part remained imperfect still
 Three rays they took of forky hail,
 Of watery cloud three rays,
 Three of the winged southern gale,
 Three of the ruddy blaze -
 Now wrath they mingle, swift to harm,
 And glare, and noise, and loud alarm
 Elsewhere for Mars they plan the car
 Wherewith he maddens into war
 Strong towns and spearmen bold,
 And burnish Pallas' shirt of mail,
 The Ægis, bright with dragon's scale
 And netted rings of gold
 The twisted serpent-locks they shape
 And Gorgon's head, lopped at the nape
 Her dying eyes yet rolled
 'Away with these,' he cried, 'away,
 My sons, and list what now I say
 A mighty chief of arms has need
 Now prove your skill, your strength, your
 speed
 Bégone, delay!' No further speech
 Each takes the part assigned to each,
 And plies the work with zeal
 In streams the gold, the copper flows,
 And in the mighty furnace glows
 The death-inflicting steel
 A shield they plan, whose single guard
 May all the blows of Latium ward,
 And fold on fold together bind,
 Seven circles round one centre twined
 Some make the windy bellows heave,
 Now give forth air, and now receive.
 The copper hisses in the wave:
 The anvils press the groaning cave.

With measured cadence each and all
 The giant hammers rise and fall
 The gripping pincers, deftly plied,
 Turn the rough oar from side to side

While thus in distant caves the sire
 Bestirs the brethren of the fire,
 The gracious dawn, the vocal bird
 Beneath his eaves at daybreak heard

Bid old Evander rise
 A linen tunic he induces,
 And round his feet Tyrrheman shoes

In rustic fashion ties :
 A sword he fastens to his side,
 And wears for scarf a panther's hide
 Two watch-dogs from the palace-gate
 Come forth, and on their master wait
 So, mindful of his plighted word,
 He seeks his guest, the Trojan lord
 Aeneas too with willing feet
 As early moves his host to meet
 Achates on his chief attends

Beside Evander walks his son
 Each, guest and host, his hand extends
 They sit them down and talk as friends,

When thus the king begun
 ' Great chief of Troy, whose safety shows
 That Ilium still survives her foes,
 Albeit a mighty name be ours,
 Yet scanty are our martial powers,
 Here Tiber bounds us, there the din
 Of Rutule warfare hems us in
 Strong succour ne'ertheless I bring,
 Great nations, rich with many a king
 By chance they stand before our gate
 You join us at the call of Fate

Far hence Agylla's city stands,
Built, like our own, by alien hands -
There warlike Lydia's ancient stock
Is planted on the Etruscan rock
Long years of prosperous empire past,
Mezentius took the throne at last,
By arms compelled them to obey,
And governed with a tyrant's sway.
Why tell the blood the monster spilt,
Each freak of madness or of guilt ?
Nay—heaven return it on his head !—
He chained the living to the dead,
Hand joined to hand and face to face
In noisome pestilent embrace ,
So trickling down with foul decay
They wore their lingering lives away.
But wearied out with tyrannies
In arms at length his people rise,
Besiege his gates, his guards lay low,
And firebrands to his roof-tree throw
He 'mid the tumult of the strife,
So Fortune willed, escapes with life,
To haughty Turnus' kingdom flies,
And hides him with his old allies
Etruria glows with righteous ire
All, sheathed in arms, his head require.
Now, gallant guest, this numerous band
I offer to your sole command
Around the shore their vessels crowd
And call for action, fierce and loud ,
An aged seer their speed restrains,
Rehearsing things which Heaven ordains :
“ Brave sons of brave Mæonian sires,
Whom dark Mezentius' rule inspires
With wrath and righteous grief,

No leader of Italian blood

May head so vast a multitude :

Choose ye a foreign chief."

Scared by Heaven's voice, the Etruscan train

Sits down in arms in yonder plain.

An envoy, sent from Tarchon, brings

The sceptre of Etruria's kings,

And bids me join the camp, and wear

The crown, and be the kingdom's heir.

But envious age, for war too late,

Forbids Evander to be great

My son perchance the host might lead,

But, born of Sabine mother's seed,

A half Italian he

You, blest alike in age and race,

Assume, brave prince, the chieftain's place

O'er Troy and Italy

Nay more, my hope, my only joy,

I give you too, my noble boy .

The martial lore of service stern

Beneath your conduct he shall learn,

With reverence on your actions gaze,

And tread your steps from earliest days

Two hundred men, with each his steed,

I send with him, Arcadia's breed,

And Pallas from his own good store

Shall furnish forth two hundred more '

E'en as he spoke, in thought profound

The chiefs of Troy perused the ground .

Chill fears came thick, when lo! from
heaven

A sudden sign, by Venus given.

Swift runs athwart the sky's clear field

A thunder and a glare :

All Nature to her centre reeled,
And east and west through ether pealed

The Tyrrhene trumpet's blare

They look yet once and once again

Deep growls the thunder in his den;

And armour veiled in cloud is seen

High in the azure space serene

To glimmer with a ruddy sheen

And hurtle in the air

The rest in wonder pause spell-bound

Æneas hails the expected sound

And owns his mother's hand

'Ask not,' he cries, 'much honoured friend,

What chance these prodigies portend

'T is I the skies demand

Thus sign to send my mother vowed,

If war was on the wing

Herself to aid me through the cloud

Vulcanian arms would bring

Alas! what havoc soon shall seize

Laurentum's wretched families'

What reckoning, Turnus, yours to pay'

What burdens shalt thou roll,

Helmets and shields and mangled clay

Where dwelt a warrior's soul,

Hoar Tiber! Call to arms, and break

With treacherous ease the leagues ye make!'

He said, and from his throne upleapt,

Awakes the altar-fires that slept,

And pays the rites of morning hours

To Hercules and home-god powers

The Trojans and Arcadia's king

Alike their chosen victims bring,

Then, turning shoreward, he reviews

His vessels, and arrays the crews

Of these the first in martial might
He takes to follow him in fight:
The rest drop down the stream, to bear
Inus tidings how they fare,

His father and the cause
Each has his steed of all the train
That marches to the Tuscan plain,
A charger for the chief is led
With tawny lion's hide bespread

That shines with glided claws
Fame to the little town relates
The horse are marching to the gates
The matrons with redoubled zeal
Make vows to Heaven in wild appeal,
Fear closer treads on danger's heel,

And larger looms the fray,
The tears roll down Evander's face,
He holds his child in strict embrace.

And thus begins to say
' Ah ! would but Jupiter restore
The strength I had in days of yore,
When conqueror in Præneste's fields
I fired a pile of foemen's shields
And hurried with my own right hand
King Erulus to the darksome land
Three lyes inspired that monstrous frame
When from Feronia's womb he came.
Three swords he wielded 'gainst the foe
Three deaths it cost to lay him low
Yet thrice this hand shed out his gore,
And thrice stripped off the arms he wore
Ah ! never then should war's alarms
Dispart me from my darling's arms,
Nor had Mezentius done despite
So foully to a neighbour's right,
Or made my widowed city feel
The havoc of his ruthless steel

Yet O ye Gods, and O great Jove,
 Have pity on a father's love
 And hear Evander's prayer -
 If 't is your purpose to restore
 My Pallas to my arms once more ;
 If living is to see his face,
 Then grant me life, of your dear grace,
 No toil too hard to bear.
 But ah ! if Fortune be my foe,
 And meditate some crushing blow,
 Now, now the thread in mercy break,
 While hope sees dim and cares mistake,
 While still I clasp thee, darling boy,
 My latest and my only joy,
 Nor let assurance, worse than fear,
 With cruel tidings wound my ear -
 His speech grows faint, his limbs give way ;
 His slaves their master home convey

Now through the open gates at last
 The mounted company had passed :
 Æneas and Achates lead .
 The other lords of Troy succeed .
 Young Pallas in the midst is seen
 With brodered scarf and armour sheen :
 Like Lucifer, the day-spring's star,
 To radiant Venus dearest far
 Of all the sons of light,
 When lashed in ocean's wave, he rears
 His sacred presence 'mid the spheres,
 And dissipates the night
 The matrons on the rampart stand :
 Their straining eyes pursue
 The dusty cloud, the mail-clad band
 Yet ghmmmering on the view

Through thicket and entangled brake
The nearest road the warriors take,

And hark ! the war-cry's sound ;
The column forms, and horny feet
Recurrently the champaign beat

And shake the crumbling ground
A grove by Cære's river grows ,
Ancestral reverence round it throws

A terror far and wide
The shelving hills around have made
A girdle for the pine-wood shade,

Set close on every side
'T was there Pelasgian tribes, men say,
Who dwelt in Latium's clime of old,
Kept good Silvanus' holiday,

The guardian god of field and fold
Hard by encamped there held their post
Brave Tarchon and his Tyrrhene host,
And from the hill-top might be seen
Their legions stretching o'er the green
The Trojans join them on the mead,
And seek refreshment, man and steed.

But careful Venus, heavenly fair,
Had journeyed through the clouds of air,

Her present in her hands
Deep in the vale her son she spied
Reposing by the river-side,

And thus before him stands .
' Lo, thus the Gods their word fulfil
Behold the arms my husband's skill
Has fashioned in a day .

Fear not conclusions soon to try
With Latium's braggarts, but defy
E'en Turnus to the fray.'

Then to her son's embrace she flew ·
 The armour 'neath an oak in view
 She placed all dazling bright
 He, glorying in the beauteous prize,
 From point to point quick darts his eyes
 With ever-new delight
 Now wondering 'twixt his hands he turns
 The helm that like a meteor burns,
 The sword that rules the war,
 The breastplate shooting bloody rays,
 As dusky clouds in sunhght blaze,
 Refulgent from afar,
 The polished greaves of molten gold,
 The spear, the shield with fold on fold,
 A prodigy of art untold
 There, prescient of the years to come,
 Italia's times, the wars of Rome,
 The fire's dark lord had wrought :
 E'en from Ascanius' dawning days
 The generations he portrays,
 The fights in order fought.
 There too the mother wolf he made
 In Mars's cave supinely laid
 Around her udders undismayed
 The gamesome infants hung,
 While she, her loose neck backward thrown,
 Curossed them fondly, one by one,
 And shaped them with her tongue.
 Hard by, the towers of Rome he drew
 And Sabine maids in public view
 Snatched 'mid the Circus games .
 So 'twixt the fierce Romulcan brood
 And Tatius with his Cures rude
 A sudden war upflames
 And now the kings, their conflict o'er,
 Stand up in arms Jove's shrine before,

From goblets pour the sacred wine,
 And make their peace o'er bleeding swine
 There too was Mettus' body torn
 By four-horse cars asunder borne ;
 Ah, well for thee, had promise sworn,
 False Alban, held thee true !
 And Tullus dragged the traitor's flesh
 Through wild and wood - the brains looked fresh
 With sprinkled gory dew
 Porsenna there with pride elate
 Bids Rome to Tarquin open her gate
 With arms he hemis the city in
 Æneas' sons stand firm to win
 Their freedom with their blood
 Enraged and menacing his air,
 'That Cocles dares the bridge to tear,
 And Cloelia breaks her bonds, bold fan,
 And swims across the flood
 There Manlius on Tarpeian steep
 Stood firm, the Capitol to keep
 The ancient palace-roof you saw
 New bristling with Romulean straw
 A silver goose in gilded walls
 With flapping wings announced the Gauls ,
 And through the wood the invaders crept,
 And climbed the height while others slept
 Golden their hair on head and chin
 Gold collars deck their milk-white skin -
 Short cloaks with colours checked
 Shine on their backs two spears each wield
 Of Alpine make and oblong shields
 Their brawny limbs protect
 Luperci here of raiment stripped
 And dancing Salu move,
 And flamens with their caps wool-tipped,
 And shields that fell from Jove ,

And high-born dames parade the streets
 In pensile cars with cushioned seats.
 Far off he sets the gates of Dis,
 And Tartarus' terrible abyss,

And dooms to guilt assigned ·
 There Catiline on frowning steep
 Hangs poised above the infernal deep

With Fury-forms behind
 And righteous souls apart he draws,
 With Cato there to give them laws
 'Twixt these in wavy outline rolled
 The swelling ocean, all of gold,

Though hoary showed the spray
 Gay dolphins, sheathed in silver scales,
 Lash up the water with their tails,

And 'mid the surges play
 There in the midmost meet the sight
 The embattled fleets, the Actian fight ·
 Leucate flames with warlike show,
 And golden-red the billows glow
 Here Cæsar, leading from their home
 The fathers, people, gods of Rome,

· Stands on the lofty stern,
 The constellation of his sire
 Beams o'er his head, and tongues of fire

About his temples burn,
 With favouring Gods and winds to speed
 Agrippa forms his hue ·

The golden beaks, war's proudest need,
 High on his forehead shine

There with barbaric troops increased,
 Antonius, from the vanquished East,

And distant Red sea-side,
 To battle drags the Bactrian bands
 And Egypt, and behind him stands
 (Foul shame!) the Egyptian bride.

Each from his moorings, on they pour,
 And three-toothed beak and back-drawn oar
 Plough up in foam the marble floor
 Who saw had deemed that Cyclads, torn
 From their firm roots, were onward borne

Colliding on the surge,
 That hills with hills in conflict meet
 The mighty chiefs then tower-armed fleet

With such propulsion urge
 With hand or enginery they throw
 Live darts ablaze with fiery tow
 The sea-god's verdant fields look red,
 Incarnadined with heaps of dead
 Her native timbrel in her hand,
 The queen to battle calls her band,
 Infatuated—nor perceives as yet
 Two snakes behind with fangs a-whet
 Anubis and each monster strange

That Egypt's land reveres
 'Gainst Neptune, Venus, Pallas range,
 And shake then uncouth spears
 There where they battle, host and host,
 Raves grisly Mars, in steel embossed.

The furies frown on high,
 With mantle rent glad Discord walks,
 Bellona fierce behind her stalks,

Her scourge of crimson dye
 Then Actæan Phœbus bonds his bow—
 Scared by that terror, flies the foe,

Arabia, Egypt, Ind.

The haughty dame in wild defeat
 Is shaking out her loosened sheet,

And standing to the wind
 She, wanning o'er with death foreseen,
 Through corpses flies, devoted queen,
 By wave and Zephyr sped

While mighty Nile, through all his frame
Deep shuddering for his people's shame,
His ample vesture opened wide,
Invites the vanquished host to hide

 Within his azure bed

Cæsar, of triple triumph proud,
Pays to Rome's gods the gift he vowed,

 Three hundred fanes of stone,

The live streets ring with shouts and games
Each shrine is thronged by grateful dames,

 Each floor with victims strown

Himself, bright Phœbus' gate before,
At leisure tells the offerings o'er,
And fastens on the gorgeous door

 The first-fruits of the prey

There march the captives, all and each,
In garb as diverse as in speech,

 A multiform array

The houseless Nomad there is shown,

And Asiæ tribes that wear no zone,

And Morini, extreme of men,

And Dahæ, masterless till then

Getonians too, with bended bows,

And Leleges, and Carian foes

Euphrates droops his head, and flows

 With less of bulwgy pride

Old Rhine extends his branching horns,

And passion-chafed Araxes scorns

 The bridge that spans his tide

Such legends traced on Vulcan's shield

 The wondering chief surveys

On truth in symbol half revealed

 He feasts his hungry gaze,

And high upon his shoulders rears

The fame and fates of unborn years.

BOOK IX

WHILE elsewhere thus the war proceeds,
Saturnian Juno swiftly speeds

Her Iris from above
To valiant Turnus Turnus then
Was sitting in a hallowed glen,

His sire Pileumnus' grove
And thus the child of Thaumias speaks,
Heaven's beauty flushing in her cheeks
' Turnus, what never god would dare
To promise to his suppliant's prayer,
Lo here, the lapse of time has brought
E'en to your hands, unasked, unsought
Æneas camp and fleet forsakes
And journey to Evander takes,
Nor thus content, his way has found
To far Cortona's utmost bound,
The Lydian people calls to arms,
And musters all the rustic swarms
Why longer wait? the moment flies
Call horse and car the camp surprise.'
E'en as she spoke, her wings she spread,
And skyward on her rainbow fled.
The ardent youth the goddess knew

His hands to heaven he rears,
And thus pursues her, as from view
Aloft she disappears -

'Fair Iris, glory of the sky,
 Who sent thee hither from on high?
 What means this sudden light?
 I see the heavens dispart in twain,
 And round the pole the starry train
 Is swimming in my sight
 Enough I follow this thy sign,
 Whoe'er thou art, O power divine !'
 So speaking, to the wave he hied,
 Scooped in his palms the brimming tide,
 In suppance to the immortal bows,
 And burdens heaven with uttered vows

And now the host is on the plain,
 With steeds, and gold, and brodered grain.
 Messapus the front rank arrays
 The hunder Tyrrhens' sons obeys
 The midmost are by Turnus led
 So rising in serene repose
 Great Ganges rears his seven-fold head :
 So Nile from off the champion flows
 And sinks into his bed
 Troy's sons look forth, and see revealed
 Black dust-clouds moving o'er the field.
 And first from off the fronting mole
 Aloud Caius calls.
 'What murky clouds are these that roll?
 Fetch weapons, man the walls !
 See there, the foe !' And one and all
 Pour through the gates and fill the wall
 For such Æneas' last command,
 What time he stood to go,
 Should chance meanwhile surprise his band,
 To wage no conflict hand to hand,
 But safe behind the rampart stand,
 And thence direct the blow.

So now, though shame and scornful rage,
Quick blending, prompt them to engage,
They act his bidding, close the gate,
And armed, in sheltering towers await
 The coming of the foe
Turnus with twice ten chosen horse
Outstrips his column's tardy course,
 And nears them unforseen
A Thracian steed he rides, white-flecked,
With auburn crest his helm is docked,
 Itself of golden sheen
And 'Gallants, who with me will dare
The first assault?' he cries 'look there!'
Then sends his javelin through the air
(This the first drop of war's red rain),
And tower-like bears him o'er the plain
Clamorous and eager to attack,
His comrades follow at his back,
The Tiberian hearts, they deem, are slack,
 Their valour laid asleep
They dare not trust the level space
Or fight as men do, face to face,
 But still the encampment keep
So round and round the camp he wheels
Enraged, and for an entrance feels
Like wolf, who, ranging round the fold,
Whines at the gate, in rain and cold,
 At midnight's season still
Safe 'neath their dams the lambskins bleat:
He rages in infuriate heat
 At those he cannot kill,
With hunger's gathered flame unslaked
And bloodless jaws to dryness baked.
Thus while he wall and camp surveys,
The fire of wrath begins to blaze,
 Grief burns in every vein:

What way may access best be found
To dash the Trojans from their mound

And fling them on the plain ?

The fleet that lay upon their flank,
Deep shored within the river-bank,
He first assails, and calls aloud
For torches to the exulting crowd,
And with a flaming pine-tree brand,
Himself on flame, supplies his hand
Then, then, by Turnus' presence spurred,
They ply the work, and at the word

Each waves a torch on fire

The hearths are stripped, and pitchy glare
And soot and vapour through the air

In flaky wreaths aspire

What God, ye Muses, stayed the fire,
And saved the barks from fate so dire ?
Declare the tale long since was told,
But fame is green, though faith be old,
When first Æneas on the height
Of Ida built his ships for flight,
The Bercyntine queen, 't is said,
Her suit before the Thunderer pled
' My son, thy mother's prayer accord,
Throned by her help Olympus' lord
On Ida's summit once was mine,
Loved through long years, a grove of pine,
Where worshippers their homage paid,
With pitch-trees dark and maple shade.
These to the Dardan chief I gave
When ships he sought to cross the wave,
I gave, and in the gift was glad
But now their future makes me sad
Release me from my fears concede
The object of a parent's need :

Grant that their texture ne'er may fail
 From voyage long or stormy gale
 Such vantage let my favourites reap
 From birth on our Idæan steep '
 Her son, the Mighty One, replies,
 Who rolls the orbits of the skies
 ' O mother ! wherefore strive in vain
 The course of destiny to strain ?
 Shall vessels made by mortal hand
 The immortals' privilege command ?
 Shall man ride safe in danger's hour ?
 Claimed ever God so vast a power ?
 Nay rather, when, their service o'er,
 They reach at length the Ausonian shore
 What ships, escaping wind and wave,
 In Latium land the Dardan brave,
 Shall change their mortal shape for ours
 And swim the main as sea-god powers,
 As Galatè and Doto sweep
 O'er the broad surface of the deep '
 He said, and called to seal his vow
 His Stygian brother's lake,
 The banks where pitch and sand and mud
 Together mix their murky flood,
 And with the bending of his brow
 Made all Olympus shake

And now the promised time was come.
 The fated years had filled their sum, •
 When Turnus' wrong reminds the dame
 To shield her sacred ships from flame.
 A sudden light strikes blind their eyes .
 A cloud runs westward o'er the skies,
 And Ida's choirs appear :

An awful voice through ether thrills,
 The ranks of either army fills,
 And deafens every ear
 ' Forbear your weapons to employ
 To guard my ships, ye sons of Troy -
 Know, Turnus' fire shall burn the seas
 Or ere it touch my sacred trees
 Go free, my favourites loose your bands
 Be Ocean-nymphs your queen commands '
 At once they burst their corals and dip,
 Like dolphins, each with brazen tip
 Down plunging 'neath the flood ,
 Then all in maiden forms emerge,
 Swim out to sea and breast the surge,
 As many as on the river's verge
 Had erst in order stood

In wonder gaze the Rutule crowd
 Messapus' valiant self is cowed
 His horses start and leap
 The river falters sounding house,
 Old Tiber, and retracks his course,
 Nor hurries to the deep
 Yet Turnus still is undismayed,
 Still prompt to cheer or to upbraid
 ' At Troy, at Troy these potents aim
 See, Jove has ta'en away
 The means of flight, her wonted game
 For Rutule sword and Rutule flame
 Her navy will not stay
 No path for her across the sea
 She has no hope to scape us, she
 One half her world is gone
 Ourselves are masters of the land ,
 Such multitudes beside us stand,
 Italians every one.

They scare not me, those words of heaven,
 The voice of Fate from temples given,
 Which Phrygia's exiles boast
 Venus and Fate have reaped their duo
 In bringing safe the wandering crew
 To our Ausonian coast
 I too have had my fate assigned,
 To sweep the miscreants from mankind
 Who rob me of my spouse
 Not only Atreus' sons can feel,
 Nor Greece alone can draw the steel
 For breach of marriage vows
 Yet once to suffer may suffice
 What ailed them then to trespass twice ?
 One taste of crime should leave behind
 A loathing for the female kind
 Behold, their confidence they ground
 On balking trench and mediate mound,
 Remove from death a span !
 And saw they not sink down in flame
 Their Ilium's walls, albeit the frame
 Of powers more strong than man ?
 But you, my warriors, who will dare
 Rush on with me, the fierce down-ward,
 The trembling camp invade ?
 No Vulcan's arms, no thousand sail
 'Gainst Troy are needed to prevail
 Nay, let Etruria weight the scale
 And lend them all her aid
 Palladium ravished from the tower, ●
 Its warders stabbed at midnight's hour,
 Such feats they need not fear
 We will not skulk in horse's womb
 Our fires shall wrap their walls with doom
 In daylight broad and clear

Trust me, they shall not think to say
They deal with Danaans weak as they,
Whom Hector's prowess kept at bay

E'en to the tenth long year.

And now, since day's best hours are spent,
Let deeds well done your hearts content,
Recruit your weary frames, and know
The morn shall see us strike the blow.'

Meanwhile Messapus has to set
About the gates a living net,
And kindle fires around
Twice seven Rutulian chiefs he calls
Armed watch to keep beside the walls -
A hundred youths each chief obey
Then helmets shoot a golden ray,

With crests of purple crowned
They shift their posts, relieve the guard
Then stretch them on the grassy sward,
To Bacchus open all their soul,
And tilt full off the brazen bowl
Throughout the night the watch-fires flame,
And all is revel, noise, and game
Forth look the Trojans from their mound :
They see the leaguer stretching round,

And keep the rampart manned,
In anxious fear the gates inspect,
With bridges wall and tower connect,
And muster, spear in hand
Bold Mnestheus and Serestus brave,
To whose tried hands Æneas gave,
Should aught arise of sterner need,
To rule the state, the battle lead,

Press on, now here, now there -
Along the walls the gathered host
Keep tireless watch from post to post,
Each taking danger's share

Nisus was guardian of the gate,
No bolder heart in war's debate,
The son of Hyrtacus, whom Ide
Sent, with his quiver at his side,
From hunting beasts in mountain brake
To follow in Æneas' wake :
With him Euryalus, fair boy ;
None fairer donned the arms of Troy ;
His tender cheek as yet unshorn
And blossoming with youth new-born.
Love made them one in every thought .
In battle side by side they fought ,
And now on duty at the gate
The twain in common station wait.
' Can it be Heaven,' said Nisus then,
' That lends such warmth to hearts of men,
Or passion surging past control
That plays the god to each one's soul ?
Long time, impatient of repose,
My swelling heart within me glows,
And yearns its energy to fling
On war, or some yet grander thing
See there the foe, with vain hope flushed !
Their lights are scant, their stations hushed :
Unnerved by slumber and by wine
Their bravest chiefs are stretched supine
Now to my doubting thought give heed
And listen where its motions lead
Our Trojan comrades, one and all,
Cry loud, Æneas to recall,
And where, they say, the men to go
And let him of our peril know ?
Now, if the meed I ask they swear
To give you—nay, I claim no share,
Content with bare renown—

Meseems, beside yon grassy heap
The way I well might find and keep
To Pallanteum's town.'

The youth returns, while thirst of praise
Infects him with a strange amaze .
' Can Nisus aim at heights so great,
Nor take his friend to share his fate ?
Shall I look on, and let you go
Alone to venture 'mid the foe ?
Not thus my sire Opheltes, versed
In war's rude toil, my childhood nursed,
When Argive terror filled the air
And Troy was battling with despair :
Nor such the lot my youth has tried,
In hardship ever at your side,
Since, great Æneas' hegeman sworn,
I followed Fortune to her bourne
Here, here within this bosom burns
A soul that more existence spurns,
And holds the fame you seek to reap,
Though bought with life, were bought full
cheap '

' Not mine the thought,' brave Nisus said,
' To wound you with so base a dread .
So may great Jove, or whosoe'er
Marks with just eyes how mortals fare,
Protect me going, and restore
In triumph to your arms once more
But if—for many a chance, you wis,
Besets an enterprise like this—
If accident or power divine
The scheme to adverse end incline,
Your life at least I would prolong :
Death does your years a deeper wrong.
Leave me a friend to tomb my clay,
Rescued or ransomed, which you may ;

Or, e'en that boon should chance refuse,
 To pay the absent funeral dues.
 Nor let me cause so dire a smart
 To that devoted mother's heart,
 Who, sole of all the matron train,
 Attends her darling o'er the main,
 Nor cares like others to sit down
 An inmate of Aecetes' town.'
 He answers brief 'Your pleas are naught
 Firm stands the purpose of my thought
 Come, stir we why so slow?'
 Then calls the guards to take their place,
 Moves on by Nisus, pace with pace,
 And to the prince they go.

All other creatures wheresoe'er
 Were stretched in sleep, forgetting care ·
 Troy's chosen chiefs in high debate
Were pondering o'er the reeling state,
 What means to try, or whom to speed
 To warn Æneas of their need
 There stand they, midway in the field,
 Still hold the spear, still grasp the shield
 When Nisus and his comrade brave
 With eager tones admittance crave,
 The matter high, though time be lost,
 The occasion well were worth the cost.
 Iulus hails the impatient pair,
 Bids Nisus what they wish declare.
 Then spoke the youth · 'Chiefs! lend your ears,
 Nor judge our proffer by our years.
 The Rutules, sunk in wine and sleep,
 Have ceased their former watch to keep:
 A stealthy passage have we spied
 Where on the sea the gate opes wide:

The line of fires is scant and broke,
And thick and murky rolls the smoke.
Give leave to seek, in those dark hours,
Æneas at Evander's towers,
Soon will you see us here again
Decked with the spoils of slaughtered men
Nor strange the road • ourselves have seen
The city, hid by valleys green,
Just dimly dawning, and explored
In hunting all the river-board '
O'ut spoke Aletes, old and grey
' Ye gods, who still are Ithum's stay,
No, no, ye mean not to destroy
Down to the ground the race of Troy,
When such the spirit of her youth,
And such the might of patriot truth '
Then, as the tears roll down his face,
He clasps them both in strict embrace •
' Brave warriors ! what reward so great,
For worth like yours to compensate ?
From Heaven and from your own true heart
Expect the largest, fairest part :
The rest, and at no distant day,
The good Æneas shall repay,
Nor he, the royal youth, forget
Through all his life the mighty debt '
' Nay, hear me too,' Ascanius cried,
' Whose life is with my father's tied :
O Nisus ! by the home-god powers
We jointly reverence, yours and ours,
The god of ancient Capys' line,
And Vesta's venerable shrine,
By these dread sanctions I appeal
To you, the masters of my weal ;
O bring me back my sire again !
Restore him, and I feel no pain.

Two massy goblets will I give ;
 Rich sculptures on the silver live ;
 The plunder of my sire,
 What time he took Arisba's hold ;
 Two chargers, talents twain of gold,
 A bowl beside of antique mould

 By Dido brought from Tyre.
 Then too, if ours the lot to reign
 Or Italy, by conquest ta'en,

 And each man's spoil assign,—
 Saw ye how Turnus rode yestreen,
 His horse and arms of golden sheen ?
 That horse, that shield and glowing crest
 I separate, Nisus, from the rest

 And count already thine.
 Twelve female slaves, at your desire,
 Twelve captives with their arms entire,
 My sire shall give you, and the plain
 That forms Latinus' own domain
 But you, dear youth, of worth divine,
 Whose blooming years are nearer mine,
 Here to my heart I take, and choose
 My comrade for whate'er ensues
 No glory will I e'er pursue,
 Unmotivated by the thought of you .
 Let peace or war my state befall,
 Thought, word, and deed, you share them all '
 The youth replied 'No after day
 This hour's fair promise shall betray,
 Be Fate but kind Yet let me claim
 One favour, more than all you name—
 A mother in the camp is mine,
 Derived from Priam's ancient line :
 No home in Sicily or Troy
 Has kept her from her darling boy.

She knows not, she, the paths I tread ;
I leave her now, no farewell said ;
By Night and this your hand I swear,
A parent's tears I could not bear.
Vouchsafe your pity, and engage
To solace her unchilded age .
And I shall meet whate'er betide
By such assurance fortified.'
With sympathy and tender grief
All melt in tears, Iulus chief,
As filial love in other shown
Recalled the semblance of his own .
And, ' Tell your doubting heart,' he cries,
' All blessings wait your high emprise
I take your mother for my own,
Crensa, save in name alone,
Nor lightly deem the affection due
To her who bore a child like you.
Come what come may, I plight my troth
By this my head, my father's oath,
The bounty to yourself decreed
Should favouring Gods your journey speed,
The same shall in your line endure,
To parent and to kin made sure '
He spoke, and weeping still, untied
A gilded falchion from his side,
Lycaon's work, the man of Crete,
With sheath of ivory complete :
Brave Mnestheus gives for Nisus' wear
A lion's hide with shaggy hair ,
Aletes, old in danger grown,
His helmet takes, and gives his own
Then to the gates, as forth they fare,
The band of chiefs with many a prayer
The gallant twain attends .

Iulus, manlier than his years,
Oft whispering, for his father's ears
 Full many a message sends.
But be it message, be it prayer,
Alike 'tis lost, dispersed in air

 The trenches past, through night's deep gloom
 The hostile camp they near
Yet many a foe shall meet his doom
 Or ere that hour appear.
There see they bodies stretched supine,
O'ercome with slumber and with wine,
Tho cars, unhorsed, are drawn up high;
'Twixt wheels and harness warriors lie,
With arms and goblets on the grass
In undistinguishable mass
'Now,' Nisus cries, 'for hearts and hands:
This, this the hour our force demands.
Here pass wo yours the rear to mind,
Lest hostile arm be raised behind,
Myself will go before and slay,
While carnage opes a broad highway.'
So whispers he with bated breath,
And straight begins the work of death
 On Rhamnes, haughty lord
On rugs he lay, in gorgeous heap,
From all his bosom breathing sleep,
A royal seer, by Turnus loved
But all too weak his seer-craft proved
 To stay the rushing sword.
Three servants next the weapon found
Stretched 'mid their armour on the ground:
Then Remus' charioteer he spies
Beneath the coursers as he lies,
 And lops his downdropt head:
The ill-starred master next he leaves,
A headless trunk that gasps and heaves

Forth spouts the blood from every vein,
And deluges with crimson rain
 Green earth and brodered bed
Then Lamyros and Lamus died,
Serranus too, in youth's fair pride -
That night had seen him long at play :
Now by the dream-god tamed he lay -
Ah ! had his play but matched the night,
Nor ended till the dawn of light !
So famished lion uncontrolled
Makes havoc through the teeming fold,
 As frantic hunger craves ,
Mangling and harrying far and near
The meek mild victims, mute with fear,
 With gory jaws he raves.
Nor less Euryalus performs
The thirst of blood his bosom warms ,
'Mid nameless multitudes he storms,
Herbesus, Fadus, Abaris kills
Slumbering and witless of their ills,
While Rhoetus wakes and sees the whole,
But hides behind a massy bowl
There, as to rise the trembler strove,
Deep in his breast the sword he drove,
 And bathed in death withdrew
The lips disgorgè the life's red flood,
A mingled stream of wine and blood
 He plies his blade anew
Now turns he to Messapus' band,
 For there the fires he sees
Burnt out, while coursers hard at hand
 Are browsing at their ease,
When Nisus marks the excess of zeal,
The maddening fever of the steel,
And checks him thus with brief appeal :
' Forbear we now ; 't will soon be day :
Our wrath is slaked, and hewn our way.'

Full many a spoil they leave behind
 Of solid silver thrice refined,
 Armour and bowls of costliest mould
 And rugs in rich confusion rolled.
 A belt Enryalus puts on
 With golden knobs, from Rhamnes won .
 Of old by Cædicius 't was sent,
 An absent friendship to cement,
 To Remulus, fair Tiber's lord,
 Who, dying, to his grandson left
 The shining prize the Rutule sword
 In after days the trophy reft.
 Athwart his manly chest in vain
 He binds these trappings of the slain ,
 Then 'neath his chin in triumph laced
 Messapus' helm with plumage graced
 The camp at length they leave behind,
 And round the lake securely wind.

Meanwhile a troop is on its way,
 From Latium's city sped,
 An offshoot from the host that lay
 Along the plain in close array,
 Three hundred horsemen, sent to bring
 A message back to Turnus king,
 With Volscens at their head
 Now to the camp they draw them nigh,
 Beneath the rampart's height,
 When from afar the twain they spy,
 Still steering from the right ; •
 The helmit through the glimmering shade
 At once the unwary boy betrayed,
 Seen in the moon's full light
 Not lost the sight on jealous eyes :
 ' Ho ! stand ! who are ye ? ' Volscens cries ;
 ' Whence come, or whither tend ? '

No movement deign they of reply,
But swifter to the forest fly,

And make the night their friend.
With fatal speed the mountain foes
Each avenue as with network close,
And every outlet bar

It was a forest bristling grim
With shade of ilex, dense and dim.
Thick brushwood all the ground o'ergrew.
The tangled ways a path ran through,
Faint glimmering like a star.

The darkling boughs, the cumbering prey
Euryalus's flight delay.

His courage fails, his footsteps stray

But Nisus onward flees,
No thought he takes, till now at last
The enemy is all o'erpast,
E'en at the grove, since Alban called
Where then Latinus' herds were stalled
Sudden he pauses, looks behind
In eager hope his friend to find

In vain, no friend he sees
'Euryalus, my chiefest care,
Where left I you, unhappy? where?
What clue may guide my erring tread
This leafy labyrinth back to thread?
Then, noting each remembered track,
He thrids the wood, dim-seen and black
Listening, he hears the horse-hoofs beat,
The clatter of pursuing feet
A little moment—shouts arise
And lo! Euryalus he spies,
Whom now the foeman's gathered throng
Is hurrying helplessly along,
While vain resistance he essays,
Trapped by false night and treacherous ways.

What should he do ? what force employ
 To rescue the beloved boy ?
 Plunge through the spears that line the wood,
 And death and glory win with blood ?
 Not unresolved, he poises soon
 A javelin, looking to the Moon .
 ' Grant, Goddess, grant thy present aid,
 Queen of the stars, Latoman maid,

 The greenwood's guardian power ,
 If, grateful for success of mine,
 With gifts my sire has graced thy shrine,
 If e'er myself have brought thee spoil,
 The tribute of my hunter's toil,
 To ornament thy roof divine,

 Or glitter on thy tower,
 These masses give me to confound,
 And guide through air my random wound.'
 He spoke, and hurled with all his might,
 The swift spear hurtles through the night
Stout Sulmo's back the stroke receives .
 The wood, though snapped, the midriff cleaves
 He falls, disgorging life's warm tide,
 And long-drawn sobs distend his side
 All gazed around another spear
 The avenger levels from his car,

 And launches on the sky
 Tagus has pierced through temples twain,
 The dart deep buried in his brain
 Fierce Volscens storms, yet finds no foe,
 Nor sees the hand that dealt the blow,*

 Nor knows on whom to fly
 ' Your heart's warm blood for both shall pay,'
 He cries, and on his beauteous prey

 With naked sword he sprang.
 Scared, maddened, Nisus shrieks aloud :
 No more he hides in night's dark shroud,
 Nor bears the o'erwhelming pang :

'Me, guilty me, make me your aim,
 O Rutules! mine is all the blame;
 He did no wrong, nor e'er could do,
 That sky, those stars attest 't is true;
 Love for his friend so freely shown,
 This was his crime, and this alone.'
 In vain he spoke the sword fierce driven
 That alabaster breast had riven.
 Down falls Euryalus, and lies
 In death's enthralling agonies.
 Blood trickles o'er his limbs of snow,
 'His head sinks gradually low.'
 Thus, severed by the ruthless plough,
 Dim fades a purple flower
 Their weary necks so poppies bow,
 O'erladen by the shower.
 But Nisus on the midmost flies,
 With Volscens, Volscens in his eyes
 In clouds the warriors round him rise,
 Thick hailing blow on blow.
 Yet on he bears, no stint, no stay;
 Like thunderbolt his falchion' sway
 'Till as for aid the Rutule shrieks
 Plunged in his throat the weapon reeks:
 The dying hand has reft away
 The lifeblood of its foe
 Then, pierced to death, asleep he fell
 On the dead breast he loved so well.

Blest pair! if aught my verse avail,
 No day shall make your memory fail
 From off the heart of time,
 While Capitol abides in place,
 The mansion of the Æneian race,
 And throned upon that moveless base
 Rome's father sits sublime.

With conquest crowned, of trophies proud,
The Rutule warriors, weeping loud,
 Slain Volscens campward bring :
Nor fewer tears in camp are shed
For Rhamnes and Serranus dead,
By one fell stroke their noblest sped
 To darkness, chief and king.
Crowds gather to the spot, where lie
The bodies, dead or soon to die,
And see the place afloat with blood
And frothing gore in many a flood.
From hand to hand they pass the spoil
 Messapus' helm they know,
And trappings gay, with deadly toil
 Recovered from the foe

Now, rising from Tithonus' bed,
The Dawn o'er earth her radiance spread
When all is flooded by the ray,
And nature lies exposed to day,
Bold Turnus, armed from head to heel,
Inflames the warriors' martial zeal
Each to his followers makes appeal,
 And goads them to engage.
Moreover, fixed on lifted spears,
(Where in that hour were human tears ?)
Two gory heads they thrust to view,
Euryalus' and Nisus' too,

 With cries of hate and rage
Troy's iron sons array their fight
On the left rampart—for the right
 Adjoins the river shore.—
Above their breadth of moat they stood
In lofty turrets, sad of mood :
And horror on their spirit fell
To see those heads they knew so well
 Dripping with loathly gore.

Through the pale ranks ran winged Fame,
And swiftly to the mother came
Of lost Euryalus : the start
Sent icy chillness to her heart :
The thread was on the shuttle stopped,
And from her hand the spindle dropped.
She rends her hair ; she shrieks aloud,
And to the rampart and the crowd
In wild distraction flies :
No more tho face of men she fears,
The winged deaths, the showering spears,
But fills the air with cries :
' Euryalus ! returned, and thus ?
And could you leave me lone,
Mine age's stay, in life's late day ?
O what a heart of stone !
This perilous adventure seek,
Nor farewell to your mother speak ?
And you are lying, lying thrown
To dogs and birds, 'neath skies unknown ;—
And I, your mother, might not close
Your glassy eyes, your limbs compose,
Nor wash the gore away,
Nor robe you in that mantle fair,
Which, solacing an old wife's care,
I hastened for my darling's wear,
Still spinning night and day !
Where shall I seek you ? how reclaim
Those headless limbs, that mangled frame ?
This all ! and was it this, ah me,
I followed over land and sea ?
O slay me, Rutules ! if ye know
A mother's love, on me bestow
The tempest of your spears !
Or thou, great Thunderer, pity take,
And whelm me 'neath the Stygian lake,

Since otherwise I may not break
 This life of bitter tears ! '

That wail the hearts of Troy congealed ,
 From rank to rank the infection ran ;
 Each sickens of the battle-field,
 And feels no longer man.
 Still raves the miserable dame,
 Still higher piles grief's frantic flame
 Iulus, shedding tears like rain,
 And old Ilioneus call their train,
 And Actor and Idæus come
 And bear her from the rampart home.

Now shrills the trump its dire alarms
 At once the warriors cry to arms :
 Heaven thunders back the note.
 The Volscian host a penthouse form,
 And strive the palisade to storm
 And choke the gaping moat :
 Some try the approach, and ladders plant
 Where most the battle-line looks scant,
 And the dark ring that crowns the wall
 Presents a glimmering interval.
 With equal zeal the sons of Troy
 Stout poles and missile darts employ,
 Taught by experience long and hard
 How best a leaguered wall to guard.
 Stones too with cruel weight they throw
 In hope to break the shielded foe :
 O, vainly sure all storms that blow
 Will rattle on that roof !
 See, see, at length it yields, it yields !
 Where threats the densest mass of shields
 A block the Trojans topple o'er :
 Down on the Rutule host it bore,
 Dashed wide their ranks behind, before.
 And burst their fence of proof.

Cowed by the shock, the Rutules bold
No more engage in fight blindfold,
But with a missile tempest strive
The foeman from his wall to drive.
Elsewhere Mezentius, grim to see,
Wields Tuscan pine-stock, tall as he,
And heads the desperate attack
With torch-fire vapours, pitchy black.
While bold Messapus, Neptune's seed,
Imperious tamer of the steed,
Tears down the palisade, and calls
For ladders to ascend the walls

Now grant, Calliope, thine aid,
Ye Muses, prompt my lay
To tell what havoc Turnus made
On that too bloody day,
What gallant chiefs were hurled below
And what the hands that dealt the blow.
Be near, and help me to unroll
In length and breadth the martial scroll.

•
Lank'd by strong bridges to the wall
There rose a lofty tower :
Italia's warriors, one and all,
Assail it, bent to work its fall,
With utmost strain of power :
The sons of Troy with stones defend,
And through the narrowed eyelets send
A furious steely shower.
Fierce Turnus first a firebrand flings
It strikes the side, takes hold, and clings.
The freshening breezes spread the blaze,
And soon on plank and beam it preys.
The inmates flutter in dismay
And vainly wish to fly.

There as they huddle and retire
Back to the part which 'scapes the fire,
Sudden the o'erweighted mass gives way,
And falling, shakes the sky.
Heavily to the ground they come
In piteous ruin trailed,
Some pierced with falling fragments, some
On their own darts impaled.
Unhurt, Helenor, sole of all,
And Lycus issue from the fall.
Helenor, whom Licymnia bare
To Lydia's king, a captive fair,
And sent herself her blooming boy
In interdicted arms to Troy,
Trained up a naked sword to wield
And bear a blank unblazoned shield.
Soon as the Rutule hosts he found
And Turnus' squadrons close him round,
As beast by hunter crowds beset
Makes furious war on dart and net,
Full at the throat of danger flies,
And spiked on serried javelins dies,
So leaps the warrior on the foe
Where storms of iron deadliest blow.
Not so young Lycus : swifter far
He threads the windings of the war,
Gripes the high wall with talon clutch,
And strives his comrades' hands to touch.
With speed of foot and javelin's throw
Fierce Turnus follows on the foe :
' Poor fool ! couldst hope,' the conqueror cries,
' To baffle Turnus of his prize ?'
Then grasps him hanging, and withal
Plucks down a bulwark from the wall :
So Jove's fell bird bears off in air
A snow-white swan or timorous hare :

So from its vainly bleating dam
Tears the gaunt wolf the folded lamb
Loud clamours rise : they charge once more,
Break down the mound, the trench bridge o'er,
Or to the topmost rampart throw
Their brands of pine-wood all aglow.
There as Lucetius nears the gate

And waves aloft the hostile flame,
Ilioneus whelms him 'neath the weight
Of rock that from a mountain came -
Stout Liger brings Emathion low ;

Asilus Coryneus slays,
That skilled the warlike lance to throw,
Thus wings the arrow from the bow
Through unsuspected ways.

Ortygius lies by Cæneus slain
The victor yields to Turnus' hands,
And Sagaris, Itys, Clonius fall,
With Promolus, by Turnus all,
And Idas, tumbled to the plain
As on the wall he stands.

Privernus finds from Capys death -
Themilla's spear had grazed him first
He flings his buckler on the ground,
And claps his hand upon the wound ;
Fond wretch ! the arrow wings the wind,
And to his side his hand is pinned,
And through the vital springs of breath
A deadly passage burst.

There Arcens' son stood, richly dight
In brodered scarf with purple bright,
Sent by his father to the fight,

A youth of glorious show,
Reared in his Oread mother's wood,
Beside Symæthus' gentle flood,
Where day by day with victims' blood
Pælus' altars flow.

No more his spear Mezentius hurled,
Thrice round his head his sling he whirled
 With shrill and whizzing sound:
Sheer through the warrior's temples sped
With fatal aim the glowing lead;
He falls, and lies unnerved and dead
 O'er many a foot of ground.

Then first, they say, Ascanius tried
 In battle-field his bow,
Till then 'gainst flying silvans plied,
 And laid Numanus low
He late to his connubial bed
Had Turnus' youngest sister led.
And now, of new-worn purple proud,
He stalks erect, with vaunting loud,
And thus before the battle's van
With wordy turbulence began.
'Twice captured Phrygians' to be pent
Once more in leaguered battlement,
And plant unblushingly between
Yourselves and death a stony screen!
Lo, these the men that draw their swords
To part our ladies from their lords!
What god, what madness brings you here
To taste of our Italian cheer?
No proud Atridæ lead our vans:
No false Ulysses talks and plans:
E'en from the birth a hardy brood,
We take our infants to the flood,
And fortify their tender mould
With icy wave and ruthless cold.
Early and late our sturdy boys
Seek through the woods a hunter's joys
Their pastime is to tame the steed,
To bend the bow and launch the reed.

Our youth, to scanty fare inured,
 Made strong by labour oft endured,
 Subdue the soil with spade and rake,
 Or city walls with battle shake.
 Through life we grasp our trusty spear :
 It strikes the foe, it goads the steer :
 Age cannot chill our valour. no,
 The helmet sits on locks of snow ;
 And still we love to store our prey,
 And eat the fruits our arms purvey.
 You flaunt your robes in all men's eyes,
 Your saffron and your purple dyes,
 Recline on downy couch, or weave
 The dreamy dance from morn to eve :
 Sleeved tunics guard your tender skins,
 And ribboned mitres prop your chins
 Phrygians !—nay rather Phrygian fair !
 HENCE, to your Dindymus repair !
 Go where the flute's congenial throat
 Shrieks through two doors its slender note,
 Where pipe and cymbal call the crew ;
 These are the instruments for you :
 Leave men, like us, in arms to deal,
 Nor bruise your lily hands with steel '

That ominous tongue, that boastful heart
 Ascanius could not bear .
 He drew the bowstring, poised the dart,
 And stood with outstretched arms apart,
 First, calling Jove in prayer,
 ' Vouchsafe to bless, great Sire divine,
 The suppliant's bold essay :
 My grateful hand before thy shrine
 Shall yearly offerings pay :
 A goodly bullock from the stall,
 Snow-white, his mother scarce so tall,

Shall at thy altar stand :
His horns, which gold shall overlay,
E'en now anticipate the fray,
His feet spurn up the sand.'
Jove heard, and instant from the left
He thundered through the blue .
Instant the bow was heard to twang ,
The shaft along the welkin sang,
Numanus' haughty head it cleft,
And pierced his temples through.
'Go, vent on worth your idle taunts :
Such answer to Rutulian vaunts
Twice captured Phrygians send !'
Ascanius spoke the sons of Troy
Mount skyward in their rapturous joy,
And heaven with shoutings rend

Phœbus that hour from heaven's dim height
Surveyed the fortunes of the fight,
And thus from off his throne of cloud
Bespoke the youthful victor proud
' 'T is thus that men to heaven aspire
Go on, and raise your glories higher,
Of Gods the son, of Gods the sire !
Beneath Assaracus's seed
The war-worn land shall cease to bleed.
Nor may our narrow Troy contain
The compass of so grand a reign.'
So speaking, from the skies he darts,
The fluttering air before him parts,
And quickly to Ascanius hies,
In Butes' venerable guise.
Once Butes kept Anchises' door,
Anchises' arms in battle bore :
No other cares his age employ,
The guardian of the princely boy.

So moves the God : voice, colour, all,
The veteran's lineaments recall,
The silvery honours of his head,
His armour, resonant with dread ;
And thus with words of mild control
He calms that young ambitious soul
' Enough, Æneas' son, to know
Your hand, unharmed, with shaft and bow

Numanus' life has ta'en ;

Such glory to your first of fields
Your patron god ungrudging yields,
Nor robs of praise the arms he wields
From further fight refrain.'

So Phoebus speaks, and speaking flies ,
One moment beams on mortal eyes,
Then mingles with the ambient skies
The Dardan chiefs the godhead knew
His flashing weapons caught their view
They heard his quiver as he flew
So now at great Apollo's beck
Ascanius' martial zeal they check
Themselves renew the doubtful strife,

And prodigally venture life.

Rings through the camp the war-shout's peal
They bend their bows and hurl the steel

Which leathern thong impels .

Spent javelins all the ground bestrow .
Helmet and shield rebound the blow .

A savage fight upswells.

So furiously from westward sped,
The Kid-star lowering overhead,

Wild tempests lash the plain :

So on the sea the hail falls fast,
When Jove, dread lord of southern blast,
His watery volleys flings broad-cast,
And opes the springs of rain.

Pandarus and Bitias, brethren twain,
Descended of Alcanor's strain
(Iara bore them, nymph divine
Their stature matched the hill-side pine
Or e'en the hills' own height),
Throw wide the gate they held in charge,
And trusting but to spear and targe
The foe's advance invite.

Themselves within the gateway stand,
Fronting the towers on either hand,
Magnificent in steel array,

And toss their plumes on high.
So two fair oaks that proudly grow
On banks of Athesis or Po
Their unshorn heads aloft display
And tower into the sky.

With eager joy the Rutules see
The gates thrown wide, the entrance free,
And pour by hundreds in :

Full soon Aquicolus the fair,
Stout Quercens, Hæmon, fiery T'mare,
To fight with all their followers turn,
Or with their heels the threshold spurn

But now they thought to win,
Fierce and more fierce the combat glows
In gathering ranks the Trojans close,

Nor further onset wait,
But foot to foot defy their foes,
And press beyond the gate

Meanwhile to Turnus, as afar
On other parts he launches war
And mars the foe's array,
Comes word that, flushed with blood new-shed,
The sons of Troy forget their dread,
And wide their gates display.

Fell rage inspiring all his mind,
 The unfinished work he leaves behind,
 And rushes to the gates amain
 To cope with that presumptuous twain.
 First on Antiphates he bore,
 Whom chance had planted in the fore,
 The great Sarpedon's spurions seed,
 Born of a dame of Theban breed.
 The cornel hurtles through the skies;
 Straight to the stomach's pit it flies,
 And lodges 'neath the bosom's core,
 While the dark cavern wells with gore
 Then Merops, Erymas the brave,
 And young Aphidnus find a grave,
 And Bitias, as with eyes aglow
 And bursting rage he fronts his foe.
 No dart was thrown · a puny dart
 Had scarcely reached that giant heart;
 No, 't was a huge salaric spear,
 Thundering in levin-like career,
 That left the victor's hand ·
 Not two bull-hides, nor corslet mail,
 · Though plated twice with golden scale,
 The onset might withstand.
 The vast frame tumbles on the field;
 Groans the jarred earth, loud clangs the shield
 'T is thus descends in later day
 The granite pile in Baiæ's bay,
 Compact of many a block ·
 E'en thus, in mighty downfall sped,
 It sinks into the oozy bed
 With vast reverberant shock:
 Up mounts the sand from depths profound
 Lone Prochyta perceives the sound
 Thrill deep through cave and rock,

And Arime, by Jove's behest
Firm fixed on Typhon's monster breast.

Now Mars omnipotent imparts
Fresh vigour to the Latian hearts,
While on the Trojan band
Dark fear he sends and coward flight .
The Italians claim the proffered fight,
And fury nerves each hand
When Pandarus saw his brother slain
And knew the tide had ebbed again,
He sets his shoulders to the gate
And backward rolls the enormous weight,
Leaving in miserable rout
Full many a hapless friend shut out,
While others through the entrance pour,
And saved from carnage, breathe once more
Fond fool ! amidst the noise and din
He saw not Turnus rushing in,
But closed him in the embattled hold,
A tiger in a helpless fold
From those fierce eyes new terrors blaze ,
His arms around him clash .
The red plume on his helmet plays,
And from his shield reflected rays
Like living lightning flash.
At once the trembling Trojans know
The dreaded presence of their foe .
But Pandarus onward flies .
In his proud breast his brother's fate
Awakes the flames of rage and hate,
And thus in scorn he cries .
' Not this Amata's promised dower,
Your royal dome, your bridal bower,
Nor Ardea's native town enthalls
Her Turnus in her friendly walls :

A hostile camp around you see,
Shut in without the power to flee.'
Then Turnus with untroubled mien
'Begin, and let your strength be seen
Soon shall you tell in Priam's ear
You found a new Achilles here.'
Strong Pandarus launches on the wind
A knotted spear, unpeeled its rind,
 With mighty effort flung -
Saturnia caught it as it came
And turned it from its destined aim
 Fixed in the gate it hung.
'Not thus shall err my trusty brand,
Sped by a surer, stronger hand'
Then, rising tiptoe as he speaks,
 Turnus uplifts the falchion keen
With force resistless sweeping down
It crashes on the warrior's crown.
And ample brows and beardless cheeks
 Are severed clear and clean.
At once the mighty ruin sounds,
The firm earth trembles and rebounds;
His armour, splashed with blood and brain,
His giant members load the plain.
On either shoulder, cleft in twain,
 The ghastly head is seen.
The Trojans fly in wild dismay -
 O, then had Turnus thought
To force the fastenings of the gates
And call within his valiant mates,
The nation and the war that day
 Alike to end had brought!
But rage and blind desire to slay
Still drive him on the recreant prey
First Phalaris beneath him dies
And Gyges, hamstrung as he flies:

Forth from the slain he plucks each spear,
And hurls them on the fiers' rear,
While Juno nerves him for the strife,
And breathes within diviuer life.
Then lays he Halys on the field
And Phegeus, cloven through his shield.
Alcander, Halus, Prytanis,
And young Noemon, all
Are slaughtered, ere their foe they wis,
And tumbled from the wall :
And Lynceus, who in vain essayed
The strife, and called his friends for aid .
His right knee propped against the mound,
He swings his weighty falchion round
Head-piece and head, by one sure wound
Cut off, at distance fall.
Then huntsman Amycus succeeds :
None better knew to flying reeds
Tho envenomed point to lend :
And Clytius feels the conqueror's spear,
And Cretheus, to the Muses dear,
Cretheus, the Muses' friend
Tho minstrel lay, the tuneful shell
Had touched him with their magic spell,
And still the warrior strung
To martial themes his glowing lyre,
And arms, and men, and steeds of fire
In lofty numbers sung.

At last, at news of Troy's defeat,
Mnestheus and brave Serestus meet .
Their friends they see in wild retreat,
Within their camp the foe :
And, ' Whither fly ye ? ' Mnestheus cried .
' What walls, what town are yours beside ?

Shall one mere man, on all sides pent
Within your mounded battlement,
Such deaths have dealt, such warriors sent
Unvenged to shades below ?

Feel ye no shame, no manly grief
For gods, for country, or for chief,
O craven hearts and slow ? '

Roused by the word, they stand at length,
And front him with collected strength,
While Turnus by degrees gives ground,
And seeks the part the stream runs round
The Trojans follow, shouting loud,
And closer still and closer crowd
So when the gathering swarms assail
A lion with their brazen hail,
He, glaring rage, begins to quail

And sullenly departs -
For shame his back he will not turn,
Yet dares not, howsoever he yearn,
To charge their serried darts

So Turnus lingeringly retires,
And glows with ineffectual fires
Twice on the foe c'en then he falls,
Twice routs and drives them round the walls -
But from the camp in swarms they pour,
Nor Juno dares to help him more,

For Iris hastens down
With words from Jove of angry threat,
Should Turnus make resistance yet,
Nor quit the leaguered town.

No longer now by force of hand
Or buckler may the youth withstand,
So thick the javelins play -

Round his broad brows the helmet rings.
Crushed by the volley from the slings
Its solid sides give way.

His plumes are reft . his shield 'gine fail,
While spear on spear the Trojans hail,
 With Mnestheus, soul of flame
O'er all his limbs dark sweat-drops break ,
No time to breathe thick pantings shake
 His vast and labouring frame
At length, accoutred as he stood,
Headlong he plunged into the flood
The yellow flood the charge received,
With buoyant tide his weight upheaved,
And cleansing off the encrusted gore,
Returned him to his friends once more

BOOK X.

MEANTIME Olympus' gate unfolds :
The Almighty Sire a council holds
 In heaven's sidereal hall,
Whence earth lies open to his view,
The camp of Troy, the Latian crew
 The Gods obey his call,
And range them on their golden seats
Himself the high occasion treats
'Great powers of heaven, what change has
 wrought
Such dire revulsion in your thought ?
Whence comes this madness of debate,
These passions flaming into hate ?
My nod forbade the Italian folk
'Gainst Teucer's sons to strike a stroke
What mean your strifes that break my law ?
 What wild alarm could sway
Or these or those the sword to draw
 And wake the sleeping fray ?
The battle-day at length shall come
(Let none foredate the hour of doom)
 When Carthage town shall roll
On Rome's seven hills the stormy tide,
And through the Alps cleave passage wide
 To her predestined goal .

Then may you give your hate its fill,
 And rage and ravage as you will :
 Now cease, and ratify with me
 The covenant I will shall be.'

Thus briefly Jove - but not in brief
 Gives Venus utterance to her grief
 ' Dread lord of all above, below '
 For other succour none we know
 In this our trouble sore
 Seest thou how swells the Rutules' pride ?
 See Turnus in his triumph ride,
 E'en on the crest of war's fierce tide,
 And bid its billows roar !
 No more their walls my Trojans shield
 The camp is changed to battle-field .
 The trenches float with gore
 Our chief in ignorance bides away
 What ? leav'st us not one peaceful day
 From siege and leaguer free ?
 Once more there lowers o'er rising Troy
 A spoiler, eager to destroy,
 With myriads fierce as he
 And Tydeus' son once more is brought,
 To fight, belike, as erst he fought
 Aye, sooth, I ween it is decreed
 That Venus' wounds again shall bleed,
 And I, thy child, too long delay
 The spear that gores, but cannot slay.
 If unsecured by leave from thee
 Troy's sons have sailed to Italy,
 Withdraw thine aid, and let them be,
 To reap their folly's due
 But if thy mandates they obeyed
 By many a warning voice conveyed
 From heaven above and nether shade,

Who dares to change thy firm decree

Or write the fates anew ?

Why tell each bygone grievance o'er,

The fleet consumed on Eryx' shore,

The monarch of the storm called forth,

The winds unchained, East, West and North,

Or Iris sent from high ?

Nay, e'en the ghosts beneath she tries

(O'erlooked till now those choice allies) -

Through Latian towns Allecto flies,

And taints the upper sky

'T is not for empire now I fear

That was a hope which once was dear,

But let it pass - our blood is spilt,

Yet give the victory where thou wilt

But O, if yet thy cruel spouse

Will grant no land where Troy may house,

By Ilium's ruins I implore,

By that last agony she bore,

Release Ascanius from the strife,

And let my grandson 'scape with life !

His sire may roam on unknown seas,

And drift where Fate or Fortune please -

But let me snatch the child away

And save him from yon bloody fray

Paphos and Amathus are mine,

And high Cythera's bower

There let him live, his arms resign,

Nor dream the dream of power

On Italy let Carthage frown,

He shall not vex your Tyrian town.

What profit to have 'scaped the fight

And won his way in venturous flight

Through foe and fire and sword,

The rage of land and ocean spent,

While Troy on Latium still is bent,

And hopes her towers restored ?

Best to have fixed them on the spot
Where Ilium's embers still are hot,
Laid down their limbs by Xanthus' flood,
And dwelt where once their city stood.
O Father! look on wretched men;
Give us our native streams again,
And let our progeny repeat
The old, old tale of Troy's defeat!'

Then, by her rage to utterance stirred,
Imperial Juno took the word
'And must I then my silence break
And buried griefs to life awake?
What God above or man below
Your good Æneas forced to go
To war, and be Latinus' foe?
Grant that to Italy he went
By fate or mad Cassandra sent -
Who bade him quit his camp and trust
His life to every stormy gust,
Leave to a boy's weak hands to guide
The war and o'er his walls preside,
Seduce the Tyrrhenes, and molest
The peace of nations long at rest?
What force, what tyranny of ours
To such misventure led?
Where then were Juno's baleful powers,
Or Iris downward sped?
'T is shame Italians should engirth
Your infant Troy with sword and fire,
That Turnus on his parent earth
Should come and go at his desire,
Though nymph Venilia gave him birth
And blest Pylumus was his sire.
And shall not Troy in turn feel shame
To ravage Latium's fields with flame,

Play despot o'er an alien soil,
 And carry flocks and herds for spoil,
 Pick marriages at will, and bear
 From others' arms the plighted fair,
 Make suit for peace with wool-wreathed bough,
 Yet arm her ships from stern to prow ?

Æneas from the conquering Greek

'You filch away with ease,
 And cheat them, when a man they seek,
 With cloud and airy breeze .

You make his vessels change their guise
 And each and all as Nereids rise
 Yet call it crime, when Juno lends
 Her succour to her Rutule friends
 Your chief in ignorance bides away :
 And in his ignorance let him stay
 Paphos and Amathus are yours,

And high Cythera's shade
 Why seek a sky where battle lowers.

And savage homes invade ?
 Are ours the hands that labour still
 The ebbing strength of Troy to spill ?
 Our hands ? or theirs that broke the peace
 And gave her to the sword of Greece ?
 What fatal cause the quarrel sent
 'Twixt continent and continent ?
 When Paris stormed the Spartan's bed,
 Was mine the guiding star that led ?
 Armed I for war the adulterous hand,
 Or battle's flame with passion fanned ?
 Then had your terror been in place,
 Yours fears for your beloved race .
 Now, all too late, you idly plain,
 And fling your wrongful taunts in vain.'

Thus pleaded Juno . and the rest
 Murmuring their diverse minds expressed,

As newborn gales in forest pent
Confusedly struggle for a vent,
And rippling 'mid the leaves, inform
The seaman of a coming storm
Then he begins, the Sire of all,
 Who rules the word at will
E'en as he speaks, the Gods' great hall
 Grows tremulously still
The firm earth quivers to her base
High heaven is still through all its space
The winds are whispered into sleep,
And waveless calm controls the deep
' Give ear, and with attention lay
Deep in your hearts the words I say
Since Troy with Latium must contend,
And these your wranglings find no end,
Let each man use his chance to-day
And carve his fortune as he may ,
Rutule or Trojan let him be,
Nations and names are nought to me
Or be they fates to Rutules kind
That Ilium's camp in leaguer bind,
Or Trojan rashness, soon betrayed,
And warnings by a foe conveyed
Nor would I yet the Rutules spare
They too the common chance must share -
Each warrior from his own good lance
Shall reap the fruit of toil or chance .
Jove deals to all an equal lot.
And Fate shall loose or cut the knot '
Thus said, to witness his intent
 He called his Stygian brother's lake,
The banks where pitch and sand and mud
Together mix their seething flood,
And as his kingly brows he bent
 Made all Olympus shake

So came the council to its close:
Jove from his golden throne arose
The Gods around their sovereign wait
And lead him to his palace gate

Meantime, intent to burn and slay,
The foe once more the siege essay.
Pent in their camp the Trojans lie,
Despair of help, yet cannot fly.
Arrayed in vain, they ring the wall,
A hapless remnant, thin and small.
Asius Imbrasides is there,
And Hicetaon's valiant heir,
The Assaraci, twin warriors they,
Castor, and Thymbris old and grey
In battle's forefront stand
Claros and Themon join the train,
The brethren of Sarpedon slain,
From Lycia's mighty land.
Lyrnesian Acmon heaves a block,
Vast fragment of its parent rock,
Born of a race no toil that shun,
Menestheus' brother, Clyteus' son
These fight with stones, with javelins those,
Rain fiery torches on their foes,
Or bend with force unerring bows
There in the midst is Venus' care,
The princely boy, his head all bare,
So, set in gold, beams forth a gem,
For collar or for anadem;
So polished ivory shines
Inlaid in terebinth or box;
Down his fair neck bright stream his locks,
Which phant gold entwines.

Thou, Ismarus, too wast seen to deal
 With archer craft the envenomed steel
 And quell the assailant powers,
 They home Mæsonia's fruitful mould,
 Made rich by labour and the gold
 That bright Pactolus showers.
 There too is Mnestheus, raised heaven-high
 By Turnus made yestreen to fly,
And Capys, marked for future fame,
 From whom fair Capua takes her name

They all day long in fight had striven
 With ceaseless toil and pain.
 And now beneath a midnight heaven
 Æneas ploughs the main.
 For when, from good Evander sent,
 He reached the Etruscan leader's tent,
 Tells what his name and whence he springs,
 What aid he asks, what powers he brings,
 What arms are on Mezentius' side,
 And Turnus' overweening pride,
 And bids him think, with sighs and prayers,
 What changes wait on man's affairs,
 Not long the conference Tarchon plights
 His friendly troth, his force nantes,
 With action swift and brief:
 The Lydian race, from fate set free,
 By Heaven's command put straight to sea
 Placed 'neath a foreign chief
 First sails Æneas' royal ship
 The Phrygian lions arm her tip,
 And Ida spreads its shade above,
 The hill that Teucrican exiles love.
 There sits Æneas on the stern,
 The tides that make the war to turn
 Deep pondering o'er and o'er;

And Pallas, ever at his side,
Asks of the stars, the night-fare's guide,
Or questions of his wanderings wide
On ocean and on shore

Now, Muses, ope your Helicon,
The gates of song expand,
Say what the host to war comes on
From forth the Etruscan strand,
And, following in Æneas' train,
Spreads sail, and navigates the main

See Massicus the foremost guide
His Tiger o'er the deep,
A thousand warriors at his side
In Clusium's lofty towers that bide
And Cosæ's warlike keep
Light quivers from their shoulders hang,
Their deadly bows in combat twang
Grim Alas next, his followers bold
In gleaming steel arrayed,
High on his stern, a blaze of gold,
Apollo shone displayed
Six hundred Populonia gave
To share his fortunes, tried and brave,
And Ilva sends three hundred more,
Rich island-home of Chalyb ore
Then far-renowned Asilas third,
Who tells Heaven's will to men
The starry sky, the victim herd,
The levin-bolt, the voiceful bird,
All own his piercing ken
To war he brings a mighty throng,
True spearmen all, a thousand strong.
The people these of Pisa's town,
Whose sires from Elis erst came down

Then Astyr, proud of youthful charms,
 With fiery steed and glancing arms
 Three hundred men beside him fare,
 Nerved by one loyal will,
 Who Cære's home or Pyrgi share,
 Who breathe Graviscaë's tainted air,
 Or Mino's cornland till

Nor shall Laguria's chief remain,
 Brave Cinyras, here unsung,
 Nor thou, despite thy scanty train,
 Cupavo, fair and young
 From whose tall helm swan-plumes arise,
 Memorial of thy sire's disguise
 For Cynus, all for love, 't is said,
 Of Phaethon untimely dead,
 Embowered amid the poplar wood
 Of that unhappy sisterhood,
 Kept plaining o'er the cruel wrong,
 And solacing his grief with song,
 Till o'er his limbs began to grow
 A downy plumage, white as snow,
 Then to the skies he passed, and sent
 His voice before him as he went
 And now his son in arms appears,
 Leads forth a host of equal years,
 And spreads his flying sails
 High on the prow a Centaur stands,
 A huge rock heaved in both his hands,
 The keel behind him trails

There too great Ocnus o'er the sea
 Conducts his country's chivalry,
 Child of prophetic Manto he
 And Tuscan Tiber's flood;
 Fair Mantua's town he built and walled
 And by his mother's surname called:

Fair town ! her sons of high degree,
Though not unmixed their blood.
Three races swell the mingled stream
Four states from each derive their birth :
Herself among them sits supreme,
Her Tuscan blood her chiefest worth.
Five hundred thence Mezentius draws,
Sworn foes to his unrighteous cause,
A helmed and shielded train :
And Mincius, whom Benacus breeds,
In grey apparailment of reeds
Their vengeful barks to battle leads,
And launches on the main.

There huge Anlestes ploughs the deep
With all his hundred oars .
Thrown upward by the enormous sweep
The billow foams and roars.
A Triton on the vessel stood
And blew defiance to the flood .
His face a man's and half his side,
A fish's all the rest .
With giant force he stems the tide,
And rears his savage breast.

So many chiefs, a nation's flower,
Across the sea conveyed
In thirty ships their friendly power,
And brought the Trojans aid.

The day had vanished from on high,
And Phœbe o'er the middle sky
Impelled her chariot pale :
Æneas, robbed by care of rest,
The vessel's course as helmsman dressed,
And trimmed the shifting sail.

When lo ! a friendly company
Confronts him midway on the sea -
The nymphs to whom Cybebe gave
As goddesses to rule the wave
 They rode as ships before
In seemly order swam the flood,
As many as erewhile had stood
 With prows attached to shore.
From far they recognize their king
And round him weave a choral ring
Cymodoce, of all the train
Chief mistress of the vocal strain,
Her right hand on the vessel lays,
Oars with her left the watery ways,
And borne breast-high above the seas,
Stirs his awed soul with words like these :
‘ Still wakes Æneas, heaven’s true seed ?
Still wake, and mend your navy’s speed
Lo here the pines from Ida’s seat,
Now ocean-nymphs, your sometime fleet !
What time the faithless Rutule lord
Bore headlong down with fire and sword,
Unwillingly we broke your chain
And went to seek you o’er the main
The mighty Mother of her grace
In pity changed us, form and face,
And called us to a life divine
With other nymphs beneath the brine.
Your royal heir the while is pent
In palisade and battlement ;
A hedge of spears is round him set,
And Latian foes the camp benet.
The Arcade horse with Tyrrhenes joined
Have mustered at the place assigned,
And Turnus bids his warlike train
Waylay them, ere the camp they gain.

Up then, and soon as morn shall rise
 Array for fight your bold allies,
 And take your shield, of Vulcan's mould,
 Invincible and rimmed with gold.
 The morn shall see ('t is truth I speak)
 Yon plains with Rutule carnage reek '

She ceased, and parting, to the bark
 A measured impulse gave ;
 Like wind-swift arrow to its mark
 It darts along the wave
 The rest pursue. In wondering awe
 The chief revolves the things he saw,
 Yet cheers him, and with lifted eyes
 Thus makes petition to the skies .
 ' Blest Mother of the heavenly train,
 Whom Dindymus delights,
 Who lov'st the lions at thy rein,
 The city's tower-crowned heights,
 Do thou the first my arms bestead ;
 Confirm the sign revealed ;
 Draw near us with auspicious tread,
 Thy Phrygians' help and shield.'
 He spoke and now the waxing day
 Was climbing up the ethereal way,
 Close on the skirts of night ,
 He bids the allies obey the call,
 Awake their courage, one and all,
 And gird them for the fight.
 And now there dawn upon his ken
 His leaguered camp, his gallant men,
 As on the stern he stands ;
 At once he rears his shield on high :
 With shouts the Trojans rend the sky .
 Fast and more fast their darts they ply :
 Hope nerves their drooping hands.

Such token give Strymonian cranes
 Beneath a gloomy cloud,
What time they fly the autumnal rains
 With clamour hoarse and loud.
With wonder strange the sudden change
 The Rutule leaders note,
Till, backward as their eyes they bend,
They see the vessels shoreward tend,
 And ocean all afloat.
There glows like furnace fiery red
The helmet on that noble head ;
From the bossed shield, with gold ablaze,
A stream of living lightning plays ;
So comets shoot athwart the night
 A sullen sanguine glare ;
So Sirius' star, that brings to man
Fierce calenture and sickness wan,
Lifts high in heaven his baleful light
 And saddens all the air

Yet Turnus still flames high with zeal
To front the invader with the steel
 And drive him from the strand ;
Still prompt to cheer or to upbraid
He clamours to his friends for aid :
' Lo, here the chance for which you prayed,
 To crush them sword in hand !
A brave man's hand is Mars's seat ;
The coward finds him in his feet.
Think, each and all, of home and wife,
Think of their deeds who gave you life,
 Your gallant sires of old.
Haste to the water's brink ; dispute
The land they challenge, foot to foot,
While still in helpless disarray
They slide and falter in the spray :
 Fair fortune aids the bold.'

THIS said, he broods what wisest way
To portion out his powers,
Who best may follow him to fray,
Who watch the leaguered towers.

Meantime by bridges linked to land
Æneas disembarks his band :
Some watch the ebbing of the deep,
And safely 'mid the shallows leap .
Some down the oars descending slide,
And win the ascent in spite of tide
Stout Tarchon rolls his ranging eyes,
Till on the shore a place he spies,
Where no chafed billows seethe and boil,
No broken waves in wrath recoil,
But ocean without let or breach
Runs gently up the shelving beach ;
Thither at once his fleet he steers,
And then salutes his comrades' ears
' Now, gallants, now each sinew strain,
Your bounding barks upheave ,
Pierce with your beaks the hostile plain ,
Let the long keel with might and main
Its own broad furrow cleave ,
Give me but once the land to seize,
The ship may break, if Fortune please.'
Nerved by the word, each plies his oar
And onward drives 'mid surge and foam,
Till every beak attains the shore
And every keel finds scatheless home.
Less happy their adventurous chief ;
His vessel, fastening on a reef,
Long hangs in doubtful poise, and braves
The onset of the baffled waves ;
Till the strained sides at last give way
And land the seamen 'mid the spray.

There as they struggle, floating wreck
And shattered oars their progress check,
And billows, ebbing in retreat,
Draw back, and wash them from their feet.

Nor eager Turnus long delays:
He musters all his band
To front the Trojans, and arrays
For conflict on the strand.
The clarions sound: Æneas first
On Latium's ranks in havoc burst,
And laid the rustics low:
First falls, an angury of the fight,
Huge Theron, who with giant might
Assailed the godlike foe:
Through mail and gold-wrought tunic driven
The fatal sword his side has riven.
Then hapless Luchas meets his doom,
Who, ripped from his dead mother's womb,
To Phœbus vowed the cherished life
That 'scaped the peril of the knife.
Strong Cisseus and tall Gyas feel,
As death with ponderous clubs they deal,
The griding of the conqueror steel.
Nought vantaged them in that dread hour
Herculean arms nor hands of power,
Nor he, the sire who gave them birth,
Melampus, soul of purest worth,
Long as Alcides toiled on earth,
Still constant at his side.
See, open-mouthed as Pharus cries,
Full in his face the weapon flies,
And stops his vaunting pride.
Thou, Cydon, too, whose eager quest
Young Clytus' heart would move,

'Neath that dread arm the field hadst pressed,
Forgetful of thy love,
But thy brave brethren, Phorcus' seed,
Were near thee in thy direst need ;
Seven mighty men, they front the foe ;
Seven javelins all at once they throw.
Some from his helm and shield rebound,
And, falling harmless, strew the ground ;
While others, hurled with truer aim,
Kind Venus wards from off his frame.
Then to Achates cries the king -
' Quick, give me store of darts to fling -
No spear shall thirst in vain
To dye its point in Rutule blood
Which erst in flesh of Grecian stood
On Ilium's fated plain.'
He grasped his mighty lance and threw ;
Through Mæon's shield the weapon flew,
And breast and breastplate rends.
Alcanor brings his brother aid ,
The falling chief his hand has stayed :
In vain : the fell spear holds its course,
Cleaves the stretched arm with fatal force,
And danging from the shoulder-blade
The severed hand depends.
Then gallant Numitor outdrew
The javelin that his brother slew
And at Æneas sent .
The erring weapon cleft the sky,
Just grazed Achates' brawny thigh,
Nor gained the mark it meant.

Now Clansus, who from Cures came,
In pride of youth and stalwart frame,
Takes up the work of death ;

'Neath Dryops' chin he drives his spear ;
Through neck and throat the point cuts sheer
 And quenches voice and breath.
The dead brow tumbles on the shore,
The ghastly jaws disgorging gore.
Three too from Boreas' seed of Thrace
And three from Idas' ancient race
 Beneath his weapon bleed :
The Auruncan tribes to aid him run,
Halæsus first, and Neptune's son,
 The tamer of the steed.
Then burns the fray : now these, now those
Essay to dispossess their foes :
E'en on Ausonia's brink they close
 In fierce and deathful fight.
So in the amplitude of sky
Discordant winds the combat try
 With equal rage and might :
Nor blasts, nor clouds, nor waves give way :
Long balanced hangs the doubtful day :
 In deadly grips they stand :
Thus Trojan and Italian meet,
With face to face, and feet to feet,
 And hand close pressed to hand.

In other regions of the field
 Where stones and torn-up trees are spread
 Athwart a torrent's channelled bed,
Young Pallas sees the Arcadians yield :
Forced by the ground to put aside
The gallant steeds they wont to ride,
And all unused on foot to fight,
They break and turn their backs in flight
Upbraiding, soothing, all he can,
He prays them, taunts them, man by man .

' Friends, whither would you fly ? for shame !

O, by your former deeds of fame,
Your chief Evander's glorious name,

Your fights beneath him won,
And my young hopes, that now aspire
To match the honours of my sire,

I charge you, stand, not run !
The sword, the sword must hew a pass
To take you through that living mass ;
There, where the battle fiercest flames,
Our own, our noble country claims

Her Pallas and his band.

No angry heaven above you lowers :
Mortal, we cope with mortal powers :
A single life has each, like ours,
And each but one right hand.

Lo, here the ocean hems us in :
Earth leaves no room to flee :
Come, choose the goal ye mean to win ;
The city or the sea ? '

He said, and rushes all aglow
Full on the midmost of the foe.
First Lagos, led by evil chance,
Confronts the inevitable lance ;
Him, as in vain a ponderous stone
With toiling hands he heaves,
The victor strikes where deftly join
The sutures of the ribs and spine,
And sudden from the jointed bone
The unwilling spear retrieves.

On rushes Hisbo, madly fain
To catch him, hampered with the slain :
But Pallas, still more fleet,
Prevents him, as with reckless zeal
He breathes revenge, and plants the steel
E'en where the heartstrings beat.

Then slew he Sthenelus, and base
 Anchemolus, of Rhœtus' race,
 Who dared in wantonness of crime
 His step-dame's wedded couch to climb
 Ye too were tumbled on the plain,
 Larides, ThyMBER, brethren twain,
 Of Daucus' honourable strain;
 So like, the sweet confusion e'en
 Their parents' eyes betrayed;
 But Pallas twin and twin between
 Has cruel difference made:
 For ThyMBER's head the steel has shorn;
 Larides' severed hand forlorn
 Feels blindly for its lord:
 The quivering fingers, half alive,
 Twitch with convulsive gripe, and strive
 To close upon the sword.

Now with his warning in their ear,
 His deeds before their eye,
 Anger and shame o'erpowering fear,
 His mates to combat fly.
 Lo, hurrying past in full career,
 Falls Rhœtus by the Evandrian spear
 That spear was meant for Ilus' death,
 But Ilus gains a moment's breath
 Doomed in the next to die:
 While Rhœtus comes between and bleeds,
 From warlike Teuthras as he speeds
 And Tyres' brandished steel;
 Rolled headlong from the rapid car
 He tumbles, and the field of war
 Spurns with his dying heel.
 E'en as a swain 'mid forest trees,
 When summer yields the wished-for breeze,
 His scattered torches sends;

At once, devouring all between,
From east to west along the green
 The fiery host extends ;
He, placed on high, beholds the while
The conquering blaze with joyous smile :
So, gallant youth, from far and wide
Arcadia gathers to thy side,

 And all her succour lends.

But, trained in battle's fierce alarms,
Halæsus round him draws his arms

 And springs to meet the foe.

Then fell Demodocus, and then
Ladon and Pheres, valiant men :

 That onset brought them low :

A hostile hand Strymonius rears ;
Strymonius' hand his falchion shears :
At Thoas' front he flings a stone,
And scatters blood, and brain, and bone
Halæsus' sire the future feared,
And 'mid the woods his darling reared :
When death had glazed the old man's eyes,
The ruthless Parcæ claimed their prize,
Laid their cold finger on his heart,
And marked him for Evander's dart.

Now, poising long his lance in air,
To Tiber Pallas made his prayer :
' Grant, Tiber sire, the spear I throw
Through strong Halæsus' breast may go :
The spoils and armour of the foe

 Shall deck thy sacred oak.'

'T is heard ; and while Halæsus shields
Imaon's breast, his own he yields

 Unguarded to the stroke.

But Lausus, breath of battle's life,
Lets not his followers yield the strife,
 By that fell carnage frayed :

First slays he Abas, warrior good,
 Who erst, like knot in sturdy wood,
 The edge of combat stayed.
 Now Tuscans, now Arcadians bleed,
 And Troy's indomitable breed.
 The two hosts join in battle-shock,
 Their generals equal as their might :
 From every side to front they flock,
 Till pinioned in a deadly lock
 Nor arm nor dart can smite.
 Here Pallas bids the battle rage,
 There Lausus leads ; alike their age ;
 Both fair in form, but both denied
 Return to their dear land.
 Yet not for victory or defeat
 May each with each in conflict meet ;
 Each must his destiny abide
 Beneath a mightier hand.

Now Turnus' sister warns her chief
 That gallant Lausus needs relief
 At once, impetuous on his car,
 He cleaves a pathway through the war,
 And ' Lay,' he cries, ' your weapons by :
 I cope with Pallas, none but I ;
 Stand off, nor rob me of my due ;
 Would Heaven his sire were here to view !'
 He spoke ; his mates obedient hear,
 And parting, leave the champaign clear.
 Thence as the yielding crowd retires,
 The brave youth pauses and admires,
 Much marvels at his haughty phrase,
 And scans his form with eager gaze ;
 Then, rolling round undaunted eyes,
 With speech as resolute replies :
 ' Or goodly spoils shall make me great,
 Or honourable death ;

' Say to your monarch I remit
His Pallas, handled as was fit.
The solace of a tomb, the meed
Of burial, freely I concede
E'en so, methinks, the sumptuous cheer
He gave to Troy will cost him dear '
Then with his foot the corpse he pressed,
And stripped the belt from off the breast,
The ponderous belt, whose sculptured gold
A tale of crime and bloodshed told,
Those fifty bridegrooms, slain in bed
E'en on the very night they wed :
Once Clonus' work . now proudly worn
By Turnus in his hour of scorn
O impotence of man's frail mind
To fate and to the future blind,
Presumptuous and o'erweening still
When Fortune follows at its will !
Full soon shall Turnus wish in vain
That life untouched, those spoils unta'en,
And think it cheap to spend his all,
Could gold that bloody deed recall !
But Pallas lifeless on his shield
His weeping comrades bear from field
O sad, proud thought, that thus a son
Should reach a father's door !
This day beheld your wars begun :
This day beholds them o'er,
While yet you leave on yonder plain
Vast heaps of Rutule warriors slain !

No random fame of ill so great,
But surer messenger of fate
To brave Æneas hies ;
Tells him the day is well-nigh lost ;
'T is time to aid the routed host,
E'en while the moment flies.

With brandished sword he storms along,
And hews a passage through the throng,
Still seeking Turnus, newly red
With slaughter of the mighty dead.
Pallas, Evander, all, they stand
Like life before his sight,
The board that welcomed him, the hand
In warm affiance plight.
Four hapless youths of Sulmo's breed
And four who Ufens call their sire
He takes alive, condemned to bleed
To Pallas' shade on Pallas' pyre.
At Magus then his spear he threw ;
But Magus from the death withdrew,
Came crouching up, while o'er his head
The quivering lance through ether sped,
And clasped the victor's knees and said :
' By your great father's shade I pray,
By young Iulus' dawning day,
In pity deign my life to spare
For my grey sire, my youthful heir.
A lofty house is mine : a hoard
Of silver in its vaults is stored,
And piles of wrought and unwrought gold
Are treasured there, of weight untold.
Not here the crisis of the strife,
Nor victory hangs on one poor life.'
He ceased : immoveable and stern
Æneas thus made brief return :
' Nay, spare your gold and silver heap :
Those treasured hoards your heirs should keep.
Since Turnus shed out Pallas' gore,
The bartery of war is o'er :
So deems my gallant son, and so
My father's spirit down below : '

Then seized him by the helm, and smote
With deep-plunged blade his back-drawn
throat.

Not far Hæmonides the good,
Apollo's priest and Dian's, stood,
His brow with sacred fillet wreathed,
His limbs in dazzling armour sheathed :
He meets him, chases, lays him low,
Stands o'er the immolated foe,

And shadows him like night :
Serestus on his shoulders proud
Bears the bright arms, a trophy vowed
To thee, stern lord of fight.

Now Cæculus, of Vulcan's seed,
And Umbro, nursed in Marsian airs,
Bid the spent war afresh to bleed .

The Dardan chief against them fares.
Stout Anxur's hand and all his shield
His sword has tumbled on the field ;
Poor wretch ! he deemed that boastful word
Could turn the edge of spear or sword,
And, proudly swelling to the spheres,
Dreamed of hoar locks and length of years.
E'en as the hero wreaked his wrath
Came Tarquitus athwart his path,
Whom Dryope to Faunus bore :
Refulgent armour cased him o'er
The Dardan spear, with force addressed,
Drives shield and corslet on his breast ;
Then while in vain he pours his prayers
And many a plea for life prepares,
His shapely neck the falchion shares :
Down falls the body, reft of head,
And thus Æneas taunts the dead :

‘ Lie there, proud youth ! no mother dear
Shall lay you on your father’s bier :
Your corpse shall rot above the soil,
The eagle’s and the raven’s spoil,
Or drift unheeded down the flood,
While hungry fish shall lick your blood ’
Antæus next and Lucas die,
The flower of Turnus’ chivalry,
With Numa, cast in valour’s mould,
And Camers with his locks of gold,
Of noble Volscens’ ancient strain,
Who, lord of many a wide domain,
O’er mute Amyclæ stretched his reign.
As when of old Ægeon strove
Against the majesty of Jove,
With fifty heads, so legends say,
A hundred hands, he waged the fray ,
Each head disgorged a stream of fire
To match the lightnings of the Sire ;
Each hand flashed forth a sword, or pealed
Responsive thunder on the shield .
So, when Æneas’ blade was warmed,
O’er all the plain at once he stormed.
Now on Niphæus’ four-horse car
And towering crest he turns the war :
Soon as the advancing coursers spied
That dreadful port, that lofty stride,
Appalled they start, their lord unseat,
And backward to the shore retreat.

See Lucagus and Liger ride
In one fair chariot, side by side,
One brother skilled the reins to guide,
While one the falchion plies.
Æneas stays their bold career,
Confronts them with uplifted spear ;
When thus proud Liger cries :

'Not these the steeds of Diomed,
Nor this Achilles' car,
Nor Phrygia's plains before you spread:
This land shall see the invader dead,
And terminate the war.'

Thus Liger madly vaunts: the foe
Speaks not, but answers with a blow.
As Lucagus low bends him o'er
The chariot's rim his steeds to smite,
And with left foot advanced before,
Prepares him for the doubtful fight,
Just where the shield's last sutures join
Comes the fell spear, and strikes the groin.
He, from his chariot overthrown,
Down toppling, on the field lies prone:
And thus in sharp contemptuous strain
Æneas glories o'er the slain.

'So, friend, no shadows seen from far
Have turned to flight your luckless car;
No frightened horses caused its shame:
Its nimble lord is all to blame.'

Then on the steeds his hand he laid,
When sliding from the seat
The wretched brother knelt and prayed,
A suppliant at his feet:

'O, by your own illustrious worth,
By those who gave such greatness birth,
Brave chief of Troy, your suitor spare'—
The warrior stopped his further prayer.
'Not this the strain you breathed so late:
Die; brother should be brother's mate.'
His sword unlocks the springs of breath,
And opes a way to let in death.
So plies the chief his work of blood
Through the wide field, like torrent flood
Or black tempestuous wind:

Ascanius and his leaguered train
Take heart, and issue on the plain,
And leave their camp behind

Then Jove addressed the spouse of Jove :
' Sweet sister mine and wedded love,
Who now will do your judgment wrong ?
'T is Venus makes these Trojans strong,
Not those vain powers they deem are theirs,
The hand that strikes, the soul that dares.'
' Ah why,' she answered, ' gracious Sire,
Torment a heart that fears your ire ?
Had I the power I owned erewhile,
The power that suits my queenly style,
I then had moved your will
That Turnus, rescued from the strife,
Should yet enjoy his precious life,
And bless old Daunus still.
Now let him die, though just and good,
And glut his foes with guiltless blood.
Yet from our race he draws his name ;
From old Pilumnus' loins he came ;
And altars, crowned with offerings fair,
Attest his worth and claim your care.'
To whom in brief thus made reply
The ruler of the ethereal sky :
' If all for Turnus you would crave
Be respite from an open grave,
And so my mind you read,
Let the doomed youth have space to fly.
And 'scape awhile his destiny :
So much may Jove concede :
But know, if 'neath your prayer you hide
Some deeper, larger boon beside,
And think to change the war's set tide,
'T is empty hope you feed.'

The queen returns with streaming eyes :

‘ What if your heart should give

That further boon your lip denies,

And suffer him to live ?

Now on the blameless victim wait

The powers of doom, or blind to fate

I wander all astray.

Yet O ! may Juno’s fears be vain,

And He that can, in mercy deign

To choose the better way ! ’

Then from the sky with eager haste
She stoops, a storm-cloud round her waist,
And driving tempest as she flies,
Down to the embattled hosts she hies.

A phantom in *Æneas*’ mould

She fashions, wondrous to behold,

Of hollow shadowy cloud,

Bids it the Dardan arms assume,

The shield, the helmet, and the plume,

Gives soulless words of swelling tone,

And motions like the hero’s own,

As stately and as proud ;

Like gliding spectres of the dead,

Or dreams that haunt the slumberer’s bed.

Now, stalking in the battle’s van,

The phantom menaces the man,

And pours defiant cries -

Turnus comes on in swift career,

And hurls from far his hurtling spear,

When lo ! it turns and flies.

Then Turnus deems his foe retires

In craven flight, and instant fires

With hope’s delusive glow :

‘ *Æneas* ! why so fast ? ’ he cried ;

‘ Desert not thus your plighted bride ;

The land you sought for o'er the tide
This hand shall soon bestow.'
So clamouring, he pursues the quest
With brandished falchion bare,
Nor sees the transports of his breast
Are lavished on the air.
A ship stood fastened to the bank,
With steps let down and sloping plank,
The same which king Osinius bore
Across the sea from Clusium's shore.
Thither the feigned Æneas flies,
And cowering as in covert lies,
Turnus pursues, the bridge bestrides,
And scales the vessel's lofty sides.
Scarce on the prow his foot had stept,
Saturnia breaks the band;
The galley down the waves is swept
That ebb from off the strand.
While through the plain with baffled wrath
Æneas seeks his foe,
And hurries all that cross his path
To Dis and Death below.
And now no more the phantom hides,
But melts in air on high,
While Turnus o'er the ocean rides
Fast as his bark can fly.

Amazed, unthankful for escape,
He gazes on the fleeting shape,
And thus in wild remonstrance cries
With hands uplifted to the skies :
' And couldst thou deem, Almighty Sire,
Thy worshipper's offence so dire
To merit doom so sore ?
Whence came I ? whither am I borne ?
And must I journey home in scorn,

Nor e'er behold, ah wretch forlorn,
The camp, the city more ?
And where are they, that gallant band,
Who fieldward followed my command ?
In Death's fell grasp I left them all :
I see them fly—I see them fall—
I hear their dying groans.
What gulf will hide me from the day ?
Have pity, O ye winds, I pray,
And dash me on the stones !
'Tis Turnus, yes, 't is I that kneel !
Strand on the shoals this cursed keel,
And whelm me where nor Rutule rout
Nor prying fame may find me out.'
E'en thus he raves, and all distraught
Whirls in an agony of thought,
Or should he bury in his side
The hard cold steel, sure salve of pride,
Or plunge in ocean, swim to shore,
And tempt the Teucrian arms once more.
Thrice had he rushed on either fate :
Thrice Jove's great spouse withstood,
Looked down with eyes compassionate,
And checked his maddening mood.
The swift wind wafts him o'er the foam,
And bears him to his father's home.

Now, sped by promptings from the skies,
Mezentius takes the field, and flies

On Troy's triumphant van.
With gathered hate and furious blows
The Tyrrhene legions round him close,
A nation 'gainst a man.

He stands like rock that breasts the deep,
Exposed to winds' and waters' sweep,

That bears all threats of sea and sky
 In undisturbed tranquillity.
 First Dolichaon's son he slew,
 Then Latagus and Palmus too ;
 That, as he stands, with ponderous stone
 He crushes, scattering brain and bone ;
 This, as he flies, with dexterous wound
 He tumbles hamstrung on the ground,
 There leaves him : Lausus wears his crest
 And glittering arms on brow and breast.
 Euanthes sinks beneath his spear,
 And Mimas, Paris' loved compeer,
 Whom fair Theano bore
 To Amycns, the selfsame night
 When Troy's fell firebrand sprang to light ;
 Now Paris 'neath his country's walls
 Sleeps his last sleep, while Mimas falls
 On Latinus's unknown shore.
 Like wild boar, driven from mountain height
 By cries that scare and fangs that bite,
 In Vesulus' pine-cinctured glen
 Long fostered, or Laurentum's fen,
 'Mid reeds and marish ground,
 Now, trapped among the hunters' nets,
 His bristles rears, his tusches whets :
 None dares for very fear draw nigh ;
 With arrowy war and furious cry
 They stand at distance round :
 E'en thus, of all Mezentius' foes,
 None ventures hand to hand to close ;
 With deafening shouts and bended bows
 Their tyrant they assail ;
 He, churning foam, from side to side
 Glares round, and from his tough bull hide
 Shakes off the brazen hail.

From ancient Corythus' domain
Had Acron come, of Grecian strain,
 Leaving his spouse unwed :
Him dealing death Mezentius spied
Clad in the robe his lady dyed
 And crowned with plumage red :
As lion ranging o'er the wold,
Made mad by hunger uncontrolled,
If flying roe his eyes behold
 Or lofty-antlered deer,
Grins ghastly, rears his mane, and hangs
O'er the rent flesh ; his greedy fangs
 Dark streams of gore besmear :
So springs Mezentius on the foe .
Soon lies unhappy Acron low,
Spurns the soaked ground with dying heel,
And stains with blood the shivered steel.
Now, as Orodes strides before,
He deigns not to shed out his gore
 By javelin's covert blow ;
He heads, and meets him front to front,
Not by base stealth but strength's sheer brunt
 * Prevailing o'er his foe
Then, planting on the fallen his tread
To free his spear, the conqueror said :
' See, gallants, great Orodes slain !
 Our foes have lost a limb !'
And at the word his joyous train
 Raise high the pæan hymn
The chier replies : ' Whate'er thy name,
 Not long shall be thy hour of pride :
The same dark powers thy presence claim,
 And soon shall stretch thee at my side.'
Mezentius answers, smiling stern :
' Die thou : my fate is Jove's concern.'

This said, the javelin from the wound
He plucked with main and might :
A heavy slumber iron-bonnd
Seals the dull eyes in rest profound :
They close in endless night.

Now Cædicus Alcathous kills,
Hydaspes' life Sacrator spills,
And Orses and Parthenius feel
The unbated edge of Rapo's steel :
And Lycaonian Ericete
And Clonius to Messapus yield,
This fallen beneath his horse's feet,
That foot to foot o'erthrown in field.
Proud Agis pranced along the ground,
But Valerus like his sires renowned
The haughty Lycian slays :
Salus had stricken Thronius low,
But quickly finds a deadlier foe,
Nealcea, skilled the dart to throw
Or send the arrow from the bow
Through unsuspected ways.
The God of war with heavy hand
Impartial deals to either hand
The horrors of the fight :
By turns they fall, by turns they strike,
Conquered and conquering, each alike
Intolerant of flight.
In Jove's high courts the Gods afar
Look sadly on the unending war,
And sigh that men to death decreed
Should idly slaughter, idly bleed
There Venus sits the fray to see,
Saturnian Juno here :
Down in the field Tisiphone
Spreads havoc far and near.

Now, shaking his tremendous lance,
Mezentius makes renewed advance :
Huge as Orion's frame appears.

What time on foot he strides
Through Nereus' watery realm, and rears
His shoulder o'er the tides,

Or when, with ashen trunk in hand

Uptorn from mountain high,
He plants his footstep on the land,

His forehead in the sky :
So towering high in steel array
Mezentius marches to the fray.

Æneas marks him far away

And hastes his mighty foe to meet :
Firm stands the foe without dismay,

Like column rooted to its seat :
Then nicely measures with his eye
The distance due for lance to fly.

' Now hear my prayer, my spear steel-tipped,

And thou, my good right hand :
A votive trophy, all equipped
With spoils from yon false pirate stripped,

• To-day, shall Lausus stand : '
He spoke, and forth his javelin threw
From the broad shield apart it flew,
And piercing deep 'twixt side and flank
In brave Antores frame it sank,
Antores, who, from Argos sped,
Once followed where Alcides led,
Then to Evander's fortunes clave,
And took the home his patron gave
Now, prostrate by an unmeant wound,
In death he welters on the ground,
And gazing on Italian skies
Of his loved Argos dreams, and dies.

His javelin then Æneas cast;
Through triple plate of bronze it passed,
Thick quilt, and hide three-fold,
Till in the groin it lodged at last,
But might not further hold.
Æneas sees with glistening eye
The Tuscan's lifeblood flow,
Plucks forth the falchion from his thigh,
And threatens the wounded foe.

When Lausus thus his sire beheld,
A heart-fetched groan he drew.
Hot tears within his eyelids swelled,
And trickled down in dew.
Now let me, glorious youth, relate
Your gallant act, your piteous fate
Perchance antiquity may plead
For credence of so bright a deed
The sire, encumbered and unstrung,
Moves backward o'er the field,
And trails the spear the Trojan flung
Still dangling from his shield
Forth sprang the generous youth betwixt
And fearless with the combat mixed.
E'en as Æneas aimed a stroke
With upraised arm, its force he broke,
Himself sustained the lifted blade,
And, shield in hand, the conqueror stayed.
Loud clamouring, the confederate train
Protect the sire's retreat,
And on the foe at distance rain
Their driving arrowy sleet.
With gathering wrath Æneas glows,
And, cased in armour, shuns the blows.
As when the hail's chill stores descend
In tempest from the skies

Each swain that wont the plough to tend
To speedy covert flies,
The traveller hides his fenceless head
In caverned rock or torrent's bed,
Till parting clouds restore the sun,
And man resumes the day begun :
So stands Æneas 'neath the blast
Of wintry war, till all be past,
And chiding, threatening, seeks to stay
Young Lausus from his bold essay :
'Fond youth ! why rush so fast on fate,
And spend your strength on task too great ?
Love blinds you to impending ill'—
In vain ; the fond youth rages still.
And now more fierce the passions rise
That lighten from the Trojan's eyes,
And Lausus' miserable thread
The hand of Fate at length must shred
Lo ! with full force Æneas drives
The weapon, and his bosom rives.
Through the light shield that made him bold,
The vest his mother wove with gold,
The blade held on his breast runs o'er
With gurgling rivulets of gore ;
While to the phantom world away
Flits the sad soul and leaves the clay.
But when Anchises' son surveyed
The fair, fair face, so ghastly made,
He groaned, by tenderness unmanned,
And stretched the sympathizing hand,
As reproduced he sees once more
The love that to his sire he bore.
'Alas ! what honour, hapless youth,
To those great deeds, that soul of truth,
Can good Æneas show ?

Keep the frail arms you loved to wear :
The lifeless corpse I yield to share
(If thought like this still claim your care)
Your fathers' tomb below.

Yet take this solace to the grave ;
'T was great Æneas' hand that gave
The inevitable blow.'

With that he chides his friends' delay,
And rears from earth the bleeding clay,
Bedabbling as it lay with gore
The dainty locks so trim before.

Meantime the sire by Tiber's flood
Was staunching the yet flowing blood,
On tree's broad bole recumbent stayed
And sheltered by its kindly shade.
High on the branches hangs his casque :
His arms, reposing from their task,
In meadow-grasses rest :

His mates stand round in friendly ring :
Panting and weak the wounded king
Eases his faint neck, scattering

His beard adown his breast.
Of Lausus oft he asks, and sends
Full many a charge by hand of friends
To call him back from field.

Alas ! e'en then the weeping train
Were bearing Lausus o'er the plain,
The mighty by the mighty slain,

And stretched upon his shield •
The distant wail, prolonged and drear,
Smote on the sire's prophetic ear.
At once in bitterness of woe
He mars with dust his locks of snow,
His hands to heaven despairing flings,
And fondly to the body clings.

' My son ! and held I life so sweet,
That I, your sire, could let you meet
For me the foeman's steel,
By your last gasp preserve my breath,
Kept living by my darling's death ?
Aye, now is exile's woe complete,
Now, now my wound I feel !
Dear child ! I stained your glorious name
By my own crimes, driven out to shame
From my ancestral reign
My country's vengeance claimed my blood .
Wretch ! had I suffered where I stood,
By all her javelins slain !
Now 'mid my kind I linger still
And live : but leave the light I will '
Thus as he pours the bitter cry
He rears him on his crippled thigh.
And, though the deep wound slacks his speed,
Calls proudly for his warrior steed ,
The warrior steed he wont to ride,
His consolation and his pride,
Which ever still, at fall of night,
Had borne him conqueror from the fight .
And thus bespeaks in kindly tone
The beast whose sorrow matched his own
' Long have we fared through life, old friend,
If aught be long that death must end
Now, Rhæbus, will we twain to-day
A glorious trophy bear away,
The Trojan's arms and severed head,
In vengeance for my Lausus dead .
Or if the vantage be denied,
We twain will perish side by side .
For ne'er, I ween, my gallant horse,
Will soul so generous stoop perforce

To other mastery, nor deign
That Trojan hand should sleek thy mane.'
He said, and mounting to his selle
Pressed the proud sides he knew so well,
In either hand a javeln took,
And his plumed crest disdainful shook .

So rushed he on the foe,
While kindling in each throbbing vein
A warrior's pride, a father's pain

With mingled madness glow
Three times he called Æneas' name
Æneas hears the loud acclaim,

And prays with fierce delight,
' Grant, mighty Jove, Apollo, grant
This challenge prove no empty vaunt !

Begin, begin the fight ! '
He said, and with uplifted spear
Confronts the foe in mid career
But he ' What means this threatening strain
To fright me, now my child is slain ?
'T was thus, and thus alone your dart
Could penetrate Mezentius' heart
I fear not death, nor ask to live,
Nor quarter take from Heaven, nor give.
Forbear : I come to meet my end,
And these my gifts before me send '

He speaks, and at the word he wings
A javelin at the foe .
Then circling round in rapid rings
Another and another flings .

The good shield bides each blow
Thrice, fiercely hurling spears on spears,
From right to left he wheeled :
Thrice, facing round as he careers,
The steely grove the Trojan bears,
Thick planted on his shield.

At length, impatient of delay,
Wearied with plucking spears away.
Indignant at the unequal fray,
 His wary fence he leaves,
And, issuing with resistless force,
The temples of the gallant horse
 With darted javelin cleaves.
The good steed rears and wildly sprawls,
 Distracted with its wound ;
Then heavily on the rider falls,
 And pins him to the ground.
Fierce shouts, enkindling all the air,
 From either host arise :
Forth springs the chief, with falchion bare,
 And thus triumphant cries :
' Say, where is proud Mezentius now ?
Where sleep the terrors of his brow ? '
Recovering sense, with upturned eye
The Tuscan, gasping, made reply :
' Stern foe, why waste your threatening breath ?
He wrongs me not, who works my death.
When late I dared you to the strife,
I made no covenant for life,
Nor he, my Lausus, e'er such pledge
Accepted from your weapon's edge.
One boon (if vanquished foe may crave
The victor's grace) I ask, a grave.
My wrathful subjects round me wait :
Protect me from their savage hate,
And let me in the tomb enjoy
The presence of my slaughtered boy.'
He said, and to the conqueror's sword
 His throat unshrinking gave :
The lifeblood, o'er his armour poured,
 Spreads wide its crimson wave.

BOOK XI.

MORN rose meantime from ocean's bed :

Æneas, though his comrades dead

His instant care invite,

Still wildered by the bloody day,

Yet hastes his votive dues to pay

With dawn of earliest light

An oak with branches lopped all round

He plants upon a lofty mound,

And hangs with armour bright,

Mezentius' warrior panoply,

A glorious trophy, vowed to thee,

Great ruler of the fight

There stands the helm, besprent with gore,

The spent snapped darts in life he bore,

The hauberk mail, whose twisted rows

Twelve ghastly apertures disclose :

The buckler on the left is hung,

And from the neck the falchion slung.

Then thus the conqueror addressed

The exulting chiefs who round him pressed :

' A mighty deed, my friends, is done :

The future craves no fear ;

These spoils are from the tyrant won ;

See battle's first-fruits here !

Behold, the great *Mezentius* stands,

The master-work of these my hands !

Look next to march where glory calls,
 To king Latinus and the walls ;
 Let courage dream of deeds of might,
 And dazzling hope forestall the fight ;
 So, when at last in prosperous hour
 Heaven bids us marshal forth our power,
 No ignorance shall breed delay,
 No coward fears our onset stay
 Now turn we to our comrades slain,
 The mighty dead that load the plain,
 And pay to each the rites we owe,
 The sole sad joy that spectres know
 Haste we,' he cries, ' consign to earth
 The flesh that clothed those souls of worth,
 Who gave their precious lives to win
 This land of ours for us, their kin :
 First send we to Evander's town
 Brave Pallas, heir of high renown,
 Whose hopeful day has set too soon,
 O'ercast by darkness ere its noon '

So spake he, dropping tears like dew,
 Then sought the tent again,
 Where old Acetes, hegeman true,
 Was watching o'er the slain.
 Acetes, who in times of yore
 Evander's arms in battle bore,
 Since called by fate less kind to tend
 The royal heir, his guide and friend
 The gathered menials round him stand,
 And dames of Troy, a mourning band,
 Their flowing locks unbound.
 Soon as Æneas meets their sight,
 They shriek to heaven, their breasts they smite :
 The walls return the sound.

There when he saw the pillowed head,
The bloodless features of the dead,
And on the ivory breast displayed
The wound that Turnus' javelin made,
Once more the pitying tear he shed,

And words their utterance found :

' Unhappy youth ! and can it be
That Fortune, in her happier hour,
Has grudged you to partake with me
The spectacle of new-won power,
And homeward ride in conquering car,
Triumphant from the field of war ?
Not such the oath I swore that day
To your lorn father, old and grey,
When, ere he sped me on my way,

He clasped my hand in fond embrace,
And warned me, fierce would prove the fray,

And stern the temper of the race.

E'en now perchance by hope beguiled
He makes oblation for his child,

And calls on Heaven to save ,

We sadly render to the shade
Whose every debt to Heaven is paid

The due that spectres crave

'T is yours, ill-fated, to behold
The son you look for dead and cold !
Is this our proud procession ? these
Our triumph's boasted pageantries,

And this the pledge I gave ?

But not from field of battle chased,
By ignominious wounds disgraced,

Your darling shall return,

Nor you, his father, pray for death
To stop your scant remains of breath,

While he survives in scorn

Mourn, sad Ansonia ! mourn thy fate,
Left of thy guardian desolate,
And thou, Iulus, mourn !

His wailing o'er, he gives command
To raise the mournful load,
And bids a thousand of his band
Attend its homeward road,
With charge to comfort and condole;
Weak cordial to the father's soul,
Yet such as friendship owed -
While others weave without delay
Of oaken branch and arbuté spray
A funeral bier, and deftly spread
Soft leaves above the pliant bed.
There high on rural couch displayed
The body of the youth is laid ;
So cropped by maiden's finger lies
A hyacinth or violet ;
Its graceful mould, its glowing dyes
Undimmed, unwasted yet,
Though parent earth afford no more
The vital juice it drank before
Next brings the chief two mantles fair
Deep dyed with dazzling red ,
Phœnucæ's hapless queen whilere,
So prodigal of loving care,
Had wrought them for her hero's wear
And pranked with golden thread.
Full soon with one the lifeless frame
In funeral guise he wound :
The tresses that must feed the flame
With one he muffled round.
Then at his word in long array
The attendants marshal forth the prey,
Memorials of Laurentum's fray ;

And weapons from the foeman ta'en
 And fiery chargers swell the train.
 There walk with hands fast bound behind
 The victim prisoners, designed
 For slaughter o'er the flames ;
 And mighty warriors march erect
 'Neath trunks with arms of foemen decked
 And marked with hostile names.
 Then sad Accates, worn with years,
 Moves on, by others led ;
 His breast he beats, his cheeks he tears,
 And rolls on earth outspread.
 There too is seen the dead man's car,
 Blood-sprinkled from Rutulian war.
 Then Æthion comes, his trappings doffed,
 The warrior's gallant horse :
 Big drops of pity oft and oft
 Adown his visage course.
 In sad procession others bring
 The lance and helm : the Rutile king
 Is lord of all but those :
 And Teucrian, Tuscan, Arcad bands,
 Their spears inverted in their hands,
 The mournful pageant close.
 Now, as the train at length goes by,
 Æneas speaks with deep-drawn sigh :
 ' Fate calls us other tears to shed,
 And we must needs obey :
 Hail, mighty firstling of the dead ;
 Hail and farewell for aye ! '
 Then turns him back, the greeting said,
 And campward takes his way.

Now from Laurentum's town appear
 Ambassadors sedate and grave ;

Thick olive boughs in hand they bear,
And for indulgence crave :
Be burial granted to the slain
Whose mangled bodies load the plain :
No war may soldier wage, they say,
With vanquished men and senseless clay :
Who once his hosts, his kiff were styled
Should find him e'en in victory mild.
The good Æneas owns their plea,
And thus bespeaks them courteously -
' What mischief, Latians, makes you slight
Our proffered love, and plunge in fight ?
Ask ye that war in death may cease ?
Fain would I grant the living peace.
I had not sought you, but the voice
Of oracles compelled my choice ;
Fate bade me here my city place ;
Nor war I with the Latian race
No , 't was your king forsook his word,
And Turnus' arms to mine preferred.
If Turnus waked the flames of strife,
'T were just that Turnus risked his life.
To end the war by force of hand
And drive the Trojans from the land,
If such his boast, his part had been
To meet me here with blade as keen,
And he had lived who won the right
From favouring Gods or inborn might.
Go now, prepare the funeral pyre,
And give your hapless friends to fire.'

He ended. Wildered with amaze
In silence each on each they gaze.
Then Drances, he whose age pursued
The Daunian youth with bitter feud,

Still prompt injurious taunts to fling,
 Makes answer to Dardania's king -
 ' O great in fame, in deeds more great !
 What eloquence your worth can mate ?
 Say, which may first our praise demand,
 The just man's heart, the brave man's hand ?
 Soon shall this grateful train convey
 Back to our peers the words you say,
 And, let but chance the means afford,
 Unite you to our gracious lord.
 Should Turnus gainsay or deny,
 Let Turnus seek some new ally.
 Nay, Latium's sons shall spend their pains
 To build the walls your fate ordains,
 And nerve and sinew task with joy
 In shouldering up the stones of Troy.'
 So Drances spoke : and all the rest
 With loud acclaim their mind expressed
 For twice six days a truce is fixed,
 And there, while concord reigns betwixt,
 Teucrican and Latin, freely mixed,
 O'er hill and woodland stray
 The sharp axe rings upon the ash ;
 Heaven-kissing elms in ruin crash ;
 The forceful wedge with stroke on stroke
 Splits cedarn core and heart of oak ;
 And hullocks, groaning 'neath the yoke,
 Bear the full wains away.

Now Fame, sad harbinger of grief,
 Comes flying to the Arcadian chief,
 And fills with doleful trumpet-blast
 The palace and the town ;
 Fame, whose shrill voice, a moment past,
 Had told the tale of slaughter vast
 And Pallas' young renown.

Swift through the gate Arcadia's bands
 Pour forth, with torches in their hands,
 So ancient rule ordains:
 The highway glimmers, sadly bright,
 One line of long funereal light,
 That parts the dusky plains.
 Now, marching mournfully along,
 The Phrygians join their wailing throng.
 The matrons see the crowd draw nigh
 And rend the heaven with piercing cry.
 No force can old Evander stay:
 With breathless haste he takes his way,
 And falling on the rested bier
 Hangs o'er his child with groan and tear,
 At last the reflux wave of woe
 Gives scanty room for speech to flow—
 'O Pallas' parting from your sire
 Far other pledge you gave,
 To moderate your martial fire
 Nor war's worst fury brave!
 I knew the young blood's maddening play,
 • The charm of battle's first essay.
 O valour blighted in the flower!
 O first dread drops of war's full shower!
 O prayers unheard, rejected vows,
 And thou, my lost, my sacred spouse,
 Blest in thy death, nor spared to see
 This uttermost calamity,
 While I have overlived my span,
 To linger on, a childless man!
 Ah! had I joined the Dardan train,
 And fallen by Rutule javelins slain,
 And this your escort of the dead
 Conveyed me home in Pallas' stead!
 Nor you, ye Trojans, I upbraid,
 The faith we swore, the league we made:

A lot like this, of hopeless tears,
Was due to my declining years.
If early death was his decreed,
'T was comfort that he thus should bleed,
As Troy to Latium's walls he led
Through fields his arm with death had spread.
Nor e'en for you, dear child, could sire
A worthier sepulture desire
Than this which good Æneas deigns
In honour to your loved remains,
Where Phrygia's mightiest shed the tear
And all Etruria tends the bier.
Proud trophies to your praise they yield,
The chiefs you tumble on the field :
Thou, Turnus, too hadst swelled his fame,
 A mighty trunk with armour hung,
Had time but made his years the same,
 His arm with equal vigour strung.
But why with helpless wail delay
A host impatient for the fray ?
Go, to your gallant prince remit
My charge, upon your memory writ :
If thus bereaved I linger yet,
'T is from your hand to claim my debt,
The life of Turnus, doubly due
To Pallas and his father too :
This niche alone is vacant still
For fortune and desert to fill.
Not now to glad this life of mine
I ask—forbid it, powers divine !
No ; down to darkness I would bear
The joy, and with my darling share.'

Meantime the gracious Dawn displays
To wretched men her genial rays,
And calls to work once more :

Stout Tarchon and the Trojan sire
Are rearing many a funeral pyre
 Along the winding shore.
Here, as his country's rites ordain,
Each brings his brave compatriots slain,
And while the dusk flames mount on high
A veil of darkness shrouds the sky.
Thrice ride they round each lighted pyre,
 Encased in glittering mail,
Thrice circle the funereal fire,
 And raise their piercing wail.
Earth, armour, all with tears are dewed,
And warrior shouts and clarions rude
 The vault of heaven assail.
There others on the embers throw
Rich booty, reft from slaughtered foe,
The helm, the ivory-hilted steel,
The bridle and the glowing wheel :
While some cast in the dead man's gear,
The treacherous shield, the luckless spear.
Around they butcher herds of kine,
• And soothe the shades with bristly swine,
And cattle, from the neighbouring mead
Swift harried, o'er the death-fires bleed.
Far down the line of coast they gaze
On kinsmen shrivelling in the blaze,
 And fondly watch the bier,
Nor tear them from the hallowed ground,
Till dewy night the sky rolls round
 And makes the stars appear.

Sad Latium for her part the while
Builds elsewhere full many a pile :
Some on the field their slain inhume,
Some send them forth to distant tomb,
 Or to the city bear ;

The rest in undistinguished mass
They burn, unheeding rank or class ;
The wide plains flicker through the gloom

With ghastly funeral glare
And now the third return of day
Had made the dewy night give way :
Sighing they tumble from each pyre

The hills of mingled dust,
And heap them, tepid from the fire,
With mounded earthen crust.

But in the royal city chief
Swell loud and high the sounds of grief ;
There mothers of their sons bereft,
Young brides to widowed misery left,
Fond hearts of sisters, nigh to break,
And orphan boys their wailing make,
Cry malison on Turnus' head
And execrate his bridal bed :
Who fain would wear Italia's crown
Alone to battle should come down,
To triumph or to fall.

Loud clamours Drances, and attests
In Turnus' hand the issue rests,
For him the Trojans call.

And Turnus too can boast his throng
With voices manifold and strong :
The cherished favour of the queen
Protects him with a mighty screen,
And many a deed of valour bold
And trophy won his fame uphold.

While thus men's passions heave and rage
And tumult fiercest burns,
With doleful news the embassy
From Diomed returns :
'T is idly spent, their toil and pain,
Gifts, gold, entreaties, all in vain :

Elsewhere must Latium seek relief,
Or yield her to the Trojan chief.
Latinus quails, and bends him low
Before the giant wave of woe.
Heaven's wrath in sad reverses read,
The earth new mounded o'er the dead,
All warn him with presaging voice
Æneas is the Gods' true choice :
So Latium's wisest sons he calls
To council in the palace halls.
They meet, and flooding all the road
Stream onward to their king's abode :
Midmost, in age and state the chief,
Latinus sits with face of grief,
Invites the lately-missioned train,
And bids them point by point explain.
Then talk is stilled, and Venulus,
The charge obeying, answers thus .
' Townsman of Latium ' we have seen
King Diomed in his home :
Each perilous chance that lay between
Is mastered and o'ercome ;
The hand that levelled Ilium's towers
In friendship has been clasped in ours.
We found him on his work intent,
By might of victor hand
Rearing an Argive settlement
In Iapygian land.
Admission to his presence gained,
And privilege of speech obtained,
We tender gifts to buy his grace,
Inform him of our name and race,
Tell who our foe, and what the cause
Our embassy to Arpi draws.
He hears, and with untroubled eye
And courteous accent makes reply :

“ Blest nations of Ausonian strain,
The heirs of Saturn’s golden reign,
What chance disturbs your peace, and goads
To rush on war’s untrodden roads?
All, all our chiefs who erst combined
To sweep the Trojans from mankind
(Let pass the sufferings in the field,
The dead by Simois’ wave concealed)
Alike have drained ’neath every sky
The cup of penal agony,
A hapless crew, whose lorn estate
E’en Priam would compassionate,
As Pallas’ baleful star can tell,
And grim Caphareus knows too well.
The perils of our warfare o’er,
Outcast we fly from shore to shore ;
Lo, Menelaus borne away
To Proteus’ pillars all astray !
Ulysses, sorest tried of men,
’Neath Ætna sees the Cyclops’ den.
What need to tell of Pyrrhus slain,
Idomeneus expelled his reign,
And Locrians driven, their country lost,
To make their homes on Libya’s coast ?
E’en he, Mycenæ’s mighty lord,
Who led us when at Troy we warred,
In his own hall shed out his life
By hand of his adulterous wife :
As Asia sinks in fight subdued,
The paramour takes up the fend.
O jealous Heaven, that no return
To hapless Diomed allows,
To see his home’s dear altars burn
And greet his wished-for spouse
Nay, dreadful prodigies of ill
With ghastly presence, hound me still :

My comrades lost before my eyes
 Are turned to birds, and wing the skies,
 Haunt, cruel change, the banks of streams,
 And fill the rocks with piteous screams.
 Such was the extremity of fate
 On my transgression doomed to wait,
 E'er since with heavenly ichor stained
 My javelin Venus' hand profaned.
 Then ask me not to tempt anew
 The fight whose memory yet I rue.
 Since Ithum tumbled from its base,
 I war not with the Teucrian race,
 Nor joy nor memory have I
 Of sufferings vanished and gone by.
 The presents that your country sends
 May make you yet Æneas' friends.
 Myself have faced him on the field

And tried the combat's chance,
 I know the arms his hand can wield,
 The thunder of his lifted shield,

The lightning of his lance
 Two chiefs beside in strength as great
 • Had Ida's region borne,
 Troy's sons had knocked at Argos' gate
 Unbidden, and reverse of fate

Had made Achaia mourn
 Count up the weary months we spent
 'Neath Ithum's stubborn battlement,
 'T was Hector's and Æneas' power
 Delayed so long the conquering hour,
 Till in the tenth slow year it came
 At last, with halting feet and lame.
 Brave warriors both alike; but he,
 Æneas, first in piety.
 Join hands in peace, if so ye may,
 But meet not arms with arms in fray."

Thus spoke, my lord, the monarch sage,
And thus he judged the war we wage.'

The ambassadors had scarcely done,
Loud murmurs through the council run,
Of multi-form intent ;
So, checked by rocks, the rapid flood
Chafes wildly, loth to be withstood,
And struggles for a vent,
While bank and river-side around
Remurmur to the impatient sound.
Soon as the hum of tongues was stayed
And the wild storm in quiet laid,
Due preface to the Gods addressed,
The king enthroned his mind expressed.

' I would, ye peers, that Latinus's state
At earlier time had claimed debate,
Nor I been driven a court to call
With foemen clustering round our wall.
A fearful war, my friends, is ours,
Waged with a race of godlike powers :
No wounds their energy can tame :
Win they or lose, they fight the same :
Who thought on Diomed to rely
Must lay that hope for ever by :
Each from himself his hope must seek ;
But hopes like ours, alas ! are weak.
How low has fallen our common weal
Your eyes can see, your senses feel
I censure none ; each gallant man
Has done the most that valour can :
The forces of a nation's life
Have all been lavished on the strife.
Now hearken while I show the scheme
My doubting thoughts the wisest deem.

Where Tiber irrigates the plain,
A tract there lies, my own domain,
Stretching beyond the bounds possessed
By old Sicanians, far a-west ;
The Rutules and Auruncans till
Its mingled range of dale and hill,
Scar the rude mountain with their ploughs,
And bid their herds the thickets browse.
That tract, that slope of mountain pine,
To Troy I purpose to resign :
Let peace an equal rule ordain
And make them partners in our reign :
There let the wanderers sit them down,
If such their wish, and build their town
But should they other lands desire
And from our soil may yet retire,
Twice ten good vessels let us build
Or more, if more may well be filled ;
Good store e'en now of seasoned wood
Is hewn and lying by the flood ;
Fix they the rate and number ; we
Give fittings, brass, and labour free,
Let too ambassadors be sent
Whose pleading may the peace cement,
A hundred men, of noblest race,
Bought in their hands, to sue for grace,
With gifts of ivory and of gold,
A talent each by measure told,
And these the emblems of our reign,
The throne, the robe of purple grain.
Give counsel for the general need,
And staunch the wounds that newly bleed.'

Then Drances, he whom Turnus' fame
Still kindled into jealous flame,

Lavish, and dowered with wordy skill,
In battle spiritless and chull,
At council-board a name of weight,
Powerful in faction and debate,
His mother's house to kings allied,
Inglorious on his father's side,
Stands up, and thus with artful phrase
Fans smouldering passion into blaze :
' Too plain the answer that you seek,
Good king, nor needs my voice to speak :
The state's true interest none dispute,
But muttering terror holds them mute.
Let him the while free speech allow,
And calm the thunder of his brow,
Whose ill-starred fate, whose unblest pride,
Sent for our sins the war to guide—
Aye, though with arms and death he threat
My safety, he shall hear me yet—
Have quenched the life of many a chief,
And plunged a city deep in grief,
While, trusting to retreat, he tries
Troy's camp, and menaces the skies.
Send one gift more, great prince, besides
The rest your care for Troy provides,
One more, nor let tempestuous frown
Or bluster bear your purpose down,
But give your child a fitting lord,
And bind two realms in firm accord.
Nay, if such craven fear we feel,
Let Latium to her master kneel, •
Pray him of grace his claim to waive
And yield what king and country crave.
Why drive to death your nation still,
O guilty cause of all this ill ?
No hope from war : for peace we sue,
For peace, and peace's sanction true.

See, I, the man you feign your foe
(Nor care I though in truth 't were so),
First of the train the suit begin :
Have mercy on your wretched kin,
Allay your pride, confess defeat,
And routed from the strife retreat !
Suffice it us, those heaps of killed,
Those fields unpeopled and untilled.
Or if ambition yet has charms,
If courage thus your bosom warms,
If spousal kingdoms seem so sweet,
Be bold, your rival's arm to meet.
Forsooth, that an 'imperial bride
May gratify our Turnus' pride,
We, worthless souls, must needs be swept
To death, unburied and unwept.
Now, if one generous spark remains
Of native fire in those dull veins,
Front him that calls you, eye to eye,
And, oft defied, in 'turn defy !'

That taunt the rage of Turnus woke :
He groaned and into utterance broke .
'High, Drances, swells your stream of words,
When battle claims not tongues but swords :
When council gathers to the hall,
You still are there, the first of all :
But needs not now the court to fill
With that big talk you vent at will
While ramparts yet the foe repel,
Nor choked-up moats with carnage swell.
Then roll your thunders, storm and rave ;
Be Turnus coward, and Drances brave :
Since yours the hand that heaps our plain
With trophied trunks and hills of slain.
What valour at its heat can do
We twain may try, myself and you :

No distant foemen wait our call :
Behold them mustered round the wall !
Come, march we forth to meet the foe !
What, Drances linger ? why so slow ?
Has Mars found out no worthier seat
Than that loose tongue, those flying feet ?
Confess defeat ? I routed ? I ?
Who dares retail that cankerous he ?
Who, that has seen old Tiber's flood
Foaming and swollen with Dardan blood,
Evander's stock at once laid low,
And Arcads vanquished at a blow ?
Not Bitias thus and Pandarus found
The hand that brought them to the ground,
Or the great host to death I sent
By trench and hostile rampart pent.
" No hope from war " Go, dotard, drone
In ears of Dardans, or your own ;
Spread wild alarms, extol the powers
Of twice-foiled tribes, disparage ours
Now Myrmidons are all afraid
Of conquering Phrygia's ruthless blade ;
Now fails the heart of Diomede
And Peleus' Larissæan seed,
And Anfidus recoils with dread
From Hadria to his fountain head.
Or hear the trickster when he feigns
He cowers before my threatening strains,
And, counterfeiting fear, forsooth,
Adds venom to his serpent tooth !
No, Drances, ne'er shall you resign
Such life as yours to hand of mine .
No ; let it dwell with you, nor quit
A mansion for its use so fit.
Now, gracious Sire, my thoughts return
To that your theme of high concern.

If, baffled, you relinquish hope
That Latium's arms with Troy may cope,
If our estate have fallen so low,
Crushed by a single overthrow,
Nor Fortune can her steps retrace,
Stretch we weak hands and sue for grace.
Yet O! were aught of valour here,
Sure his were deemed the happiest cheer,
Who, sooner than behold such stain,
Fell prone, and dying bit the plain.
But if resources still are ours,
Unbroken still our martial powers,
If Italy e'en yet affords
Fresh tribes to draw their friendly swords,
If Trojan blood in streams has run
To gain the vantage Troy has won
(For they too have their deaths, the blast
Of withering war o'er all has passed),
Why fail we on the threshold? why,
Ere sounds the trumpet, quake and fly?
Time, toil, and circumstance full oft
A humbled cause have raised aloft,
And Fortune whom she mocked before
Has placed on solid ground once more.
Ætolian Diomedes will send
No help our efforts to befriend;
But brave Messapus yet is here,
Tolumnius too, auspicious seer,
And all the chiefs of all the bands
That swell our ranks from neighbouring lands:
Nor scant the trophies that await
The flower of Latium's own estate.
Camilla too, the Volscian maid,
Her horsemen brings in steel arrayed.
If 't is on me the Trojans call
And my one life imperils all,

Not all so weak these hands of mine
That I the combat should decline.
Nay, though Achilles' self be there
And Vulcan make him arms to wear,
I yet will meet him. Here I stand,
I, Turnus, like my fathers manned,
And pledge the life your needs require
To you and to my own wife's sire
'T is I the Phrygian claims to meet:
Pray Heaven the challenge he repeat,
Nor in my stead let Drances pay
His forfeit breath or win the day !'

Thus they in passionate debate
The weary hours prolong.
Æneas through the encampment's gate
Leads forth his armed throng.
A messenger comes hastening down
And fills the palace and the town
With tumult and dismay ;
' The Trojan and the Tuscan train
From Tiber pour along the plain
In battle's stern array.'
A turmoil takes the public mind ,
Their passions flame, by furious wind
To conflagration blown :
At once to arms they fain would fly :
' To arms ! ' the youth impatient cry :
The old men weep and moan.
A dissonance of various cries
Keeps swelling, soaring to the skies,
As when in lofty wood
Birds settle, lighting in a cloud,
Or swans make clangor hoarse and loud
Along Padusa's flood.

'Aye, sit,' cries Turnus, striking in
As for an instant flags the din,
'Sit still, and while of peace you prate
Let foemen armed assail your gate!'
He spoke, and speaking rushed away:
'You, Volusus, in arms array

The Volscians' warlike power;
Lead out the Rutules: Coras too,
Catillus, and Messapus, you
With horse the champaign scour.

Let others every inlet guard,
And on the towers keep watch and ward.
The residue myself obey,
And follow where I point the way.'
Forth from the city, one and all,
They rush, and hurry to the wall:
Latinus, bowed with grief, adjourns
The council and its high concerns,

And oft himself he blames,
Who gave not to his daughter fair
A husband, to the state an heir,

Nor owned the Trojan's claims.
Before the gates some trenches make,
Or load their backs with stone and stake

The trump peals shrill and clear:
Matrons and boys enring the wall
In close array: the last dread call

Resounds in every ear.
Now up to Pallas' rock-built fane
The queen amid a matron train

Is borne in stately car;
With her Lavinia, maiden chaste,
Her lovely eyes to earth abased,
Fair author of the war.

Beneath the dome the matrons crowd,
And bid the incense smoke,

And thus with lamentation loud
The guardian power invoke :
' Tritonian maiden, name of fear,
Controller of the fray,
O break the Phrygian pirate's spear !
Himself in dust, protectress dear,
Beneath our rampart lay ! '
Impatient Turnus, all ablaze,
His manly limbs for fight arrays.
Now mailed with chainwork round his breast,
His legs in golden cuishes dressed,
His head still bare to view,
He flashed in armour's golden pride,
His sword loose hanging from his side,
As down the height he flew ;
With fervid heat his spirits glow,
And eager hope forestalls the foe.
As when, his halter snapped, the steed
Darts forth, rejoicing to be freed,
And ranges o'er the open mead,
Keen life in every limb :
Now lies he to the pastured mares,
Now to the well-known river fares,
Where oft he wont to swim :
He tosses high his head, and neighs :
His mane o'er neck and shoulder plays.

And now Camilla at the gates
With Volscian troops his coming waits.
Queen as she was, with graceful speed
She lighted instant from her steed ;
Her train the like observance pay,
While, standing, she begins her say :
' Turnus, if valiant lips may boast
What valiant hands can do,

Myself will front the Trojan host
And Tyrrhene horseman crew :
Let me the field's first peril brave :
Bide you at home, the town to save.'
With wondering eyes the chief surveyed
The terrible yet lovely maid :
Then thus - 'What thanks can speech command,
Fair glory of the Italian land ?
But now, since praise must needs despair
To match your worth, my labour share.
Æneas—so my scouts explore—
Has sent his cavalry before
To gallop to the town -
He with his footmen armed for fight
Along the mountain's wooded height
At leisure marches down.
In that dark passage I prepare
The invading Trojan to ensnare,
That men in arms on each side set
May clasp him as in hunter's net.
You marshal your embattled force
To grapple with the Tuscan horse ;
Messapus shall attend your side,
And Latium's troop the charge divide,
And brave Tiburtus' missioned host ;
Yourself assume the leader's post.'
This said, with like address he plies
Messapus and his tried allies ;
Then quickly on his errand hies.
There is a valley, dusk and blind,
For martial stratagem designed .
Its narrow walls with foliage black,
And strait and scant the pathway's track.
Above there lies a table-land
High on the far hill-top,

Where warlike deeds might well be planned,
Or would men combat hand to hand,
Or on the ridge in shelter stand
 And rocky fragments drop.
The well-known way the warrior takes,
And in the wood his ambush makes.

Meanwhile Diana, high in air,
 To Opis at her side,
Her huntress-comrade, chaste and fair,
 In mournful accents cried :
‘ There goes Camilla to the fight,
In those our arms all vainly dight,
 Beloved beyond the rest ;
For not of yesterday there came
This passion, with a sudden flame
 To touch Diana’s breast.
When Metabus, for tyrant wrong
Driven from the realm he scourged so long,
Privernum’s ancient walls forsook,
His infant girl in arms he took
 His banishment to share ;
Casmilla was her mother styled ;
He changed the sound, and gave his child
 Camilla’s name to bear.
He with his precious load in haste
Was making for the mountain waste,
By arrow-flights and javelins chased
 And thronging Volscian powers :
Lo, as he hurries, Amasene,
Brimming and foaming, roars between,
 Swollen high with new-fallen showers.
Fain would he plunge and swim to shore,
But paused, for love of her he bore :
Long conning each expedient o’er,
 A course he sees at last :

A spear he bore of solid oak,
Knotty and seasoned by the smoke :
To its mid shaft his child he bound,
With cork-tree bark encompassed round,
And made her firm and fast:
The spear in his broad hand he shakes,
And thus to heaven petition makes :
" Latonian queen of greenwood shade,
To thee I vow this infant maid :
Thy dart she grasps in suppliant guise
Thus early, as from death she flies :
Extend, I pray, thy guardian care,
And guide her through the dubious air."
Thus having prayed, the oaken beam
With backdrawn arm he threw :
Loud roared the billows : o'er the stream
Camilla hurtling flew.
Now as pursuit grows yet more near,
He plunges in the foaming tide,
And standing on the further side
Recovers with a conqueror's pride
The maiden and the spear
No peaceful home, no city gave
Its shelter to the wanderer's head ;
Too stern his mould such aid to crave :
On mountain and in lonely cave
A shepherd's life he led.
'Mid tangled brakes and wild beasts' lairs
He reared his child on milk of mares,
To her young lips applied the teat,
And thence drew out the beverage sweet.
Soon as on earth she first could stand,
With pointed dart he armed her hand,
And from her infant shoulder hung
A quiver and a bow.

For coif and robe that sweeps the ground
A tiger's spoils are o'er her wound.
E'en then her tiny lance she flung,
Or round her head the tough hide swung,
And with her bullet deftly slung

Brought crane or cygnet low.
Full many a Tyrrhene dame has tried
To gain her for her offspring's bride :
Content with Dian, in the wood
Unstained she keeps her maidenhood.
Ah ! had she war's contagion fled,
Nor with the multitude been led

The Trojans to molest !
My true companion she had been,
The chosen favourite of her queen,
In that free service blest.

Now, since the fatal hour is nigh,
Descend, dear goddess, from on high
To Latium's frontier, where the war
Is joining under evil star
Take these my weapons of offence,
And draw the avenging arrow thence,
That whoso may her life destroy,
Be he from Italy or Troy,
His forfeit blood may pay ;
I in a hollow cloud will bear
Her corpse and armour through the air
And in her country lay.'
Fair Opis heard the words she said,
Then in a storm concealed •
With swift descent through ether sped,
While loud her weapons pealed.

Meantime the Trojans near the wall,
The Tuscans and the horsemen all,
In separate troops arrayed :

Their mettled steeds the champaign spurn,
And chafing this and that way turn ;
Spears bristle o'er the fields, that burn
 With arms on high displayed.
Messapus and the Latian force
And Coras and Camilla's horse
 An adverse front array :
With hands drawn back, they couch the spear,
And aim the dart in full career ;
The tramp of heroes strikes the ear,
 Mixed with the charger's neigh.
Arrived within a javelin's throw
The armies halt a space, when lo !
Sudden they let their good steeds go
 And meet with deafening cry :
Their volleyed darts fly thick as snow,
 Dark shadowing all the sky.
Tyrrhenus and Aconteus rash
With lance in rest together clash,
And falling both with hideous crash
 Inaugurate the strife .
Each gallant steed has burst its heart :
Like spring-launched stone or lightning's dart,
Hurled is Aconteus far apart,
 And spends on air his life.
At once the line of battle breaks :
 The Latians one and all
Sling their broad bucklers on their backs
 And gallop toward the wall :
The Trojans follow them apace ;
Asilas leads the martial chase.
And now the gates were well in sight,
 When with a ringing shout
The Latian hosts renew the fight,
 And wheel their steeds about.

The Trojans fly with loosened reins,
And pour promiscuous o'er the plains :
Thus ocean, swaying to and fro,
Now seeks the shore with onward flow,
Rains on the cliff the sprinkled surge,
And breaking bathes the sand's last verge,
Now draws the rocky fragments back
And quits the sea-board, faint and slack.
Twice to their walls the Tuscans beat
 The routed Rutule foe,
Twice, looking back in swift retreat,
 Their shields behind them throw.
But when a third time hand to hand
The hosts in deadly mêlée stand
 And man with man they close,
Then deathful groans invade the sky ;
Arms, men, and horses soon to die
Blent in promiscuous carnage lie ;
 Like fire the combat glows.
Orsiloclus, afraid to front
Bold Remulus in battle's brunt,
Full at his charger flings a spear,
And leaves it lodged beneath the ear.
The generous beast, distraught with pain,
His forefeet lifts and rears amain ;
The rider tumbles to the plain.
Iolas by Catillus dies,
Herminius too, of giant size,
 Nor less in spirit bold :
Bare was his head ; his shoulders bare
Sustain a yellow length of hair ;
No wounds the doughty warrior scare,
 So vast his martial mould :
Through his broad chest the spear is driven ;
He writhes, by deadly anguish riven.

With rivulets of slaughter reeks
The stern embattled field,
While each deals havoc round, or seeks
The glory death-wounds yield.

But fierce Camilla stems the fight
With all an Amazon's delight,
One naked breast conspicuous shone
By looping of her golden zone :
And now she rains an iron shower,
Thick pouring spears on spears,
And now with unabated power
Her mighty axe she rears ;
Behind her sounds her golden bow,
And those dread darts the silvans know.
Nay, should she e'en perforce retreat,
Flying she wings her arrows fleet.
Her favoured comrades round her stand,
Larina maid, her strong heart manned,
Tulla, Tarpeia, axe in hand,
Italia's daughters they,
Whom erst she chose, attendants true,
Her bidding resolute to do
In peace or battle-fray :
So on Thermodon's echoing banks
The Amazons array their ranks,
In painted arms of radiant sheen
Around Hippolyte the queen,
Or when Penthesilea's car
Triumphant breasts the surge of war ;
The maidens with their moony shields
Howling and leaping shake the fields.

Who first, who last, dread maiden, died
By thy resistless blow ?
How many chiefs in valour's pride
Didst thou on earth lay low ?

First fell Euneus, Clytius' heir :
His breast, unguarded left and bare,
 Receives the lance's wound :
He vomits forth a crimson flood,
Writhes dying round the fatal wood,
 And bites the bloody ground
Then Pagasus and Liris bleed :
One, tumbled from his wounded steed,
 Is gathering up the rein,
One strives his helpless hand to reach
To his fallen friend; that moment each
 Lies prostrate on the plain.
With these, the tale of death to swell,
Hippotades Amastrus fell :
Then as in wildering rout they run
 She bids her darts pursue
Harpalycus, Demophoon,
 Tereus and Chromis too :
A Phrygian mother mourned her son
 For every lance that flew.
Afar in unknown arms equipped
 See Ornytus the hunter ride
 On Iapygian steed : a hide
Enswathes him round, from bullock stripped ;
A wolf's grim jaws, whose white teeth grin,
Clasp like a helmet brow and chin :
A pike like curving sheep-hook planned
In rustic fashion arms his hand ,
On high he lifts his lofty crest
That towers conspicuous o'er the rest
Hampered by helpless disarray
She catches him, an easy prey,
Transfixes, and in bitter strain
Contemptuously insults the slain :
' Tuscan, you deemed us beasts of chase
That fly before the hunter's face :

A woman's weapon shall unteach
Your misproud tribe that boastful speech :
Yet take this glory to your grave,
Camilla's hand your death-wound gave.'
Orsilochus and Butes then
(In Troy's great host no huger men)
Their lives successive yield :
Butes she pierces in the rear
With her inevitable spear,
The corslet and the helm between,
Just where the sitter's neck is seen
And hangs the left-hand shield :
Orsilochus she traps by guile :
She flies and he pursues the while,
Till, as in narrowing rings she wheels,
Each treads upon the other's heels .
Then, rising to the stroke, she drives
Her weighty battle-axe, and rives
The helmet and the crown,
E'en as he sues for grace : again
The blow descends : the spattered brain
The severed cheeks runs down.
Now Aunus' warrior son by chance
Meets her, and quails before her glance,
Not meanest of Liguria's breed,
While fate allowed his tricks to speed.
So, when he sees no means to fly
Or put that dreadful presence by,
What artifice can do he tries,
And thus with feigned defiance cries :
' Good sooth, 'tis chivalry indeed :
A woman trusts her mettled steed !
Come now, discard those means of flight,
And gird you for an equal fight :
Stand face to face, you soon shall see
Whom boasting favours, you or me.'

Stung by the insult, fiery-souled,
She gives her mate her horse to hold,
And stands with maiden buckler bold
And bare uplifted steel.

The youth believes his arts succeed :
Turning his rein with crafty speed
He flies, and gores his panting steed
With iron-pointed heel.

' Ah ! base Ligurian, boaster vile,
In vain you try your native guile -
Trickster and dastard though you be,
False Annus you shall never see !'
With foot like fire, in middle course
She meets and heads the flying horse,
Confronts the rider, lays him low,
And wreaks her vengeance, foe on foe
Look how the hawk, whom augurs love,
With matchless ease o'ertakes a dove
Seen in the clouds on high :
He gripes, he rends the prey forlorn,
While drops of blood and plumage torn
Come tumbling from the sky.

But not with unregardful gaze
The Sire of heaven the scene surveys
From his Olympian tower :
He bids Tyrrhenian Tarchon wage
A deadlier fight, and stir his rage
With all ungentle power.
From rank to rank the chieftain flies,
The yielding troops with menace plies,
Calls each by his familiar name,
And wakes again the expiring flame .
' What panic terror of the foe,
What drowsy spell has made you slow,
O hearts that will not feel ?

A woman chases you—ye fly :
Why don that useless armour ? why
Parade your idle steel ?
Yet all too quick your ears to heed
The call of laughing dames,
Or when the piper's scrannel reed
The Bacchic dance proclaims -
Then with keen eyes and hungry throat
On meat and brimming cups ye gloat,
Till seers announce the victim good
And feast-time bids you to the wood.'
This said, prepared himself to bleed,
'Gainst Venulus he spurs his steed,
Plucks from his horse the unwary foe
And bears him on his saddle-bow.
All Latium turns astonished eyes,
And deafening clamours mount the skies ;
Swift o'er the champaign Tarchon flies,
The chief before him still :
The spearhead from the shaft he broke,
And scans him o'er, to plant a stroke
Which may the readiest kill :
"The victim, struggling, guards his neck,
And still by force keeps force in check.
E'en as an eagle bears aloft
A serpent in her taloned nails ;
The reptile writhes him oft and oft,
Rears in his ire his stiffening scales,
And darts his hissing jaws on high :
She with quick wing still beats the sky,
While her sharp beak his life assails :
So Tarchon from the midmost foe
In triumph bears his prey :
His heartened Lydians catch the glow,
And back their chief's essay.

Now Arruns, Fate's predestined prize,
Circles Camilla round,
His javelin in his hand, and tries
The easiest way to wound.
Where'er she leads the fierce attack,
He follows, and observes her track :
Where'er she issues from the rout,
He deftly shifts his reins about :
Explores each method of advance,
Wheels round and round, weighs chance with
chance,
And shakes the inevitable lance
Just then rich Chlorens, priest of yore
To Cybele, bedizened o'er
With Phrygian armour shone,
And spurred afield his charger bold,
A chainwork cloth with clasp of gold
Around its body thrown.
He, clad in purple's wealthiest grain,
The work of looms beyond the main,
Launches untiring on the foe
Gortynian shafts from Cretan bow :
Behind a golden quiver sounds,
A helm of gold his head surrounds :
His saffron scarf, with gold confined,
Flaunts, light and rustling, in the wind :
And hose of gay barbaric wear
And brodered vest his race declare
Perchance the huntress sought to gain
Troy's spoils, to deck a Volscian fate ;
Perchance herself she would adorn
In that bright gold, so proudly worn :
Whate'er the cause, from all about
She singles, follows, tracks him out,
And winds him through the embattled field,
Her eyes to coming danger sealed,

While all the woman's fond desire
For plunder sets her soul on fire.
His moment Arruns marked : he aims
His dart, and thus to heaven exclaims :
' Lord of Soracte, Phœbus sire,
Whose rites we Tuscans keep,
For whom the blaze of sacred fire
Lives in the pine-wood heap,
While, safe in piety, we tread,
Thy votaries we, on embers red,
Grant, mightiest of the Gods above,
My arms may this foul stain remove !
No blazonry I look to gain,
Trophy or spoil, from maiden slain ;
My other deeds shall guard my name,
And keep the doer fresh in fame ;
This fury let me once bring low,
Home unrenowned I gladly go.'
Apollo granted half his prayer .
The rest was scattered into air.
With unexpected wound to slay
The foe he dreads—so much he may :
In safety to return, and see
His stately home—that may not be .
E'en as 't was breathed, the wild winds caught
The uttered prayer, and turned to nought

So now, as hurtling through the sky
Flew the fell spear, each Volscian eye
On the doomed queen was bent :
She hears no rushing sound, nor sees
The javelin sweeping down the breeze,
Till 'neath her naked breast it stood,
And drinking deep the unsulphed blood
At length its fury spent.

Up run her comrades, one and all,
And stay their mistress ere she fall.
But daunted far beyond the rest,
Fear mixed with triumph in his breast,

False Arruns takes to flight :

A second time he dares not try
The steel that served him, nor defy

The maid to further fight.

As flies a castiff wolf for fear
From shepherd slain or mighty steer,
Or ere the avenger's darts draw near,

To pathless mountain steep,

And, conscious of his guilt unseen,
Claps his lithe tail his legs between,

And dives in forest deep ,

So Arruns steals confused away,

And flying plunges 'mid the fray.

In vain she strives with dying hands

To wrench away the blade :

Fixed in her ribs the weapon stands,

Closed by the wound it made.

Bloodless and faint, she gasps for breath ;

Her heavy eyes sink down in death ;

Her cheeks bright colours fade.

Then thus expiring she addressed

Her truest comrade and her best,

Acca, who wont alone to share

The burden of Camilla's care :

' Dear Acca, I have fought the fight ;

But now this cruel wound

My spirit overmasters quite,

And all grows dark around.

Go : my last charge to Turnus tell,

To haste with succour, and repel

The Trojans from the town—farewell.'

She spoke, and speaking, dropped her rein,
 Perforce descending to the plain.
 Then by degrees she slips away
 From all that heavy load of clay :
 Her languid neck, her drowsy head
 She droops to earth, of vigour sped :
 She lets her martial weapons go .
 The indignant soul flies down below.
 Loud clamours to the skies arose ;
 With fiercer heat the combat glows,
 The Volseian princess slain ;
 On, on they push, the Teucrian power,
 The Tyrrhene chiefs, their nation's flower,
 The Arcad horseman train.

Meanwhile Diana's sentinel,
 Fair Opis, sits on mountain fell
 The scene of blood to view :
 Soon as Camilla she espied
 O'erborne in battle's raging tide,
 From her deep bosom, as she sighed,
 These piteous words she drew :
 ' Too stern requital, hapless maid,
 For that your error have you paid,
 That venturous daring, which essayed
 To brave the Trojan power .
 Your woodland life, to Dian sworn,
 Those heavenly arms in combat borne,
 Alas ! they left you all forlorn
 In need's extremest hour.
 Yet not unhonoured in your end
 She lets you lie, your queen and friend,
 Nor unavenged shall you descend
 A name to after time .
 For he whose arm has stretched in death
 That sacred form, his forfeit breath
 Shall compensate his crime.'

'Neath the high hill a barrow stood,
Dercennus' tomb, o'ergrown with wood
(A monarch he of elder blood

Who ruled Laurentum's land):
The Goddess, lighting with a bound,
Paused here, and from the lofty mound

The guilty Arruns scanned.
She saw him insolent and gay,
And 'Why,' she cries, 'so far astray ?
This way, doomed carter, come this way !

Shall vengeance vainly call ?
Here, take Camilla's guerdon due :
Alas the day, when such as you

By Dian's arrows fall !'
Thus having said, the maid of Thrace
An arrow from the golden case

Draws out, and fits for flight :
Then at full stretch the bow she bends,
Till now she joins the horn's two ends,
And touches with her left the blade
Of the keen shaft transversely laid,

Her bosom with the right.
That instant Arruns heard the sound
And in his heart the weapon found.
Him gasping out his life with pain
His comrades on the dusty plain

Unheeded leave to die ;
Triumphant Opis soars again
Back to the Olympian sky.

First turns to flight, its mistress slain,
Camilla's light-armed horseman train .

The Rutules and Atinas fly ;
Lorn bands and chiefs astray
For safety to the city hie
In rout and disarray.

The deathful onset of the foe

None further dares sustain :

Each slings behind his unstrung bow,

And horse-hoof beat in quick retreat

Recurrent shakes the plain.

Townward there rolls a dusty cloud ;

The matrons catch the sight

From their high station, shriek aloud,

And on their bosoms smite.

Who gain the open portals first

Are whelmed beneath a following burst

Of foemen in their rear .

No 'scaping from their piteous fate .

E'en at the entry of the gate,

'Mid those dear homes they left so late,

They feel the fatal spear.

The wildered townsmen close the gates :

Nor yield admittance to their mates,

For all they beg and pray .

E'en foemen might that carnage weep,

Where these in arms the pass would keep

And those would force the way .

Sad fathers from the strong redoubt

Look forth, and see their sons shut out .

Some down the moat's steep sides amain

In helpless ruin crash :

Some with blind haste and loosened rein

'Gainst door and doorpost dash.

Nay, e'en the dames on rampart high,

Camilla's glories in their eye,

With might and main the artillery ply,

So true their patriot flame .

Make truncheons seared and knotty wood

For lack of steel do service good,

And 'mid the first would shed their blood

To save their walls from shame.

Meantime to Turnus in the glade
Sad Acca has her news conveyed,
 Confusion great and sore ;
The Volscian troops are disarrayed,
 Camilla lives no more ;
On like a torrent comes the foe -
Nought stands before their wasting flow ;
 Their terrors townward pour.
He, all on flame—so Jove requires—
From ambushed slope and wood retires.
Scarce out of sight he touched the plains,
The unguarded pass Æneas gains,
Surmounts the ridge with scant delay,
And through the forest wins his way.
So both make speed the walls to reach,
Nor long the space 'twixt each and each :
At once Æneas sees from far
The rising dust of Latium's war,
And Turnus knows Æneas near,
As tramp and neigh assail his ear.
Then had they clashed that hour in fray
And tried the fortune of the day,
But Phœbus in the Hiberian seas
Bathes his tired steeds, and sunlight flees :
So by the walls they pitch their tents,
And guard their mounded battlements.

BOOK XII.

WHEN Turnus sees disgrace and rout
Have Latium's spirit tamed,
Himself by every eye marked out,
His plighted promise claimed,
With anger unallayed he fires,
And feels the courage pride inspires.
E'en as in Libyan plains athirst
A lion by the hunter pierced
Puts forth at length his might,
Rears on his neck his angry mane,
The shaft that galls him snaps in twain,
And roaring claims the fight ;
So Turnus' wrath infuriate glows,
And, once ablaze, each moment grows.
Then thus Latinus he bespeaks
With flushing brow and kindling cheeks :
' Not Turnus, trust me, bars the way :
No need the Phrygians should unsay
The words they spoke in face of day,
Their covenant disown :
I meet him now : the victims bring
And seal the treaty, gracious king.
My hand shall lay the Dardan low
Who left his Asia to the foe—
Let Latium sit and see the show,
While I in arms alone

Wash out the blot that stains our pride—
Or let him take the forfeit bride,

Accept the conquered throne!'

He spoke; the aged majesty
Of Latium makes him calm reply :
'O gallant youth! the more intense
Your generous spirit's vehemence,
The wiselier should Latinus' care
For Fortune's every chance prepare.
Yours is your father Daunus' reign ;
Yours are the towns your sword has ta'en ;
And I that speak have stores of gold
And hand that knows not to withhold ;
Latium has other maids unwed
And worthy of a royal bed.

Thus let me speak, direct and clear,
Though sharp the pang - now further hear :
I might not give my daughter's hand
To suitor from her native land :
Gods, prophets, with unfaltering voice
And plain accord forbade the choice :
But kindred sympathies are strong,
And weeping wives can sway to wrong :
Heaven's ties I snapped , I failed my word ;
I drew the inexpiable sword :
Since then what dire result of ill
Has followed me and follows still
Your eyes bear witness : why recall
What Turnus feels the first of all ?
We, twice in bloody field o'erthrown,
Scarce in our ramparts hold our own :
Still Tiber reeks from Latium's veins,
And whitening bone-heaps mound the plains.
Why reel I thus, confused and blind ?
What madness mars my sober mind ?
If Turnus' death makes Troy my friend,
E'en while he lives let war have end.

Or what will kin and country say,
 If—ward the omen. heaven, I pray!—
 I leave him now his life to lose
 While for my daughter's hand he sues?
 O think of war, its change and chance,
 How luck may warp the surest lance!
 Think of your father old and grey,
 Forlornly biding leagues away!'
 But Turnus' wrath no words can tame:
 What seemed to slake but feeds the flame:
 Soon as impatience found a tongue
 With fury into speech he flung:
 'Those anxious bodings, father mine,
 For me you keep, for me resign:
 Leave me to meet the invader's claim:
 Let death redeem the gage of fame
 I too no feeble dart can throw,
 And flesh will bleed that feels my blow.
 No goddess mother will be there
 To tend him with a woman's care,
 Conceal in mist his recreant flight
 And palter with a brave man's sight'

But the sad queen, struck wild by fears
 Of battle's new award,
 Death swimming in her view, with tears
 Holds fast her daughter's lord
 'Turnus, by these fond tears I pour,
 If still survives the love you bore
 To Latium's hapless queen—
 On you our tottering age is staid;
 On you a nation's hopes are laid;
 A house dismantled and decayed,
 On you is fain to lean—
 One boon I crave, but one: forbear
 The arbitrament of fight to dare:

For know, whate'er the chance ensue
To Turnus, threats Amata too :
With you I leave this hated life,
Nor see my child my captor's wife '
Her mother's voice Lavinia hears,
And mingles blushes with her tears ;
Deep crimson glows the sudden flame,
And dyes her tingling cheek with shame.
So blushes ivory's Indian grain
When sullied with vermilion stain :
So lilies set in roseate bed
Enkindle with contagious red
So flushed the maid : with wildering gaze
The passion-blinded youth surveys :
The fiercer for the fight he burns,
And to the queen in brief returns .
' O let not tears nor omen ill

Attend me to the stubborn fray
Dear mother, 'tis not Turnus' will

The hour of destiny can stay
Go, Idmon, to yon Phrygian chief
Bear tidings he will hear with grief :
When first the morrow fires the air
With glowing chariot, let him spare
To lead his Teucrians on .

Let Rutule arms and Teucrian rest ;
His life and mine shall brook the test ;
Lavinia's hand, our common quest,
Shall in that field be won.'

So saying, to the stall he speeds,
Bids harness his impetuous steeds,
And pleased their fury sees,
Which Orithyia long ago
On king Pilumnus deigned bestow,
To match the whiteness of the snow,
The swiftness of the breeze.

They bustle round, the menial train,
Comb o'er the neck the graceful mane,
And pat the sounding chest :
In mail his shoulders he arrayed
(Of gold and orichalc 't was made) ;
Then dons his shield, his trusty blade,
His helm with ruddy crest ;
That blade which to his royal sire
The hand of Vulcan gave,
Brought red from Liparæan fire
And dipped in Stygian wave.
Reposing from its work of blood
His lance beside a column stood,
Auruncan Actor's prize :
He seized it, shook the quivering wood,
And thus impetuous cries :
' The hour is come, my spear, my spear,
Thou who hast never failed to hear
Thy master's proud appeal .
Once Actor bore thee, Turnus now .
Grant that my hand to earth may bow
The Phrygian's all unmanly brow,
From off his breast the corslet tear,
And soil in dust his essenced hair,
New crisped with heated steel .'
Such furies in his bosom rise :
His features all ablaze
Shoot direful sparkles : from his eyes
A stream of lightning plays.
So ere he tries the combat's shock
A bull loud bellowing makes,
And butting at a tree's hard stock
His horns to anger wakes,
With furious heel the sand upthrows,
And challenges the wind for foes.

Meantime in Vulcan's arms arrayed
Æneas mans his breast,
Rejoiced that offered truce has made
Two hosts from battle rest :
Then reassures his comrades' fears
And checks Inus' starting tears,
Rehearsing Fate's decree,
And bids his envoys answer bear
To Latium's monarch, and declare
The terms of peace to be.

Scarce had the morn her radiance shed
On topmost mountain height,
When, leaving Ocean's oozy bed,
The Sun's fleet steeds, with upturned head,
Breathe out loose flakes of light,
Beneath the city's strong redoubt
Rutule and Trojan measure out
The combat's listed ground,
And altars in the midst prepare
For common sacrifice and prayer,
Piled up with grassy mound ;
While others, girt with aprons, bring
Live coals and water from the spring,
Their brows with vervain bound.
Through the thronged gates the Ausonian
band
Comes streaming onward, lance in hand :
Trojans and Tuscans all,
Equipped in arms of various show, ●
Come marshalled by their ranks, as though
They heard the battle's call.
Decked out with gold and purple dye,
From troop to troop the leaders fly,
Mnesthens, Assaracus's seed,
Asilias, chief divine,

Messapus, tamer of the steed,
 Who comes of Neptune's line.
 The signal given, they each recede
 Within the space assigned,
 Their javelins planted in the mead,
 Their shields at rest reclined :
 While, brimming o'er with yearning strong,
 Weak matrons, an unwarlike throng,
 And fathers, old and grey,
 Turret and roof confusedly crowd,
 Or stand beside the portals proud,
 The combat to survey.

But Juno, seated on the mount
 That Alban now is named
 ('T was then a hill of scant account,
 Untitled and unfamed),
 On the two hosts was gazing down,
 The listed field, the Latian town.
 To Turnus' sister then she said
 (A goddess she of lake and flood ;
 Such honour Jove the damsel paid
 For violated maidenhood) :
 ' Pride of all streams on earth that roll,
 Iuturna, favourite of my soul,
 Thou know'st, of all of Latian race
 That e'er endured great Jove's embrace
 I still have set thee first, and given
 To share ungrudged the courts of heaven ;
 Now learn thy woes, unhappy dame,
 Nor think too late that mine the blame.
 While Latium yet could keep the field
 And Fate seemed kind, I cast my shield
 O'er Turnus and his town :
 Now in ill hour he tempts the fray,
 And baleful force and Fate's dark day
 From heaven are swooping down.

I cannot view the unequal fight,
Nor see that shameful treaty plight.
Can sister nought for brother dare ?
Take heart : perchance the Gods may spare.'
She said : Juturna's tears 'gan flow,
And oft she smote her breast of snow.
' No time for tears,' Saturnia cries :
' Haste, save your brother ere he dies :
Or stir again the war, and break
(Mine be the risk) the league they make.'
She ceased, and left her sore distraught,
With bleeding heart and wavering thought.

Now to the field the monarchs came,
Latinus, his majestic frame

 In four-horse chariot borne ;
Twelve gilded rays, memorial sign
Of the great Sun, his sire divine,

 His kingly brows adorn :
Grasping two javelins as in war
Rides Turnus in his two-horse car :

Æneas leaves his rampired home,
First founder of the race of Rome,
Glorious in heavenly armour's pride,

 With shield that beams like day ;
And young Ascanius at his side,

 Rome's other hope and stay.
Then to the hearth the white-robed priest
Brings two-year sheep all richly fleeced

 And young of bristly swine ; •
They turn them to the radiant east,
With knives the victim's foreheads score,
Strew cakes of salted meal, and pour
 The sacrificial wine.

Then thus with falchion's naked blade
Æneas supplication made :

'Sun, and thou Land, attest my prayer
 For whom I have been fain to bear
 So many a year of woe,
 And Jove, Almighty Sire, and thou,
 Saturnia, now at last, O now
 No more Æneas' foe,
 Thou too, great Mars, who rul'st the fray
 By thine imperial nod,
 And you, ye Springs and Floods, I pray
 Whate'er the powers that ether sway,
 And ocean's every god
 If victory shall to Turnus fall,
 The vanquished to Evander's wall
 Their instant flight shall take.
 Iulus shall the realm resign.
 Nor here in Latium seed of mine
 Fresh war hereafter wake
 But if, as prayers and hopes foresee,
 The queen of battles smile on me,
 I will not force Italia's land
 To Teucrian rule to bow,
 I seek no sceptre for my hand,
 • No diadem for my brow.
 Let race and race, unquelled and free,
 Join hands in deathless amity
 My gods, my rites, I claim to bring
 Let sire Latinus still be king,
 In peace and war the same,
 The sons of Troy my destined town
 Shall build; and fair Lavinia crown
 The city with her name'
 He spoke, and next Latinus prays
 With lifted hand and heavenward gaze.
 'By land, by sea, by stars I swear,
 E'en as Æneas swore;
 By queen Latona's princely pair,
 And two-faced Janus hoar;

By all the infernal powers divine
And grisly Pluto's mystic shrine :
Let Jove give ear, whose vengeful fire
Makes treaties firm, the Almighty Sire :
I touch the hearth with either hand,
I call the Gods that 'twixt us stand :
No time shall make the treaty vain,
 Whate'er to-day's event ;
No violence shall my will constrain,
Though earth were scattered in the main
 And Styx with ether blent .
E'en as this sceptre ' (as he swore
A sceptre in his hand he bore)
' Shall ne'er put forth or leaf or gem,
Since severed from its parent stem
 Foliage and branch it lost ;
'T was once a tree , now workman's care
Has given it Latium's kings to bear,
 With seemly bronze embossed.'
Thus chief and chief in open sight
With solemn words the treaty plight ;
 Then o'er the flame they slay
The hallowed victims, strip the flesh
Yet quick with life, and warm and fresh
 On loaded altars lay

But in the Rutules' jealous sight
Unequal seems the chance of fight.
 Ill matched the champions twain,
And fitfully their bosoms heave
As near and nearer they perceive
 The encounter on the plain
Compassion deepening into dread,
They note young Turnus' quiet tread,
The downcast meekness of his eyes
Turned to the hearth in suppliant guise.

Cheeks whence the bloom of health is gone,
And that young frame so ghastly wan.
Juturna saw their whispers grow,
And marked them wavering to and fro :
Then, like to Camers' form and face—
A warrior he of noblest race,
Long by his father's exploits known
And long by valour of his own—
She joins their ranks, each heart to read,
And sows in all dissension's seed .
'Shame, shame, ye Rutules, thus to try
The coward hazard of the die !
A myriad warrior lives to shun
The deadly risk reserved for one !
Compute the numbers and the powers :
Say whose the vantage, theirs or ours ?
Behold them all, in arms allied,
Troy and Arcadia, side by side,
And all Etruria, leagued in hate
Of him, our chief, the men of fate !
Take half our force, we scarce should know
Each for himself to find a foe.
Aye, Turnus' name to heaven shall rise,
Devoted to whose shrines he dies,
On lips of thousands borne :
We, as in listless ease we sit,
To foreign tyrants shall submit,
And our lost country mourn.'
By whisper thus and chance-dropped word
Their hearts to further rage are stirred :
From baid to band the murmur runs :
Changed are Laurentum's fickle sons,
Changed is the Latian throng :
Who late were hoping war to cease,
Now yearn for arms, abhor the peace,
And pity Turnus' wrong.

Now, heaping fuel on the flame,
With new resource the crafty dame
 Displays in heaven a sign :
No evidence more strongly wrought
On Italy's deluded thought,
 As 't were indeed divine.
Jove's royal bird in pride of place
Was putting river-fowl in chase
 And all the feathery crew,
When swooping from the ruddy sky,
Off from the flood he bears on high
 A swan of dazzling hue.
The Italians gaze, when lo ! the rout
Turn from their flight and face about,
In blackening mass obscure the skies,
And clustering close with shrill sharp cries
 Their mighty foe pursue,
Till he, by force and weight o'erborne,
Dropped river-ward his prey untorn
 And off to distance flew.
With loud acclaim the Rutule bands
 Salute the portent of the skies
Aloft they raise their eager hands,
 And first the seer Tolumnius cries
' For this, for this my prayers have striven :
I hail, I seize the omen given ,
 Draw, draw with me the sword,
Poor Rutules, whom the pirate base
Puts like unwarlike birds in chase,
 And spoils your river-board
Yes, he will fly, if you pursue,
And vanish in the distant blue.
Close firm your ranks, and bring relief
And rescue to your ravished chief,
 All, all with one accord.'
He said, and hurled, as forth he ran,
His javelin at the foeman's van.

The hurtling cornel cuts the skies :
 Loud clamours follow as it flies :
 The assembly starts in wild alarm,
 And hearts beat high with tumult warm.
 There as nine brothers of one blood,
 Gylippus' Arcad offspring, stood,
 One, with bright arms and beauty graced,
 Receives the javelin in his waist,
 Where chafes the belt against the groin
 And 'neath the ribs the buckles join ;
 Pierced through and through he falls amain,
 And lies extended on the plain.
 His gallant brethren feel the smart ;
 With falchion drawn or brandished dart
 They charge, struck blind with rage.
 Laurentum's host the shock withstand :
 Like deluge bursting o'er the land
 The Trojan force, the Agyllan band,
 The Arcad troop engage.
 Each burns alike with frantic zeal
 To end the quarrel by the steel :
 Stripped are the hearths ; o'er all the sky
 •Dense iron showers in volleys fly :
 With eager haste they run
 To snatch the bowls and altar-sods :
 Latinus takes his outraged gods
 And leaves the league undone.
 Those yoke again the battle car,
 These vault into the selle,
 And wave their falchions, drawn for war,
 To challenge or repel.

Messapus singles from the rest
 The king Aulestes, richly dressed
 In robe and regal crown ;
 Spurning the truce, his horse he pressed,
 And fiercely rides him down.

He with a backward spring retires,
And headlong falls 'mid altar-fires
That meet him in the rear -
Up spurs Messapus, hot with speed,
And as the pale lips vainly plead
Drives through him, towering on his steed,
His massy beam-like spear.
'He has his death,' the victor cries.
'Heaven gains a worthier sacrifice.'
Around the corpse the Italians swarm,
And strip the limbs, yet reeking warm.
From blazing altar close at hand
Bold Corynæus seized a brand.
As Ebysus a death-wound aims,
Full in his face he dashed the flames.
The bushy beard that instant flares
And wafts a scent of burning hairs.
The conqueror rushes on his prize,
Wreathes in his hair his hand,
To his broad breast his knee applies,
And pins him to the sand
Then, grovelling as he lay in dust,
Deep in his side his sword he thrust.
Stout Alsus, born of shepherd race,
Death in the forefront braves,
When Podalirius gives him chase
And high his falchion waves:
A ponderous axe the swain upheaves:
From brow to chin the head he cleaves,
While blood the arms o'erflows.
A heavy slumber, iron-bound,
Seals the dull eyes in rest profound.
In endless night they close.

But good Æneas chides his band,
His head all bare, unarmed his hand,

And, 'Whither now so fast?' he cries:
'What demon bids contention rise?

O soothe your rage, I pray!
The terms are fixed, the treaty plight:
Mine, mine alone the combat's right.

Be calm and give me way
My hand shall make the assurance true:
Henceforward Turnus is my due.'
Thus while to lay the storm he strives,
Full on the chief an arrow drives.
Sped by what arm, what wind it came,
If Heaven or Fortune ruled its aim,
None knew the deed was lost to fame;
Nor then nor after was there found
Who boasted of Æneas' wound

When Turnus saw Æneas part
Retiring from his band
And Troy's brave chiefs dismayed, his heart
With sudden hope he manned
He calls his armour and his ear,
Leaps to his seat in pride of war,
And takes the reins in hand
Full many a gallant chief he slays,
Or pierced on earth in torture lays,
Drives down whole ranks in fierce career,
And plies the fliers with spear on spear.
As, where cold Hebrus parts the field,
Grim Mars makes thunder on his shield
And stings his steeds to fight,
They scud, the Zephyrs not so fleet.
Thrace groans beneath the hoof's quick beat;
His dire attendants round him fly,
Anger, and blackest Treachery,
And gloomy-browed Affright:

So where the battle sorest bleeds
Keen Turnus drives his smoking steeds
 Insulting o'er the slain,
While gore and sand the horsehoof kneads
 And spirts the crimson rain.
Thamyris and Sthenelus lie dead,
 Encountered hand to hand ;
Pholus by spear from distance sped,
And Glaucus too and Lades bled,
Whom Imbrasmus their father bred
 In native Lycian land,
And trained alike to fight or speed
Like lightning with the harnessed steed.
Now through the field Eumedes came,
Old Dolon's son, of Trojan fame,
His grandsire's counterpart in name,
 In courage like his sire, •
Who erst, the Danaan camp to spy,
Pelides' car, a guerdon high,
 From Hector dared require :
But Tydeus' son with other meed
Requited that audacious deed,
 And cured his proud desire.
Him from afar when Turnus views
With missile dart he first pursues,
Then quits the chariot with a bound,
Stands o'er him grovelling on the ground,
Plants on his neck his foot, and tears
From his weak grasp the lance he bears,
Deep in his throat the bright point dyes,
And o'er the corpse in triumph cries :
'Lie there, and measure out the plain,
The Hesperian soil you sought to gain :
Such meed they win who wish me killed
'T is thus their city-walls they build.'

Again he hurls his spear, and sends
Asbytes to rejoin his friends :
And Chloreus, Dares, Sybaris,
The ground in quick succession kiss ;
Thersilochus, Thymcetes too,
Whose restive steed his rider threw.
As when the northwind's tyrant stress
Makes loud the Ægean roar,
Still following on the waves that press
Tumultuous to the shore,
Where drives the gale, the cloud-rack flies
In wild confusion o'er the skies ·
So whereso'er through all the field
Comes Turnus on, whole squadrons yield,
Turn, and resist no more ·
The impulse bears him as he goes,
And 'gainst the wind his plumage flows.
With shame and anger Phegeus saw
The chief's insulting pride
He meets the car, and strives to draw
The steeds' tall necks aside
There, dragged as to the yoke he clings,
The spear his side has found,
Bursts through the corslet's plated rings,
And prints a surface wound ·
Shifting his shield, he threatens the foe,
His sword plucks out, and aims a blow ·
When the fierce wheels with onward bound
Dislodge and dash him to the ground
And Turnus' weaponed hand,
Stretched from the car, the head has reft,
Where helm and breastplate meet, and left
The trunk upon the sand.

While Turnus heaps the plain with dead,
Æneas, with Achates tried

And Mnestheus moving at his side,
 And young Ascanius near,
All bleeding to the camp is led,
Faltering and propping up his tread
 With guidance of a spear
He frets and strives with vain essay
To pluck the broken reed away,
Demands the surest, readiest aid,
To ope the wound with broad-sword blade,
Unflesh the barb so deep concealed,
And send him back to battle-field
And now Iapis had appeared,
Blest leech, to Phœbus' self endear'd
 Beyond all men below,
On whom the fond indulgent God
His augury had fain bestowed,
 His lyre, his sounding bow*
But he, the further to prolong
 A sickly parent's span,
The humbler art of medicine* chose,
The knowledge of each herb that grows,
Plying a craft unknown to song.
 An unambitious man
Chafing with anguish, rage, and grief,
Impatient halts the wounded chief,
 Propped on his mighty spear
Iulus weeping and a band
Of gallant youths around him stand.
 He heeds not groan or tear
The aged leech, his garment wound.
In Pæon sort his shoulder round,
In vain his sovereign simples plies,
 His science skilled to heal,
In vain with hand and pincer tries
 To loose the stubborn steel.

No happy chance on art attends,
No patron god the leech befriends :
And wilder grows the fierce alarm,
And nearer yet the deadly harm :
 The thick dust props the skies :
The tramp of cavalry they hear,
And 'mid the encampment dart and spear
 Rain down before their eyes :
And dismal rings the mingled cry
Of those that fight and those that die.
Then Venus, all a mother's heart
Touched by her son's unworthy smart,
Plucks dittany, a simple rare,
 From Ida's summit brown,
With flower of purple, bright and fair,
 And leaf of softest down
Well known that plant to mountain goat,
Should arrow pierce its shaggy coat.
There as they toil, she brings the cure,
 Her bright fæb wrapped in cloudy hood,
And drops it where in shining ewer
 The crystal water stood,
With juices of ambrosia blent
And panace of fragrant scent.
So with the medicated flood
The sage unknowing stanch'd the blood :
When all at once the anguish fled,
And the torn flesh no longer bled.
Now at a touch, no violence used,
 Drops out the barbed dart,
And strength by heavenly aid infused
 Revives the fainting heart.
'Arms for the valiant chief!' exclaims
 Iapis : 'why so slow ?'
The gentle leech the first in flames
 The warrior 'gainst the foe.

'Not human help, nor sovereign art,
 Nor old Iapis healed that smart.
 'T is Heaven that interferes, to save
 For greater deeds the strength it gave.'
 The chief, impatient of delays,
 His legs in pliant gold arrays,
 And to and fro his javelin sways.
 And now, his corslet round his breast,
 In his mailed arms his child he pressed,
 Kissed through his helm, and thus addressed :
 'Learn of your father to be great,
 Of others to be fortunate,
 This hand awhile shall be your shield
 And lead you safe from field to field.
 When grown yourself to manhood's prime,
 Remember those of former time,
 Recall each venerable name,
 And catch heroic fire
 From Hector's and Æneas' fame,
 Your uncle and your sire.'

So speaking, from the camp he passed,
 A godlike chief, of stature vast,
 Shaking his ashen beam.
 Mnestheus and Antheus and their train
 With kindred speed o'er all the plain
 From trench and rampart stream.
 Thick blinding dust the champaign fills,
 And earth with trampling throbs and thrills.
 Pale Turnus saw them leave the height.
 The Ausonians saw, and chilly fright
 Through all their senses ran :
 Foremost of all the Latian crew
 Juturna heard the sound and knew,
 And left the battle's van.
 Onward he flies, and whirls along
 Through the wide plain his blackening throng.

As, burst from heaven, with headlong sweep
 A storm comes landward from the deep -
 Through rustic hearts faint terrors creep

As coming ill they taste

Ah yes ! 't will lay the standing corn,
 Will scatter trees from earth upturn,

And make the land a waste

The winds, its couriers, fly before,
 And waft its muttering to the shore
 So the dread Trojan sweeps along

Down on the hostile swarm ,

In close battalions, firm and strong,

His followers round him form.

Osiris feels Thymbræus' blow,

At Mnestheus' feet Anchetius lies,

Achates slaughters Epulo,

By Gyas U'ens dies

E'en proud Tolumnius falls, the seer

Who 'gainst the foe first hurled his spear.

Upsoars to heaven a mingled shout

In turn the Rutules yield,

And huddled thick in dusty rout

• Fly wildly o'er the field

But he, he stoops him not to smite

The craven backs that turn to flight,

Nor chases those who stand and fight,

Intent on other aims .

Turnus alone he cares to track

Through dust and darkness, blinding black,

Turnus alone he claims

Juturna, agonised with fear,

Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer,

Flings from his seat on high,

And leaves him fallen at distance far -

Herself succeeds him, guides the car,

And bids the coursers fly ;

In voice, in form, in dress complete,
The hapless driver's counterfeit.
As swallow through some mansion flies
With courts and stately galleries,
Flaps noisy wing, gives clamorous tongue,
Still catering for her callow young,
Makes cloisters echo to the sound,
And tank and cistern circles round,
So whirls the dame her glowing car,
So flashes through the maze of war,
Now here, now there, in conquering pride
Her brother she displays,
Yet lets him not the encounter bide,
But winds through devious ways
Nor less Æneas shifts and wheels,
Pursues and tracks him out,
And clamouring to his faith appeals
Across the weltering rout
Oft as he marks the foe, and tries
To match the chariot as it flies,
So oft her scourge Juturna plies,
And turns her steeds about
What should he do ? his undulates
With aimless ebb and flow .
His bosom's passionate debates
Distract him to and fro
Messapus then, who chanced to wield
Two quivering darts, for battle steeled,
Takes one, and levels with his eye,
And bids it at Æneas fly.
The Trojan halts, and making pause
His arms around him closer draws,
On bended knee firm stayed
The javelin struck the helmet's cone,
And razed the plume that, tossed and blown,
High on its summit played.

Then surges fury high, to know
 The baseness of the treacherous foe,
 As horse and car he sees afar
 Careering o'er the plain -
 To the just Gods appeal he makes
 Who watch the league that Turnus breaks :
 Then charges resolute to kill,
 Lets reckless slaughter rage her fill,
 And gives his wrath the rein.

O that some God would prompt my strain
 And all those horrors tell,
 What gallant chiefs throughout the plain
 By Turnus now, pursued and slain,
 Now by Æneas fell !
 Was it thy will, almighty Jove,
 To such extreme of conflict drove
 Two nations, doomed in peace and love
 Through after years to dwell ?
 First of the Rutules Suo tried
 To stem the foe's advancing tide ;
 But vain that brief delay ;
 Æneas caught him on the side,
 And, opening ribs and bosom wide
 With the fell sword his fury plied,
 Brought death the swiftest way.
 By Turnus' hand Diores bleeds ;
 His brother Amycus succeeds ;
 One from his steed by spear brought low,
 One, hand to hand, by falchion's blow :
 Their severed heads the victor bore
 Fixed to his car, distilling gore
 That sends down Talos to the grave
 With Tanais and Cethegus brave,
 Three chiefs at once struck dead,

And sad Onites, him who came
From Peridia, noble dame,

Born in Echion's bed.

This lays in death the brethren twain
From Lycia, Phœbus' own domain,
And young Menœtes, who in vain

Had shunned the battle's roar :

An Arcad he by Lerna's side

His fisher craft obscurely plied,

Contented to be poor .

In honest penury his sire

Tilled scanty ground let out to hire,

Nor knocked at rich man's door.

As fires that launched on different ways

Stream through a wood of crackling bays,

Or torrents that from mountain steep

Tumbling and thundering toward the deep

Plough each his own wild path ;

Æneas thus and Turnus fly .

Through the wild field ; now, now 't is nigh,

The boiling-point of wrath ,

Their fierce hearts burst with rage ; they throw

A giant's force on every blow.

Murranus that, whose boastful tongue

With high-born sires and grandsires rung,

And pedigrees of long renown

Through Latian monarchs handed down,

Smites with a stone of mountain size

And tumbles on the sward .

By reins and harness caught, the wheels

Still drag him on : the horses' heels

Beat down and crush him as he lies,

Unmindful of their lord.

While this, as Hyllus overbold

In furious onset springs,

Full at his brows, encased in gold,

A bitter javelin flings :

Through the bright helm the weapon passed,
And rooted in the brain stood fast.
Nor could thy prowess, Cretheus brave,
 'Gainst Turnus' coming stand,
Nor those his gods Cupencus save
 From out Æneas' hand.
His bosom met the impetuous blade,
Nor long the shield its fury stayed.
Thou too, great Æolus, the plains
 Of Latium saw thee dead,
They saw thy giant-like remains
 Wide o'er their surface spread
Fallen, fallen art thou, whom not the bands
 Of Argos could destroy,
Nor those unconquerable hands
 Which wrought the doom of Troy.
'T was here thy sepulchre was made,
Thy palace high 'neath Ida's shade :
Lyrneus reared thy palace high,
Laurentum gave thee room to die
So turning, rallying, front to front,
Face the two hosts the battle's brunt :
The Latian and the Dardan throng,
Brave Mnestheus and Serestus strong,
Messapus, tamer of the horse,
Asilus with his Tuscan force,
 Evander's Arcad train,
Each for himself, make desperate fight—
No stint, no stay—and all their might
 With fierce contention strain.

Now Venus prompts her darling chief
 To lead his forces to the town,
And with a sudden stroke and brief
 On the scared foe come down

As tracking Turnus' truant car
He sweeps his vision round and round
The town he sees in peace profound,
Unscathed by all that war,
At once upon his inward sight
The image dawns of grander fight :
Sergestus and Serestus tried
He calls with Mnestheus to his side,
And on a mound takes stand -
Round in dense ranks the Trojans swarm,
The shield still cleaving to their arm,
The javelin in their hand.
Then from the height he thus began .
' Now hearken and obey, each man
Our cause is Jove's own cause .
Nor, sudden though the change of plan,
Let any plead for pause .
This town, the source of all the fray,
The centre of Latinus' sway,
Unless they bow them to the yoke
And own my conquering power,
In ruin on the ground shall smoke
• From base to topmost tower
What, I forsooth to stand and wait
Till Turnus deign to end debate,
And humbled by his old defeat,
Prepare once more my call to meet ?
Here, here it stands, the foul spring-head
Of all this blood so basely shed :
Quick with your torches, and demand
Our rightful treaty, fire in hand.'
He said : with emulous speed they form,
And rush in mass the walls to storm.
Forth come the ladders swift as thought
Fire, faggot, pitch at once are brought ,

Some to the gates impetuous crowd,
And guard and sentry slay ;
Some hurl their javelins, and o'ercloud
With darts the face of day.
Æneas, foremost of the band,
Lifts up to heaven the appealing hand,
Beneath the rampart's shade,
Upbraids Latinus loud and long,
And bids the Gods attest his wrong,
Forced on another war, though loth,
The Italians twice his foes, their troth
A second time betrayed.
Among the citizens within
Rises a wild discordant din -
Some to the foe would ope the town,
The portals backward fling,
And to the city-walls bring down
The venerable king,
Some, all on fire, for weapons call,
And hasten to defend the wall.
As when some venturous swain has tracked
The bees, in hollow rock close packed,
With fumes of pungent smoke,
They 'through their waxen quarters course,
And murmuring passionate and hoarse
Their patriot rage provoke .
The dusk scent issues from the doors ;
A buzzing dull and blind
Thrills the deep cave the smoke upscoars,
And mingles with the wind

Thus as they toil, a further woe
The Latian realm o'ertook .
Each faint heart reeled beneath the blow,
And the whole city shook.

When from the towers the queen looked down
 And saw the foe draw nigh,
 The scaling-ladders climb the town,
 The fire-brands roofward fly,
 At once she deemed her favourite slain :
 Keen anguish smites her wildered brain
 With many a curse her head she heaps,
 Sole cause of all that Latium weeps,
 And wailing oft and raving tears
 The gay purpureal robes she wears :
 Then fastens from a beam on high
 A noose, in ghastly wise to die
 When Latium's maids and matrons hear
 That news of wonderment and fear,
 Lavinia first her bright hair rends
 And wounds her rose-red cheeks .
 Around her rave her mourning friends ,
 The courts repeat their shrieks
 From house to house wide spreads the tale .
 The scant remains of valour fail.
 Bowed to the earth with woe on woe,
 His consort dead, his town brought low,
 The hapless king his raiment tears,
 And soils with dust his silver hairs,
 While oft himself he blames,
 Who gave not to his crown an heir,
 A bridegroom to his daughter fair,
 Nor owned Æneas' claims

Turnus meanwhile in fields afar
 Drives straggling foes before his car,
 Slower and yet slower his coursers' stride,
 And less and less their master's pride.
 Lo ! on the gale from distance sped
 Come sounds of strange bewildering dread .

The gathering hum, confused and drear,
Of the lost city strikes his ear.

'Alas! what sounds are these that rise,
The voice of grief and pain?

What tumult shakes the town?' he cries,
And wildly draws his rein.

His dauntless sister, as she plies
The chariot in Metiscus' guise,

Turned round and thus began:

'Nay, Turnus, urge we still our steeds
'Gainst the spent foe, where victory leads:
Latium has sons to serve her needs,

Her leaguered towers to man.

Æneas on the Italians falls,
And follows vengeance as she calls.

Such too be Turnus' aim;
Send death among his Teucrian train;
Not less your muster-roll of slain,
Nor less your share of fame.'

'Sister, I knew you,' Turnus spoke,
'When first by craft the truce you broke,
And plunged in battle's tide,

And now in vain you cheat mine eye:
But say, who sent you from the sky

This cruel woe to bide?

From heaven you came—for what? to see
Your brother's dying agony?

What can I else? what hope of life
Holds Fortune forth, in such a strife?

But now Murrannus I beheld,
The mighty by the mighty quelled;

He fell, invoking as he fell

The recreant friend he loved too well.

See Ufens prostrate on his face

Averts his eyes from my disgrace,

While Troy rejoices in her prey,
His armour and his breathless clay !
And must I drain the dregs of shame
And leave the town to sink in flame,
Nor, prompt to combat and to die,
Make Drances yet retract his lie ?
What, own defeat ? let Latian eyes
See Turnus, Turnus as he flies ?
Is death indeed so sore ?
O hear me, Manes, of your grace,
Since heavenly powers have hid their face !
Pure and unsoiled by caitiff blame,
I join your company, nor shame
My mighty sires of yore.'

Scarce had he said, with headlong speed
Comes Saces up on foaming steed :
His bleeding face a shaft had gored,
And Turnus thus his voice implored :
'Turnus, save you no hope is ours :
O think of your own race !
Like thundercloud Æneas lowers,
Threatening to raze and sack our towers,
And firebrands mount apace.
On you is turned each Latian eye ;
Latinus doubts to whom
His tottering fortune to ally,
Whom choose his daughter's groom.
The queen, your firmest friend, is dead,
By her own hand to darkness sped ?
Messapus at the gates alone
And brave Atinas hold their own ;
Around them throngs the hostile band ;
Steel harvests bristle all the land :
You unconcerned your chariot ply
Through fields the battle's tide leaves dry.

O'erwhelmed by surging thoughts of ill
Turnus in mute amaze stood still :

Fierce boils in every vein
Indignant shame and passion blind,
The tempest of the lover's mind,

The soldier's high disdain
Soon as apart the shadows roll
And light once more illumines his soul,
Backward his kindling eyes he threw
And grasped the town in one wide view
Lo ! tongues of flame to heaven aspire
The turret's floors are wrapped in fire,
The tower he made to vex the foe
With bridge above and wheels below
'The Fates, the Fates must have their way .

O sister ! cease to breed delay ,
Where Heaven and cruel Fortune call,
There let me follow to my fall.

I stand to meet my foe, to bear
The pangs of death, how keen soe'er .
Disgraced you shall not see me more
Let frenzy fill the space before.'

He said, and vaulting from his car
Plunged headlong through the opposing war,
His sister in her sorrow left,

And fierce and fast the squadrons cleft.
Look how from mountain summit borne
By wind or furious rain down-torn
Or gentler lapse of ages worn

Comes down a thundering stone ;
Headlong it falls with impulse strong,
The un pitying rock, and whirls along
Woods, cattle, swains o'erthrown .

So bounding onward, scattering all,
Comes Turnus to the city-wall,

Where pools of bloodshed soak the ground
 And the shrill gales with javelins sound;
 Then signals with his upraised hand
 And lifts the voice of high command:
 'Rutules, forbear! your darts lay by,
 Ye Latian ranks! not you, but I
 Must meet whate'er betide:
 Far better this my arm alone
 For broken treaty should atone,
 And battle's chance decide'
 The armies right and left give place,
 And yield him clear and open space.

But great Æneas, when he hears
 The challenge of his foe,
 The leaguer of the town forbears,
 Lets tower and rampart go,
 Steps high with exultation proud,
 And thunders on his arms aloud;
 Vast as majestic Athos, vast
 As Eryx the divine,
 Or he that roaring with the blast
 Heaves his huge bulk in snowdrifts massed,
 The father Apennine.
 Italian, Trojan, Rutule, all
 One way direct the eye,—
 Who man the summit of the wall,
 Who storm the base to work its fall,—
 And lay their bucklers by.
 Latinus marvels at the sight,
 Two mighty chiefs, who first saw light
 In realms apart, met here in fight
 The steel's award to try.
 Soon as the space between is clear,
 Each, rushing forward, hurls his spear,

And bucklers clashed with brazen din
The overture of fight begin.
Earth groans : fierce strokes their falchions
deal :

Chance joins with force to guide the steel.
As when two bulls engage in fight
On Sila's or Taburnus' height

And horns with horns are crossed -
Long since the trembling hinds have fled ;
The whole herd stands in silent dread ;
The heifers ponder in dismay,
Who now the country-side will sway,

The monarch of the host :
Giving and taking wounds alike
With furious impact home they strike ;
Shoulder and neck are bathed in gore .
The forest depths return the roar.
So, shield on shield, together dash

Æneas and his Daunian foe ;
The echo of that deafening crash
Mounts heavenward from below.

Great Jove with steadfast hand on high
His balance poises in the sky,
Lays in its scale each rival's fate,
And nicely ponders weight with weight,
To see whom war to doom consigns,
And which the side that death inclines.

Fearless of danger, with a bound
Young Turnus rises from the ground,
And, following on the sword he sways,
Comes down with deadly aim :
Latium and Troy intently gaze,
And swell the loud acclaim.

When lo! the faithless weapon breaks,
And 'mid the stroke its lord forsakes :

Flight, flight alone can aid :
Swifter than wings of wind he flees,
Soon as an unknown hilt he sees
Disfurnished of its blade.

'T is said, when with impatience blind
He first the battle sought,
Leaving his father's sword behind
Metiscus' steel he caught ;
While routed Troy before him fled,
That sword full well his need bested :
Soon as 't was tried on arms divine,
It snapped like ice in twain,
The mortal blade, the fragments shine,
Strewed on the yellow plain.
So Turnus traverses the ground,
Doubling and circling round and round
In purposeless career, ,
For all about him stand his foes,
And here high walls the scene enclose,
And there a spacious mere.

Nor less, though whiles his stiffening knees,
Slacked by his wound, their work refuse,
Æneas follows as he flees

And step with step the foe pursues.
As tracks a hound with noise and din
A deer by river deep hemmed in
Or plume of crimson grain :
The straight steep bank, the threatening snare
The hunted beast from progress scare :
She winds and winds again :
The Umbrian keen forbids escape,
Hangs on her flank with jaws agape,

Snaps his vain teeth that close on nought,
He catching still, she still uncaught.
Turnus flies on, and as he flies
To every Rutule loudly cries,
Calls each by name, invokes their aid,
And clamours for his well-known blade.
Æneas in imperious tone
Denounces death should help be shown,
Threats the doomed town with sword and
flame,
And, wounded, follows on the same.
Five times they circle round the place,
Five times the winding course retrace :
No trivial game is here · the strife
Is waged for Turnus' own dear life.
A wilding olive on the sward,
Sacred to Faunus, late had stood :
The seaman's dutiful regard
Preserved that venerable wood .
There hung they, rescued from the wave,
The weeds they doffed, the gifts they gave.
When for the fight the ground was traced,
The Trojans felled it in their haste,
Reckless of sacred or profane,
That nought might break the level plain.
Here lodged Æneas' javelin · here
It lighted, borne in fierce career,
And in the stump stood fast :
He strives the weapon to unroot,
And whom he cannot catch on foot
O'ertake by lance's cast.
Then out cries Turnus, wild with fear :
'Great Faunus, of thy pity hear !
Sweet Earth, hold fast the steel,

If Turnus still has held divine
Those sanctities which Troy's rude line
 Treads down 'neath battle's heel !'
So prayed he : nor his prayers were vain :
 Long o'er the stump Æneas hangs,
And tugs with many a fruitless strain
 To make the hard wood loose its fangs .
When lo ! impatient as he strives,
 Changed to Metiscus' shape once more
Forth runs the Daunian fair, and gives
 Her brother back the sword he wore
Then Venus, filled with ire to see
 A Nymph assume so bold a part,
Approached, and from the stubborn tree
 Tore out the long imprisoned dart.
Again the haughty chiefs advance,
 Their strength repaired, their arms restored,
That towering with uplifted lance,
 This waving high his faithful sword,
And front to front resume the game
That drains the breath and racks the frame.

Meanwhile Olympus' master, Jove,
 Addressed his queenly bride,
As from a yellow cloud above
 The warring chiefs she eyed .
' What now the end, fair consort, say ?
What latest stake remains to play ?
Long since you knew, and owned you knew,
 Æneas to the skies is due,
A nation's hero . Fate's own power
Uplifts him to the starry tower.
What plan you now ? what hopes o'erbold
Thus keep you throned aloft in cold ?

'Think you 't was right a God decreed
 By mortal treachery should bleed,
 Or Turnus—for apart from you
 What mischief could Juturna do?—
 Receive his long lost sword again,
 And strength be waked in vanquished men?
 'Tis Jove entreats: at length give way;
 Permit my prayers your will to sway;
 Nor brood in silent grief, nor vent
 From those sweet lips your ill-content
 The end is reached. By land and main
 I let you vex the Dardau train,
 Stir guilty war, a home o'ercloud,
 And bridal joys with mourning shroud
 Attempt no further.' Jove's fair queen
 Bespoke her spouse with duteous mien.

'Your known good pleasure is the cause,
 Dread lord, that Juno now withdraws
 From Turnus and the fight;
 You would not see me else in air
 'Content to sit resigned and bear:
 No; armed with torches should I stand
 In battle, and with red right hand
 My Trojan foemen smite.
 I roused, I own, Juturna's zeal
 To venture for her brother's weal:
 Yet bade I not to launch the steel
 Or bend the deadly bow:
 By Styx' dire fountain I make oath,
 The sole dread form of solemn troth
 Olympus' tenants know.
 And now in truth behold me yield
 And quit for aye the accursed field.

Vouchsafe me yet one act of grace
For Latium's sake, our sire's own race :
No ordinance of fate withstands
The boon a nation's pride demands.
When treaty, aye, and love's blest rite
The warring hosts in peace unite,
Respect the ancient stock, nor make
The Latian tribes their style forsake,
Nor Troy's nor Teucer's surname take,
Nor garb nor language let them change
For foreign speech and vesture strange,

But still abide the same :

Let Latium prosper as she will,
Their thrones let Alban monarchs fill ;
Let Rome be glorious on the earth,
The centre of Italian worth ;
But fallen Troy be fallen still,
The nation and the name.'

With mirthful laughter in his eye
The world's Creator made reply :
'There Jove's own sister spoke indeed,
Our father Saturn's other seed,
So vast the waves of wrath that roll
In that indomitable soul !
But come, let baffled rage give way :
I grant your prayer, and yield the day.
Ausonia shall abide the same,
Unchanged in customs, speech, and name :
The sons of Troy, unseen though felt,
In fusion with the mass shall melt :
Myself will give them rites, and all
Still by the name of Latins call.
The blended race that thence shall rise
Of mixed Ausonian blood

' Shall soar alike o'er earth and skies,
 So pious, just, and good :
 Nor evermore shall nation pay
 Such homage to your shrine as they.'
 Saturnia hears with altered mind,
 Triumphant now and proud .
 The sky meantime she leaves behind,
 And quits her chilly cloud.

 This done, the Father in his heart
 New counsels ponders o'er,
 To force Juturna to depart
 Nor help her brother more.
 Two fiends there are of evil fame,
 The Diræ their ill-omened name,
 Whom at a birth unkindly Night
 With dark Megæra brought to light,
 With serpent-spires their tresses twined,
 And gave them wings to cleave the wind.
 On Jove's high threshold they appear
 Before his throne, and lash to fear
 Mankind's unhappy brood,
 • When grisly death the Sire prepares
 And sickness, or with battle scares
 A guilty multitude.
 Such pest as this the Thunderer sent
 Down from the Olympian sky,
 And bade it, for an omen meant,
 Across Juturna fly.
 Down swoops the portent, fierce and fast,
 With swiftness of a whirling blast :
 Not swifter bounds from off the string
 The dart that with envenomed sting
 The Parthian launches on the wing,
 The Parthian or the Crete ;

Death-laden past the cure of art
Flies through the shade the hurtling dart,
 So secret and so fleet.
E'en thus the deadly child of Night
Shot from the sky with earthward flight.
Soon as the armies and the town
 Descending she descries,
She dwarfs her huge proportions down
 To bird of puny size,
Which perched on tombs or desert towers
Hoots long and lone through darkling hours :
In such disguise, the monster wheeled
Round Turnus' head, and 'gainst his shield
 Unceasing flapped her wings .
Strange chilly dread his limbs unstrung .
Upstands his hair · his voiceless tongue
 To his parched palate chngs .
But when from far Juturna heard
The whurring flight of that foul bird,
She rent her hair as sister mote,
Her cheeks she tore, her breast she smote
' Ah Turnus ! what can sister now ?
How other prove than cruel ? how
 Prolong your forfeit life ?
Can Goddess meet with fearless brow
A pest like this ? At length I bow
 And part me from the strife
Nay, spare to aggravate my fear,
 Ye birds of evil wing !
I know the sounds that stun mine ear :
That death-note speaks the hests severe .
 Of heaven's imperious king.
No meeter guerdon can he find
For maiden purity resigned ?
Why gave he life to last for aye ?
Why took the laws of death away ?

'Else might I end at once my woe,
And with my brother pass below.
Immortal! can the thought be true?
O brother! have I joy save you?
O would the earth but yawn so wide
A Goddess in its depth to hide,
And send her to the dead!
Thus groaning, in her robes of blue
Her head she wrapped, and plunged from view
Down to the river's bed.

Æneas presses on his foe,
Poising his tree-like dart,
And utters ere he deals the blow
The gall within his heart:
'What now is Turnus' next retreat?
What new escape is planned?
No contest this of feet with feet,
But deadly hand with hand.
Take all disguises man can wear;
Call to your succour whatso'er
Or art or courage may.
Find wings to climb the Olympian steep,
Or plunge in subterranean deep,
Hid from the torch of day.'
He shook his head: 'Your swelling phrase
Appals not Turnus: no:
The Gods, the Gods this terror raise,
And Jupiter my foe.'
He said no more, but, looking round,
A mighty stone espied,
A mighty stone, time-worn and grey,
Which haply on the champaign lay,
Set there erewhile the land to bound
And strifes of law decide:

Scarce twelve strong men of later mould
That weight could on their necks uphold,

To-day's degenerate sons :

He caught it up, and at his foe
Discharged it, rising to the throw
And straining as he runs.

But wildering fears his mind unman ;
Running, he knew not that he ran,

Nor throwing that he threw :

Heavily move his sinking knees ;
The streams of life wax dull and freeze :
The stone, as through the void it past,
Failed of the measure of its cast,

Nor held its purpose true.

E'en as in dreams, when on the eyes
The drowsy weight of slumber lies,
In vain to ply our limbs we think,
And in the helpless effort sink ;
Tongue, sinews, all, their powers bely,
And voice and speech our call defy :
So, labour Turnus as he will,

The Fury mocks the endeavour still.

Dum shapes before his senses reel :

On host and town he turns his sight^a

He quails, he trembles at the steel,

Nor knows to fly, nor knows to fight .

Nor to his pleading eyes appear

The car, the sister charioteer.

The deadly dart Æneas shakes :
His aim with stern precision takes

Then hurls with all his frame :

Less loud from battering engine cast
Roars the fierce stone ; less loud the blast
Follows the lightning's flame.

On rushes as with whirlwind wings
The spear that dire destruction brings,

Makes passage through the corslet's marge,
And enters the seven-plated targe

Where the last ring runs round.

The keen point pierces through the thigh :
Down on his bent knee heavily

Comes Turnus to the ground.

With pitying groans the Rutules rise ;
The mountain to their grief replies :

The lofty woods resound.

Now fallen an upward look he sends,
And pleadingly his hand extends ;
'Yes, I have earned,' he cries, 'the fate
No weakling prayers may deprecate :

Let those enjoy that win.

If thought of hapless sire can touch
Your heart—Anchises once was such—
Show grace to Daunus, old and grey,
And me, or if you will, my clay,

Send back to home and kin.

Yours is the victory : Latian bands
Have seen me stretch imploring hands :
The bride *Lavinia* is your own :

Thus far let foeman's hate be shown.'

Rolling his eyes, Æneas stood,
And checked his sword, athirst for blood
Now faltering more and more he felt
The human heart within him melt,
When round the shoulder wreathed in pride
The belt of *Pallas* he espied,
And sudden flashed upon his view
Those golden studs so well he knew,
Which Turnus in his hour of joy
Stripped from the newly-slaughtered boy,
And on his bosom bore to show
The triumph of a satiate foe.

Soon as his eyes at one fell draught
Remembrance and revenge had quaffed,
Live fury kindling every vein,
He cries with terrible disdain :
' What ! in my friend's dear spoils arrayed
To me for mercy sue ?
'T is Pallas, Pallas guides the blade :
From your cursed blood his injured shade
Thus takes the atonement due.'
Thus as he spoke, his sword he drave
With fierce and fiery blow
Through the broad chest before him spread :
The stalwart limbs grow cold and dead :
One groan the indignant spirit gave,
Then sought the shades below.

NOTES.

PAGE 1.

' *By fate of Itan realm amerced* '

' Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven '

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book 1. 609

PAGE 7.

' *The jailor-monarch of the wind.* '

' There let him reign, the jailor of the wind ' DRYDEN

PAGE 12

' *To bright possession in the sky* '

A hint has here been taken from Symmons's version of the preceding speech, where '*cæli quibus annus arcem*' is rendered (I quote from memory)

' To whom thy nod has given
A bright reversion in the courts of heaven.'

PAGE 31.

' *But I, I cannot brook with ease
Junonian hospitalities.* '

' Junonian hospitalities prepare
Such apt occasion that I dread a snare '
WORMSWORTH (in Philological Museum).

PAGE 40.

' *Apollo's victim—who the man?* '

I have followed the original, which, rightly understood, expresses the questionings of the multitude in elliptical, perhaps colloquial, language.

PAGE 97.

'With outstretched hands he gropes'

'And with his outstretched arms around him groped'

ADDISON.

PAGE 130

'See here, yourself and me foredone.'

'O mster, sister, thou hast all foredone'

C R KENNEDY.

PAGE 139

'Hug close the shore, nor fear its crush.'

Here and in other parts of the paragraph 'shore' is used, like 'littus' in the original, not for the coast, but for the side of the rock which formed the goal. •

PAGE 141

'Beneath them vanishes the ground.'

This is another Virgilian license, the ground ('solum') being put for the water under the ship

PAGE 143

'Inwoven there, the princely boy'

Ganymede

PAGE 157.

'And gaze delighted as they trace'

'A parent's mien in each fair face.'

'The shouting crowds admire their charms, and trace'

'Their parents' lines in every lovely face'

PITT

Not long before, Pitt has a line 'Around their brows a vivid wreath they wore.' So it appears in all the editions that I have consulted, but I can scarcely doubt that 'vivid' should be 'virid,' though the latter word is more after the manner of Spenser or Milton than of eighteenth-century poetry.

PAGE 185.

'Foul Penny, and Fears that kill.'

*'The fear that kills,
And hope that is unwilling to be fed.'*

WORDSWORTH, *Resolution and Independence.*

PAGE 250.

*'Or those whom fair Abella sees
Down-looking through her apple-trees.'*

*'And where Abella sees
From her high towers the harvest of her trees'*

DRYDEN.

PAGE 289 foll.

In translating the description of the shield, I have endeavoured to bear in mind, what I believe to be of great importance to the interpretation of the passage, that the various events of Roman history are represented, not in the precise way in which they are likely to have happened historically, but in the form supposed to be best adapted to tell the story to the eye. So the epithets do not characterise the persons or things as they are in themselves, but as they appear on the shield - e.g. the Gauls' hair is called golden because it is actually of gold.

PAGE 297.

*'No after day
This hour's fair promise shall betray'*

*'All, all my life, replies the youth, shall aim,
Like this one hour, at everlasting fame.'*

PITT.

PAGE 300.

'The maddening fever of the steel'

I hope it will not be supposed that I mean 'fever of the steel' as a version of 'cupidine ferri'. There is another suspicion of the kind which I feel almost ashamed to rebut, with reference to a line in p 359, where, though 'encumbered and unstrung' is I trust a tolerable equivalent for 'inutilis inque ligatus,' 'inligatus' is not intended to be represented by 'unstrung.'

PAGE 304

*'Then, pierced to death, asleep he fell
On the dead breast he loved so well'*

*'Then, quiet, on his bleeding bosom fell,
Content in death to be revenged so well'* DRYDEN.

PAGE 311.

*'What God, what madness brings you here
To taste of our Italian cheer'*

*'What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?'* MACAULAY'S *Lays*.

PAGE 320

'Nor quit the leaguered town'

As Virgil repeatedly speaks of the Trojan camp as 'urbs,' I have ventured here to call it a town

' PAGE 343.

'Like knot in sturdy wood.'

Virgil's allusion in the word 'nodum' is probably rather to a knot which needs untying than to a knot in wood, but it was necessary to give some metaphor which might be equivalent to his, and the resistance made by a knot in wood to the blade of an axe naturally suggested itself

PAGE 407.

*'Latium has other mounds unweid,
And worthy of a royal bed'*

*'Yet more, three daughters in his court are bred,
And each well worthy of a royal bed.'*

POPE'S *Homer, Iliad*, book ix.

PAGE 408.

'The arbitrament of fight to dare'

'Singly to dare the arbitrement of fight'

SYMMONS'S *Æneid*, book xi. 562.

PAGE 425

'And earth with trembling throbs and thrills'

The words 'throbs and thrills' are taken from a poem by a friend to whose criticism this work owes much

PAGE 438

*'And bucklers clashed with brazen din
The overture of fight begun.'*

'The overture of tyranny's begun,' is the younger Symmons's version of *Æsch. Ag* 1354,

φροιμιδίζονται γὰρ ὡς
τυραννίδος σημεῖα πρόσσαντες πόλει.

edition. Yet he has not left it in a state of entire completion; and it is clear, from the rapidity with which the MS. is written, as well as from the minute alterations which have been made in the more studied passages, that this portion of his work suffers severely from posthumous publication.

The Editor has only to add that in collecting and editing these Miscellanies, he has to the best of his ability performed what he regarded as a sacred duty to the memory of a friend from whom he received more than he finds it possible to express.

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Appendix :—

Epistola Critica de quibusdam Æschyli, Sophoclis, Euripidis
Fragmentis.
De Parte Babrianarum Fabularum Secunda.

